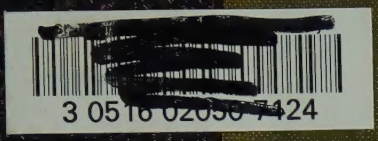
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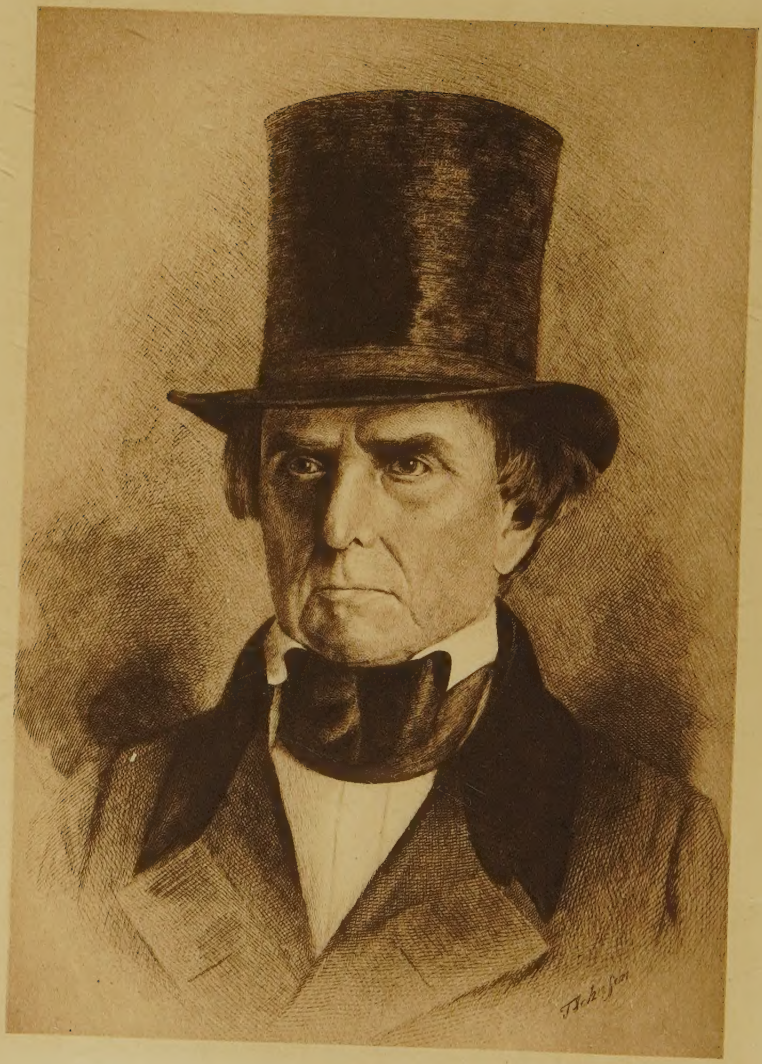

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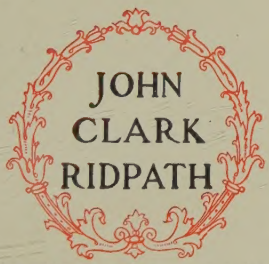

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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WATSON, Henry Brereton Marriott, a British novelist, journalist and dramatist; born at Caulfield, Melbourne, Australia, December 20, 1863. He was graduated from Canterbury College in 1883, removed to England, and adopted journalism as a profession. He held editorial positions on the *National Observer, Black and White,* and *Pall Mall Gazette.* Among his works are *Marahuna* (1888); *The Web of the Spider* (1891); *The Adventurers* (1898); *The Skirts of Happy Chance* (1901); *The House Divided* (1901); *Godfrey Merivale* (1902); *Alarms and Excursions* (1903); *Hurricane Island* (1904), and *Twisted Eglantine* (1905). With James M. Barrie he wrote the drama *Richard Savage.*

PRECOCIOUS POETS.

In no art save that of imaginative prose is maturity necessary to the highest flights. The painter, the composer, the poet, make a call upon faculties in which the intellect is not essentially involved; and consequently, despite the difficult technic of two at least of those arts, they may reach excellence very early. This is truer of the musician than of any other artist. He has no need of intellect; indeed, it may hamper him, as it hampered

Wagner. A musician springs full-armed into life, as Athene from the head of Zeus.

Poets, too, very often come to their own precociously. If poets do not die young, as romance fables, they sing young. Poets are born, but prose writers are partly made. The proper poetical age is twenty or round about it. The long list of our songsters demonstrates this. Tennyson wrote perfect verses in his old age, and so may other poets if they live so long; but Tennyson also wrote in his extreme youth, and his verses were hardly less perfect. And Tennyson was a more intellectual poet than most.

It is probably true that every one with literary tastes is a poet in his or her teens. But as a rule we get over it, as we get over measles. Anyhow, as a rule people do not do us the disservice of placing our precocity on record. One cannot but regret that Miss Enid Welsford's tentative essays in verse, which have been lately published with a blare of trumpets, were not kept for the family circle. Many children write verses, and write them uncommonly well. It opens one's eyes to read the correspondence pages of such a magazine as St. Nicholas, in which the poetical effusions of little Americans are enshrined. It may be that the climate and the conditions of life force the pace with young America. To read the poems contributed is to come to the conclusion that in ten years the United States will be overflowing with poets. But they won't. Precocity signifies little or nothing. — *London Mail.*

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SWIM.

"Well, he is back, because Jenkins' young man told me the coachman told him he was coming — so there."

Little Marjorie delivered this statement with the air of one firmly clinching an argument and looked defiantly at her sister.

"Pooh!" said Eilean, who was in her teens. "Servants' gossip."

"It's really of no consequence if he is back," said Lady Molly languidly, as she lay upon the bank, her hat beside

her, and cooled her slim body in the long grasses that sultry August afternoon.

"Isn't he good looking, Molly?" inquired Eilean.

"How on earth do I know? And what does it matter?" responded her sister lazily.

"If I were the Duke," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "I wouldn't keep all those bulls in the meadows."

"They're not bulls, silly; they're only cows," said Eilean.

"They are bulls," said Marjorie emphatically. "I can tell from the way they glare at you."

"Wouldn't you like to live in the island, Molly?" asked Eilean, kicking her heels in the turf as she looked across the stretch of the little river that ran between Lord Templeton's estate and the Duke's.

"Why should I?" said Molly, without looking up; "I'd sooner live in a house."

"How old did you say the Duke was?" asked Marjorie, whose inquisitive little mind had been busy. "Twenty-seven, or was it seventy-two?"

"Twenty-seven, you idiot," said Eilean.

Marjorie paid no heed to the implied censure, but went on with her brisk self-communion. "Didn't he come over with William the Conqueror?" she asked.

"No, duffer; we did," said Eilean. "He's not as old as we are."

"Are we very old, Eilean?" inquired Ovidia Naso.

"Of course. Wouldn't you like to be married to him, Molly?" asked Eilean of her graceful sister.

"How absurd! Of course not! He's always shooting things in Africa," said Molly, languidly.

"All old families die out," remarked Marjorie, complacently.

"You little duffer, they don't," said Eilean.

"They do. I read it in a paper somewhere," said Marjorie, willing to embark on an argument at once. "They always die out."

"We haven't died out," said Eilean, scathingly.

That was obvious, and for a moment took Marjorie aback, but she recovered hesitatingly. "We shall," she pronounced; "you'll see if we don't."

"If we died out how could I see if we did?" inquired scornful Eilean.

"We'll die out; I know we shall," said Marjorie, cheerfully insistent. "Oh, Molly, what's that? It's a boat."

Molly, at the suggestion of a new arrival, sat up and straightened herself. She took her hat on her knee and stared.

"It's an empty boat," she said.

"It's a canoe," said Eilean. "Oh, what fun, Molly! Let's fish it into the banks and have a lark."

She rose and went to the water's edge. The boat, a Canadian canoe, with paddles obvious in the stern, drifted in a leisurely way upon the stream, and was clearly pointing for the place where they were sitting.

"Do let's get it," cried Marjorie, ecstatically.

But practical and tomboy Eilean was already scooping the water with a stick in the hope that the eddies thus raised would drag the canoe ashore. Molly watched her with interest. On the idle summer day had broken after all a sort of adventure.

"Grab it when it lifts its nose next," she authoritatively commanded. Eilean grabbed and missed and almost lost her balance. Molly rose and joined her with some excitement in her pretty face. She issued instructions and took command of the operations; the canoe reluctantly grounded and was seized by the triumphant girls.

"Oh, Molly, let's ride in it!" said Eilean, between entreaty, enthusiasm and timidity.

"You'd upset it; you can't keep still a moment," said her sister, eyeing the canoe and the paddles doubtfully.

"Oh, Molly, no one could sit in that; they'd fall out. It rocks like a seesaw," said Marjorie.

Molly made no reply to this. "Hold the nose, Eily," she said, and put one foot over the side.

"You're not going in; you'll be spilt," said Eilean.

"Oh, Molly, don't be drowned," pleaded poor Marjorie.

That decided it. With the utmost exhibition of assurance and sangfroid Molly stepped into the canoe and sat down.

"Bosh! Of course it's different for children," she ob-

served. "It's easy enough," and she reached around for a paddle. That action set the crazy canoe wabbling and Molly clutched the sides. "Oh, Eily, hold it!" she gasped.

But the alarm proved false and she recovered her eighteen-year-old dignity.

"You must have shoved it," she said.

"I didn't shove it," said Eilean indignantly. "It's you. You don't know how to manage a canoe."

"Indeed!" said her sister, loftily, waving a paddle in the air. "Well, you'll see."

She dipped it in a gingerly fashion in the water and the craft rolled over. "Oh!" she gasped. "Hold it, Eily!" and then, when it righted, "You're pushing the nose down, stupid."

Eilean let it go. "Oh, very well," she said crossly. "Then perhaps you'd better manage for yourself."

Molly looked aghast for a moment, as the canoe started on its independent career, but nothing happened, save that the nose turned on the current and pointed outward; so she recovered herself.

"It's awfully easy," she declared, sitting well back and plying her paddle very timidly. The canoe moved out into the water as though reluctant to leave the safe shore, seeing which, Molly's courage rose. "You've only got to know how to use the paddles," she explained over her shoulder. The canoe floated out, and the space between it and the bank widened. Its nose was pointed toward the island. "It's awfully jolly," she called back, plying her paddle with more confidence. The two watched her with fascinated admiration. It did seem jolly, and, what was more, it seemed easy.

"Where are you going, Molly?" screamed Eilean.

"Oh, do be careful, Molly," shrieked Marjorie in an ecstasy of excitement.

To the latter exhortation Molly deigned no reply; to the former she threw into the air, without looking round: —

"To the island!"

Indeed, she was not at all certain about looking round. She was tempted to enjoy the admiration which she

knew was marked in her sisters' face, but — but she did not know about looking round. Some vague instinct seemed to warn her against it. But it was a great satisfaction to have cast upon the air so nonchalantly those indifferent words — "To the island."

The island indeed was fast approaching. She was more than half way across the not very considerable strait of water, and her heart beat with exhilaration. To be sure there was the return, but as she had succeeded so well so far there was no reason why her luck should not hold. Should she land? And how did you land? Landing from a boat was no easy matter unless some man held it for you; and landing from this crazy craft must be ticklish business. On the whole she decided that she would not land; she had surely done enough for glory. But on the other hand it would be the coping stone of her performance — to step lightly ashore and wave a triumphant signal to the amazed children. She wondered — should she — should she not? She would — she wouldn't — she —

"It was so kind of you to bring my canoe back. I've been wondering for the last fifteen minutes how I was to get hold of it."

The voice out of nowhere startled Molly. Her paddle dipped overdeep and the canoe spun round half a dozen feet from the island. It struck a projecting bough, which alarmed her. She uttered a little cry and threw herself to one side instinctively to avoid a blow The skiff reeled under the dislocation of the balance; with agitation she flung her weight the other way and the canoe toppled over in that direction. All at once it became to her terrified senses a pit of all the hazards. It was death's stalking horse. It strove to shake her out and bury her fathoms deep in the cruel water.

Molly suddenly felt herself seized under the arms, and was conscious next that she was upon the projecting bough. Below her she now saw that the canoe to which she had so rashly committed herself afloat was bottom upward and drifting down stream.

"I'm afraid I spoke too soon. And now we're both in it," said a voice.

Molly was now aware that she was being held fast in the arms of a young man whose gaze was directed with a certain comic ruefulness at the drifting boat. Then he glanced at her.

"Frightened?" he asked.

"Not at all," said Molly weakly, and she strove to disengage herself. "Thank you."

"I don't think you'd better do that," said the young man, observing her. "You see if I let go we'll probably both go in and join the canoe. But I'll see if we can't get ashore."

He scrambled into a standing posture on the bough by the aid of smaller branches, and still holding her against him crawled carefully to the island. Then he released her.

"Thank you," said Molly, a little breathlessly, as she smoothed her frock. The young man contemplated her, and she met his glance when she had finished. He was about thirty, good to look at and had a quiet and persistent eye.

"I'm afraid you've wet your dress a little," said the young man.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Molly quickly, conscious of a damp skirt.

"You see you went over too quickly for me," he went on; "I never saw a canoe stagger so before."

Molly, her gaze wandering afield, beheld the two children across the intervening space of water. They were gazing enthralled and it somehow annoyed her.

"Eilean, go away," she called. "Run and ask them to bring a boat. Quick!"

"Did you fall in, Molly?" screamed back Eilean with great interest.

"Oh, Molly, did you say your prayers this morning?" wailed Marjorie.

"Quick!" cried their elder sister. "I can't stay here all day. Find Stubbs or some one."

"And how long will it take to find Stubbs or some one, do you suppose?" inquired the young man, as the children started to run along the field. He leaned against a

tree and surveyed the river, withdrawing from a pocket his cigarette case.

"I should say about twenty minutes," said Molly reflecting.

"Another twenty minutes for Stubbs to get here — and then the rescue, say a third period of twenty minutes," mused the young man aloud, as he softened a cigarette between his fingers. "I'm afraid you must reconcile yourself to an hour on a desert island then."

Molly eyed him askance. "It's the Duke," she thought with a beating heart; and aloud, "I'm afraid we both must."

"Oh, as for me," said the young man. "I shall enjoy it," he paused and added, "now. You see, it was different before. I was, so to speak, marooned."

"Marooned!" she echoed.

"Yes. My canoe marooned me, as it has done you. It's a little beast. Only I have less excuse than you; in fact I've none. I was asleep under that tree yonder, and woke up to find the wretch gone."

"It is very hot," said Molly sympathetically.

"Do you mind my lighting a cigarette?" he inquired politely, and, receiving her answer struck a match. "You see," he resumed, "we are in a way shipwrecked strangers who are forced to make the best of the situation. Not that the situation is so bad," he added, with a pensive glance at his companion. "But I am forgetting my hospitality as host. I must find you a seat."

Molly thanked him, but assured him that she was not in need of a seat, and to show her independence hooked herself up on a low-lying branch, and swung there, watching him with interest. It really was the Duke!

"Of course," he resumed, in his casual, polite voice, "the real difficulty will come if those young ladies get lost in the wilds or overtaken by the storm."

"Oh, they're not likely to do that," said Molly, dryly.

"Indeed! Well, I suppose I ought to be glad to hear it, but I confess it would have been an experience to be benighted here. Don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly not," said Molly with decision.

"In that case let us hope the storm won't fall just yet," he said, glancing at the sky.

Molly followed his example. The sky was certainly very lowering and darkness was rolling up from the south.

"Do you think it will rain?" she asked anxiously.

He examined his cigarette.

"Speaking as one marooned or shipwrecked traveller to another, I will not deny the probability," he said. And as if in answer to his words heavy drops began to fall, the first fruits of the thunderstorm.

Molly started. "Oh, I do wish they would be quick," she said. She looked down the river, where the canoe tossed gently a hundred yards away. "Couldn't we — isn't there any chance of getting the boat?" she asked.

"You are suggesting to me," said the young man deliberately, after a pause, "that I might plunge into the water, swim to shore and bring back the canoe. Frankly I do not feel equal to the occasion."

Molly felt contempt and anger rise in her. "You might as well get wet that way as any other, and we shall both be drenched in this storm," she said, scarcely veiling her indignation.

"That is true," he remarked thoughtfully, "and since we are partners in distress perhaps one should make an effort to" —. He moved toward the water as he spoke, but a thought struck Molly.

"Can you swim?" she called out.

"No," said the young man composedly.

"Then, how absurd of you to think of it," she declared. "Don't be so foolish. Perhaps we sha'n't get so very wet. I thought all men could swim," she added contemptuously. And this was the Duke!

"It is good of you to let me off," he said philosophically, returning to her. "But I dare say I could have floundered across. You see, when you were so kind as to bring my canoe back" —

"I didn't bring it back," said Molly shortly. "I didn't know any one was here. If I'd known it, of course, I would have got some one to take it over to you."

"Stubbs, for example?" said he. "It might have been more effective, but I doubt if it would have been as pleasant."

"I shouldn't have been shut up here helpless," said Molly, ignoring his insinuated compliment. She did not like his imperturbability, and she suspected him of irony. Moreover, he did not appear to be at all ashamed of not being able to swim. It all came of being a Duke and superior.

"If you hadn't shouted out and startled me it wouldn't have happened," said she, resolved that he should be put in the wrong.

"I apologize," he said. "But you must remember that I thought you knew I was waiting here."

That was reasonable, but Molly was not to be pacified. She was determined to show him that he was in disgrace and she turned her shoulder to him. Suddenly a burst of thunder opened the heavens above him, and the rain streamed down. She cried out in dismay.

"You will be drenched to the skin in that light dress," said the stranger, in quite another voice, and he put out his hand and felt her arm. She shook it off.

"Please come this way," he commanded, and obeying the new note of authority in his tone she followed him to the further edge of the island, where she was surprised to find an easel erected. Quickly he unfolded a hugh white artists' umbrella and pushed a stool forward. "Sit under this, please. It will keep the worst off," he said.

Molly obeyed again, and the rain beat upon the umbrella. The young man stood a few paces away, regarding the black sky critically.

"You are getting wet yourself," she said presently. "Won't you come under?"

"Not wetter than if I had plunged after the canoe," he observed gravely, as he stooped to her invitation.

Molly made no answer to this; she had done her duty in asking him to share him own umbrella, and was going to leave it at that. The rain plumped heavily in dense, straight sheets about them. The umbrella wabbled and would have fallen, but he put out a hand and

saved it, holding it in position. His arm was thus at the back of her, and it irked her as a sort of familiarity.

"Shall we tell each other stories?" he asked. "It will while away the time till the rescue party arrives. My story is the story of the man who could not swim."

"I think every man should be able to swim," said Molly disdainfully.

"And I think every woman should be" — she turned her face slightly toward him — "beautiful," he ended.

What did he mean? Was he insinuating that —

"Even if we are compelled to be like this I don't see any necessity to talk," she said curtly.

"No?" he said, and added amenably, "Very well."

Thereafter was silence, which only the rain broke, falling on the thick foliage of the trees, on the water and on the easel and canvas in front of them. Molly after a little began to wish she had said anything rather than what she had said. The silence was awful; it was far worse than anything he might say. There he sat, with his arm in a suggestive position behind her, stolidly looking forth upon the streaming river, without so much as the movement of a muscle in his face, so far as she could see. She herself kept her gaze fixed in front of her for a long time, while only the storm talked overhead. The heavens thundered and the clouds opened in a red streak; the deluge continued. Across the river were "empty pastures blind with rain."

The earth, now soaked and soft, ran gutters down the little slope, and the leg of Molly's stool suddenly sank on the side toward her companion. She toppled over upon him hands foremost and struck him in the chest.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

"Not of the slightest consequence," he replied formally, struggling with politeness in his prostrate condition and battling wildly with the pole of the umbrella. But the latter contest was in vain; the next moment it collapsed, and they were involved in the damp folds together. Molly was conscious only of a hurly burly of wet and misery and despair; she gave up the attempt to extricate herself and sat still, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done in the circum-

stances. The young man fought, as is the duty and privilege of the male, and presently conquered. The umbrella resumed its pacific mien and once more protected them, and Molly's stool was removed to a more secure place. After that the silence was worse than ever, and Molly began to feel a sense of resentment surging in her.

"Why on earth doesn't he say something?" she asked herself indignantly, oblivious of the fact that she herself had enjoined silence. "He might have asked me if I was hurt," she thought, aggrievedly.

But he did not; he had reacquired his stolid demeanor; and was gazing once more into the storm. Molly mentally shrugged her shoulder. How stupid he was! The rain poured on the easel in front. She could not stand it any longer and spoke.

"Your picture will be ruined," she said.

He turned his head toward it critically. "It is possible," he said, "if that is capable of ruin which—? I had some misgivings about the oil. I half thought it ought to have been water, and it is now, you see. Nature is always right."

"I didn't know you painted," said Molly.

He looked at her inquiringly, even in surprise.

"I mean," she went on in a little confusion. "I didn't think you looked like a painter."

"I'm not," he answered her. "If you could see that sketch you'd understand. But, thank heaven, Providence has washed it out."

The thunder pealed over the island, and the lightning ripped across the firmament blindingly.

"Oh!" cried Molly. "They'll never come in all this. Eilean will never have got there. It's dreadful."

The young man frowned, as if he were suddenly displeased with himself. He rose.

"Do you think you can manage to hold this stick for a minute or two?" he asked. "I've got an idea."

Molly grasped the umbrella, and watched him interestedly. He stalked out into the rain and made his way to the water's edge, where he stood contemplating

the dismal scene. Then he came back. "I am a dolt," he remarked, without any feeling.

"I ought to have known, or, not knowing, should have found out. There's only four feet of water this side."

Molly gazed at him. The statement conveyed nothing to her.

"It's a ford," he explained. "We need no longer be prisoners."

"Oh!" she gasped, as the heavens opened overhead once more. "Can we — can you get across?" she asked.

"Wade," he said, and gazed at her doubtfully, "at least, I can wade, and you — "

"Oh, I couldn't," said Molly decisively. "I should be afraid. It looks awful, boiling along like that."

"Of course it is quite possible that I could carry you," he suggested, as if weighing the chances. "I couldn't very well take you on my back, as the water would come too high. But if I were to hold you in my arms, like so, as one carries a baby, I think you would be above the stream. If you were to cling round my neck — "

"Thank you, I have no intention of being carried," said Molly, coldly.

He scrambled under the umbrella and resumed possession of it.

"Certainly, I might go down in midstream, with that heavy pull of water on me," he said. "I suppose you weight —"

"As I'm not going to cross that way, my weight doesn't matter," said Molly loftily.

"Then I'd better go by myself and bring help," he said.

He moved out again, and was half way to the stream when a voice stopped him. "But you don't know — it may be more than four feet."

"Oh, no, it isn't. But if I find it is I can come back. As you sensibly observed a little while ago, one may as well be wet one way as another."

Molly had no reply at the moment, and he resumed his path but she called out as he reached the bank.

"I don't see any sense in it. You won't get anywhere sooner than my sisters have done."

He came back. "That's true," she said. "But perhaps they've been stormbound."

There was that possibility to face, but Molly bravely dodged it.

"As you can't swim," she remarked cruelly, "you would not be able to get to the canoe, and you would only have to trudge two miles to the Castle boat house. Stubbs is sure to be on his way here. It's really abominable the way he is delaying."

The storm was passing, and in the south gleams of the sun appeared. The rain was like a retreating phantom in the sky. As he stood there so submissively, Molly's spirits bettered with the improvement of the weather. She rose to her feet.

"It's clearing," she observed.

"It's a pity we can't cheat this dilatory rescue party," he said. "I hate being indebted to people, don't you?"

He eyed her curiously, and Molly was conscious that he had pulled her out of the canoe. "Yes, I do," she snapped.

"Very well, then," said he, "What do you say to an adventure? Here is a splendid branch which is so heavily anchored that it would not possibly capsize. Shall we risk it?"

"I—I don't understand," answered the girl in surprise.

He indicated a fallen branch which spread out from a huge central log. "If I launch this we can make the land. Are you game?"

Molly looked at it hesitatingly. "Ye-es," she said, "if you think it's really safe."

"Safe as shipboard," he said, cheerfully. "We can pole along beautifully. And when Stubbs comes he will find the prisoners flown."

He stooped, and by the application of stout arms, succeeded in pushing the great bough into the stream, where it lay half submerged. "If you sit toward the thick part and hold on to this upstanding branch you will be as right as a trivet," he went on.

Molly gingerly stepped aboard the craft and stood, clutching the branch. He stepped past her, and plunged the pole he had secured into the water. "Hold on tight!" he enjoined. "Steady! Whoa!"

The big bough moved sluggishly out, and bobbed and dipped. Molly uttered an exclamation of alarm, which caused him to glance round.

"Don't be afraid. It can't go down, and it can't turn over," he said reassuringly. "Sit on that branch and you'll feel safer."

She obeyed him, and their vessel glided down the channel, the young man directing it with his pole.

"It will be easier to go with the current than get across to the bank," he explained. "We'll strike the bank lower down."

The sun had now resumed the sky, and nature beamed after the blackness of that eclipse. There was a certain satisfaction in the gentle motion, and as Molly began to feel herself safe she gave herself up to enjoyment. After all she and the Duke were having a really romantic adventure. Fancy sailing down the river on a tree! She wished Evelyn, her elder sister, had been there to see her. Even Delia would have been better than no one. But the landscape was singularly empty, save for Marjorie's "bulls," who gazed mildly at the craft and its occupants, and then went on browsing. Molly felt quite gay.

"I'm afraid you're awfully wet," she said, kindly.

He laughed. "Probably," he replied, as if it mattered nothing. "But you?"

"Oh, I'm almost dry, thanks to you," she said, still more graciously. "It was your umbrella. Do you"—— She paused and went on. "Do you take that with you on your excursions?"

"Excursions?" he echoed, with a wary eye on the corner they were approaching.

"I mean, of course, expeditions," she corrected."

"Expeditions?" he repeated, and then suddenly turned to her, inquiry and amusement on his face. Almost as he did so the log went aground and swung around, and Molly was almost precipitated into the water. In

her alarm she held close to him, while he backed out with the aid of his pole, and facing the bank brought them to anchor out of the current and under a small, precipitous bank.

"We can land here," he said, and put out one hand without turning to seize her. She gave him hers, and he drew her carefully forward till she was in front of him, still anchoring his craft by the pole in his other hand. "Can you climb up there without assistance?" he asked.

Molly was doubtful, so he hoisted her with a strong arm, and, using her fingers and nails, she gradually scrambled up. Then she looked down on the young man with an unintelligible feeling of regret that it was all over. It did not take him more than two minutes to join her. She greeted him smilingly.

"You're on the wrong side," she reminded him.

"Am I?" he said, and gave her a look. "Well, perhaps Stubbs will come in useful, after all."

They began to walk along the bank almost involuntarily. "Stubbs can take up your easel and things to the Castle," said Molly affably, "so that"—

"Many thanks," said he. "But may I ask, how did you know I was staying at the Castle?"

Molly turned a little red, "Oh, I thought — I guessed" ——

"You see I don't go on expeditions and I'm not the Duke," he went on evenly. "My name happens to be plain Messiter."

"Oh," said Molly, and was silent.

"If I had been the Duke I should probably have been able to swim," he continued reflectively. "But if I'm not the rose I have at least lived near it, for I was at school with him."

"Indeed!" murmured Molly again. Somehow the glory of the adventure was fading. She had only been engaged in it with a man who could not swim. Looking up a boat caught her eye. "Tiggy!" she shouted. The Hon. Roger Martin brought to land the nose of the boat which was being labored up the tinged stream by

himself and Stubbs, the gardener. He adjusted his eyeglass.

"Not drowned, Molly?" he asked, staring at her companion.

"Would you mind putting me across?" said the latter. "I'd better get a change, I suppose."

Tiggy assented and went so far as to row the stranger down to the landing stage, where, after the several exchanges of conversation, they parted in a friendly way. But Molly had said no words since they embarked and she merely inclined her head when the young man made his farewell salutation.

"It was a great cheek of him," she said to Eilean later, "He gave himself as many airs as if he had been the Duke. But, of course, I knew better. I saw all along he was an imposter."

"Aren't you going to marry him? Didn't he save your life?" cried excited Marjorie.

"Good gracious me, no," said Molly with disdain. "One doesn't marry that sort of person."

WATSON, HENRY CLAY, an American journalist and historian; born at Baltimore in 1831; died in California in 1869. He was an editor of the Philadelphia *North American* and the Philadelphia *Evening Journal;* and, in his last days, of the Sacramento *Times.* Besides some volumes of hunting-scenes, he published *Camp-Fires of the Revolution* (1851); *Nights in a Block-House* (1852); *The Old Bell of Independence* (1852), revised as *Noble Deeds of Our Fathers* (1888); *The Yankee Teapot* (1853); *Lives of the Presidents of the United States* (1853); *Heroic Women of History* (1853); *The Ladies' Glee-*

Book (1854); *The Masonic Musical Manual* (1855), and *The Camp-Fires of Napoleon* (1856).

THE YOUNG SENTINEL.

As he approached, the captain was in the act of calling Arthur Stewart, a beardless boy then, from the ranks, to act as a sentinel during the night. The general, with mingled emotions of surprise and anger, stepped up to the captain, and taking him a little to one side, said: "Captain Wetherbe, what is the meaning of this? Are you so thoughtless and imprudent as to select a boy for a sentinel? . . . You know that the British army is almost within musket-shot of the American lines. Are we not in imminent danger of being attacked to-night?"

Stewart had taken his post as sentinel during the first part of the night. It so happened that General Putnam had occasion to pass outside the lines. On his way he did not encounter Arthur Stewart, but another sentinel; who, ascertaining that it was the general, immediately allowed him to pass. After being absent a short time, he made toward the lines, as though he intended to return. In his course he encountered Stewart. "Who goes there?" inquired the sentinel. "General Putnam," was the reply. "We know no General Putnam here," Stewart answered. "But *I* am General Putnam," returned that person, by this time growing somewhat earnest. "Give the countersign," returned Stewart. It so happened that the general had forgotten what the countersign was; or at least could not, at the moment, call it to mind. "I have forgotten it," was the reply. "This is a pretty story from the lips of General Putnam. You are a British officer, sent over here as a spy," returned Stewart, who was well aware that he was addressing Putnam; for the moon was shining brightly, and revealed the features of the general, but he had the staff in his own hand, and he meant to use it. "I warrant you I am not," said the general; and he attempted to pass on. "Pass that line, sir, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed Stewart, at the same time cocking his gun.

"Stop where you are, or I'll make you stop," continued the sentinel, as the general disregarded his first notice. Hastily raising his gun to his shoulder and taking a somewhat deliberate aim, he pulled the trigger; but, for some reason or other, the discharge did not follow. "Hold! hold!" exclaimed Putnam. "I do hold," was the reply; "the gun holds its charge a great deal better than I intended it should;" immediately priming his musket for a second trial. "You are not priming that gun for me?" asked Putnam anxiously. "That depends entirely upon the circumstances. I warn you, once more, not to pass those lines." "But I am your general," continued Putnam. "I deny it, unless you give the countersign." Here the general was at fault. He strove to recall the important word; but all was in vain. "Boy," said he, "do you not know me? I *am* General Putnam." "A British officer, more like. If you are Putnam, as you say, why don't you give me the countersign? So sure as I am my mother's son, if you attempt to pass those lines, I'll make cold meat of you. I'm a sentinel. I know my duty; though there are some people in the world who are marvellously inclined to question it." At this, Putnam, finding that further parley would be useless, desisted; and the boy, deliberately shouldering his musket, began, with a great deal of assumed haughtiness, to pace the ground as before.

Here was the redoubtable General Putnam, the hero of a hundred battles, kept at bay by a stripling of seventeen. This scene, in my humble judgment, would have been a fine subject for a painter's pencil. Putnam, finding that the boy was in earnest — for he had alarming proof of it — durst not, for his life, proceed a step further. He waited until Stewart was relieved; when the other sentinel, finding he was, in truth, General Putnam, allowed him to pass without giving the countersign. But the general's feelings were terribly excited. . . . A sense of honor and justice returned; and, sending for the boy on the morrow, he thus addressed him: . . . "Did you know the man who encountered you, while at your post?" "I suspected whom he might be," returned the boy. . . . "That's right," said the general; "you

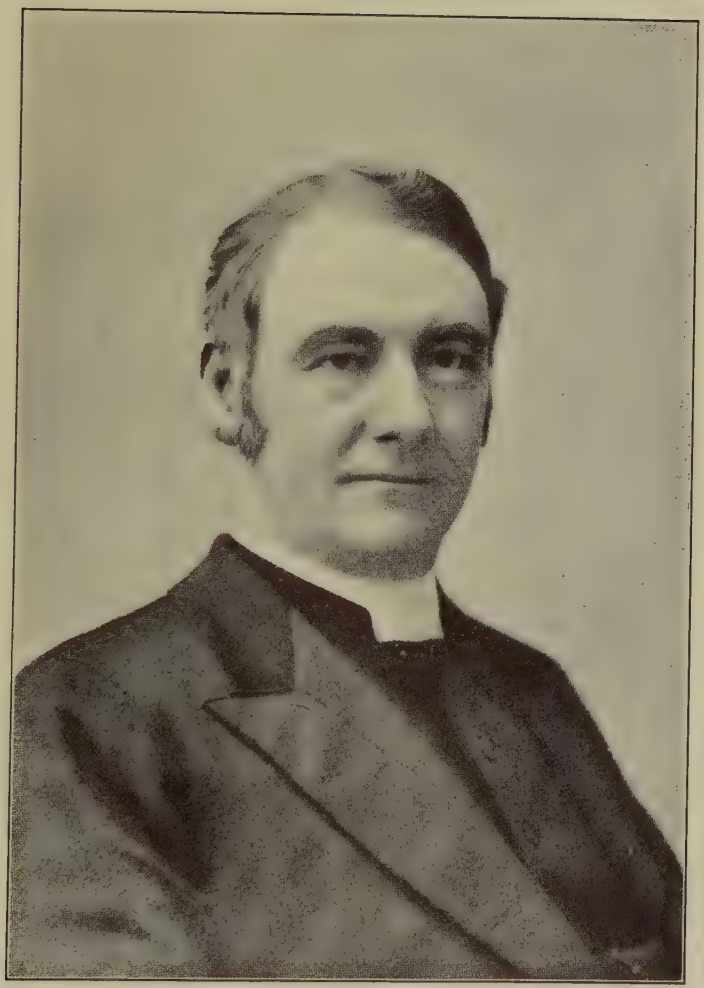
did just as I myself would have done, had I been in your place. We have nothing to fear from the British, or any other enemy, with such soldiers as you. Discipline is the soul of the army." . . . Arthur was, shortly afterward, promoted to the rank of ensign.— *Camp-Fires of the Revolution.*

WATSON, JOHN ("IAN MACLAREN"), an English clergyman and novelist; born at Manningtree, Essex, England, November 3, 1849. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and studied for the ministry at New College, Edinburgh. While at New College he made the acquaintance of such men as Dr. James Stalker, Professor Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith and others. His first pastorate was in the Free Church in Logiealmond, Perthshire, now known as Drumtochty. It was not until 1893 that Mr. Watson became known as a writer. He has published *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush* (1894); *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* (1895); *The Upper Room* (1895); *Kate Carnegie* (1896); *The Mind of the Master* (1896); *A Doctor of the Old School* (1897); *The Potter's Wheel* (1897); *Afterwards* (1898); *Companions of the Sorrowful Way* (1898); *Rabbi Saunderson* (1898); *Doctrines of Grace* (1900); *The Life of the Master* (1901).

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

The minister asked Burnbrae to pray, and the Spirit descended on that good man, of simple heart:

"Almichty Father, we are a' Thy puir and sinfu' bairns, wha wearied o' hame and gaed awa' intae the far



JOHN WATSON.

country. Forgive us, for we didna ken that we were leavin' or the sair hert we gied oor Father. It was weary wark tae live wi' oor sins, but we wud never hev come back had it no been for oor Elder Brither. He cam' a long road tae find us, and a sore travail He had afore He set us free. He's been a gude Brither tae us, and we've been a heavy chairge tae Him. May He keep a firm haud o' us and keep us in the richt road, and bring us back gin we wander, and tell us a' we need tae know till the gloamin' come. Gither us in then, we pray Thee, and a' we luve, no a bairn missin', and may we sit doon for ever in oor ain Father's House. Amen."

As Burnbrae said Amen, Carmichael opened his eyes, and had a vision which will remain with him until the day break and the shadows flee away.

The six elders — three small farmers, a tailor, a stone-mason, and a shepherd — were standing beneath the lamp, and the light fell like a halo on their bent heads. That poor little vestry had disappeared, and this present world was forgotten. The sons of God had come into their heritage. "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." — *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush.*

OUR SERMON TASTER.

A Drumtochty man, standing six feet three in his boots, sat himself down one day in the study of a West-End minister, and gazed before him with the countenance of a sphinx.

The sight struck awe into the townsman's heart, and the power of speech was paralysed within him.

"A'm frae Drumtochty," began a deep, solemn voice. "Ye'ill hae heard of Drumtochty, of coorse. A've jined the polis; the pay is no that bad, and the work is naethin' to an able-bodied man."

When these particulars had been digested by the audience:

"I's a crooded place London, and the fouks aye in a tiravie [commotion], rinnin' here and rinnin' there, and the maist feck o' them dinna ken whar they're gaein'.

"It's officer this and officer that frae mornin' till nicht. It's peetifu' tae see the helplessness o' the bodies in their ain toon. And they're freevolous," continued the figure, refreshing itself with a reminiscence.

"It wes this verra mornin' that a man askit me hoo tae get tae the Strand.

"'Haud on,' I says, 'till ye come tae a cross street, and dinna gang doon it, and when ye see anither pass it, but whup round the third, and yir nose 'ill bring ye tae the Strand.'

"He was a shachlin bit cratur, and he lookit up at me.

"'Where were you born, officer?' in his clippit English tongue.

"'Drumtochty,' a' said, 'an' we hev juist ae man as sma' as you in the hale Glen.'

"He gied awa' lauchin' like tae split his sides, an' the fac' is there's no ane o' them asks me a question but he lauchs. They're a light-headed fouk, and no sair educat. But we maunna boast; they hevna hed our advantages."

The minister made a brave effort to assert himself.

"Is there anything I can do——" but the figure simply waived its hand and resumed:

"A'm comin' tae that, but a thocht ye wud be wantin' ma opeenion o' London.

"Weel, ye see, the first thing a' did, of coorse, after settlin' doon, was tae gae roond the kirks and hear what kin' o' ministers they hae up here. A've been in saxteen kirks the last three months, an' a' wud hae been in mair had it no bin for ma oors.

"Ay, ay, a' ken ye'ill be wantin' ma judgment," interpreting a movement in the chair, "an ye'ill hae it. Some wes puir stuff — plenty o' water and little meal — and some wesna sae bad for England. But ye'ill be pleased to know," here the figure relaxed and beamed on the anxious minister, "that a'm rael weel satisfied wi' yersel', and a'm thinkin' o' sittin' under ye.

"Man," were Drumtochty's last words, "a' wish Elspeth Macfadyen cud hear we, her 'at prees [tastes] the sermons in oor Glen; a' believe she wud pass ye, an' if

ye got a certeeficat frae Elspeth, ye wud be a prood man."

Drumtochty read widely — Soutar was soaked in Carlyle, and Marget Howe knew her "In Memoriam" by heart — but our intellectual life centered on the weekly sermon. Men thought about Sabbath as they followed the plough in our caller air, and braced themselves for an effort at the giving out of the text. The hearer had his snuff and selected his attitude, and from that moment to the close he never moved nor took his eyes off the preacher. There was a tradition that one of the Disruption fathers had preached in the Free Kirk for one hour and fifty minutes on the bulwarks of Zion, and had left the impression that he was only playing round the outskirts of his subject. No preacher with anything to say could complain of Drumtochty, for he got a patient, honest, critical hearing from beginning to end. If a preacher were slightly equipped, the audience may have been trying. Well-meaning evangelists who came with what they called "a simple Gospel address," and were accustomed to have their warmer passages punctuated with rounds of spiritual applause in the shape of smiles and nods, lost heart in face of that judicial front, and afterwards described Drumtochty in the religious papers as "dead." It was as well that these good men walked in a vain show, for, as a matter of fact, their hearers were painfully alive.

"Whar did yon wakely body come frae, Burnbrae? It wes licht wark the day. There wes nae thocht worth mentionin', and onything he had wes eked oot by repeetition. Tae sae naethin' o' bairnly stories."

"He lives aboot England, a'm telt, an' dis a feck o' gude in his ain place. He hesna muckle in his head, a'll alloo that, Netherton, but he's an earnest bit cratur."

"Ou ay, and fu' o' self-conceit. Did ye hear hoo often he said 'I'? A' got as far as saxty-three, and then a' lost coont. But a' keepit 'dear,' it cam' tae the hundred neat.

"'Weel?' a' says tae Elspeth Macfadyen. A' kent she wud hae his measure.

"'Gruel, Netherton, juist gruel, and eneuch tae scunner [disgust] ye wi' sugar.'"

It was the birthright of every native of the parish to be a critic, and certain were allowed to be experts in special departments — Lachlan Campbell in doctrine and Jamie Soutar in logic — but as an all-round practitioner Mrs. Macfadyen had a solitary reputation. It rested on a long series of unreversed judgments, with felicitous strokes of description that passed into the literary capital of the Glen. One felt it was genius, and could only note contributing circumstances — an eye that took in the preacher from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; an almost uncannie insight into character; the instinct to seize on every scrap of evidence; a memory that was simply an automatic register; an unfailing sense of fitness; and an absolute impartiality regarding subject.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Macfadyen did not take nervous little notes during the sermon — all writing on Sabbath, in kirk or outside, was strictly forbidden in Drumtochty — or mark her Bible, or practise any other profane device of feeble-minded hearers. It did not matter how elaborate or how incoherent a serman might be; it could not confuse our critic.

When John Peddie of Muirtown, who always approached two hours, and usually had to leave out the last head, took time at the Drumtochty Fast, and gave, at full length, his famous discourse on the total depravity of the human race, from the text, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," it may be admitted that the Glen wavered in its confidence. Human nature has limitations, and failure would have been no discredit to Elspeth.

"They were sayin' at the Presbytery," Burnbrae reported, "that it hes mair than seeventy heads, coontin' pints, of coorse, and a' can weel believe it. Na, na; it's no tae be expeckit that Elspeth cud gie them a' aifter ae hearin'."

Jamie Soutar looked in to set his mind at rest, and Elspeth went at once to work.

"Sit doon, Jamie, for it canna be dune in a meenut."

It took twenty-three minutes exactly, for Jamie watched the clock.

"That's the laist, makin' seeventy-four, and ye may depend on every ane but that fourth pint under the sixth head. Whether it wes the 'beginnin' o' faith' or 'the origin,' a' canna be sure, for he cleared his throat at the time."

Peter Bruce stood helpless at the Junction next Friday — Drumtochty was celebrating Elspeth — and the achievement established her for life.

Probationers who preached in the vacancy had heard rumours, and tried to identify their judge, with the disconcerting result that they addressed their floweriest passages to Mistress Stirton, who was the stupidest woman in the Free Kirk, and had once stuck in the "chief end of man." They never suspected the sonsy, motherly woman, two pews behind Donald Menzies, with her face of demure interest and general air of country simplicity. It was as well for the probationers that they had not caught the glint of those black, beady eyes.

"It's curious," Mrs. Macfadyen remarked to me one day, "hoo the pulpit fashions change, just like weemen's bonnets.

"Noo a' mind when auld Doctor Ferintosh, him 'at wrote 'Judas Iscariot the first Residuary,' would stand twa meenutes facing the fouk, and no sit doon till he hed his snuff.

"But thae young birkies gie oot 'at they see naebody comin' in, an' cover their face wi' ae hand sae solemn, that if ye didna catch them keekin' through their fingers tae see what like the kirk is, ye wud think they were prayin'."

"There's not much escapes you," I dared to say, and although the excellent woman was not accessible to gross flattery, she seemed pleased.

"A'm thankfu' that a' can see withoot lookin'; an' a'll wager nae man ever read his sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, an' a' didna find him oot. Noo, there's the new minister o' Netheraird, he writes his sermon on ae side o' ten sheets o' paper, an' he's that carried awa', at the end o' ilka page that he disna ken what he's daein', an' the sleeve o' his goon slips the sheet across tae the ither side o' the Bible.

"But Doctor Ferintosh wes cleverer, sall it near beat me tae detect him," and Elspeth paused to enjoy the pulpit ruse. "It cam' tae me sudden ae Sacrament Monday, hoo dis he aye turn up twal texts, naither mair nor less, and that set me thinkin'. Then a' noticed that he left the Bible open at the place till anither text was due, an' I wunnered a'd been sae slow. It was this wy: he askit the beadle for a gless o' water in the vestry, and slippet his sermon in atween the leaves in sae mony bits. A've wished for a gallery at a time, but there's mair credit in findin' it oot below — ay, an' pleasure tae; a' never wearied in kirk in ma life."

Mrs. Macfadyen did not appreciate prodigal quotations of Scriptures, and had her suspicions of this practice.

"Tak the minister o' Pitscourie noo; he's fair fozzy wi' trokin' in his gairden an' feedin' pigs, and hesna studied a sermon for thirty year.

"Sae what dis he dae, think ye? He havers for a while on the errors o' the day, and syne he says, 'That's what man says, but what says the Apostle Paul? We shall see what the Apostle Paul says.' He puts on his glasses, and turns up the passage, and reads maybe ten verses, and then he's aff on the jundy [trot] again. When a man hes naethin' tae say he's aye lang, and a've seen him gie half an oor o' passages, and anither half oor o' havers.

"'He's a Bible preacher, at any rate,' says Burnbrae tae me laist Fast, for, honest man, he hes aye some gude word for a body.

"'It's ae thing,' I said to him, 'tae feed a calf wi' milk, and anither tae gie it the empty cogie tae lick.'

"It's curious, but a've noticed that when a Moderate gets lazy he preaches auld sermons, but a Free Kirk minister taks tae abusin' his neeburs and readin' screeds o' the Bible.

"But Maister Pittendreigh hes twa sermons, at ony rate," and Elspeth tasted the sweets of memory with such keen relish that I begged for a share.

"Well, ye see he's terrible prood o' his feenishes, and this is ane o' them:

"'Heaven, ma brethren, will be far grander than the

hoose o' ony earthly potentate, for there ye will no longer eat the flesh of bulls nor drink the blood o' goats, but we shall sook the juicy pear and scoop the loocious meelon. Amen.'

"He hes nae mair sense o' humour than an owl, and a' aye haud that a man withoot humour sudna be allowed intae a poopit.

"A' hear that they have nae examination in humour at the college; it's an awfu' want, for it wud keep oot mony a dreich body.

"But the meelon's naethin' tae the goat, that cowed a'thing, at the Fast tae.

"If Jeems wes aboot a' daurna mention 't: he canna behave himsel' tae this day gin he hears o' it, though ye ken he's a douce man as ever lived.

"It wes anither feenish, and it ran this wy:

"'Noo, ma freends, a' wull no be keepin' ye ony longer, and ye'ill a' gae hame tae yir ain hooses and mind yir ain business. And as sune as ye get hame ilka man 'ill gae tae his closet and shut the door, and stand for five meenutes, and ask himsel' this solemn question, "Am I a goat?" Amen.'

"The amen near upset me masel', and a' hed tae dunge Jeems wi' ma elbow.

"He said no a word on the wy back, but a' saw it wes barmin' in him, and he gied oot sudden aifter his dinner as if he had been ta'en unweel.

"A' cam' on him in the byre, rowing in the strae like a bairn, and every ither row he took he wud say, 'Am I a goat?'

"It wes na cannie for a man o' his wecht, besides bein' a married man and a kirk member, and a' gied him a hearin'.

"He sobered doon, and a' never saw him dae the like since. But he hesna forgot, na, na; a've seen a look come ower Jeems' face in kirk, and a've been feared."

When the Free Kirk quarrelled in their vacancy over two probationers, Mrs. MacFadyen summed them up with such excellent judgment that they were thrown over and peace restored.

"There's some o' thae Muirtown drapers can busk oot

their windows that ye canna pass withoot lookin'; there's bits o' blue and bits o' red, and a ribbon here an' a lace yonder.

"It's a bonnie show and denty, an' no wunner the lassies stan' and stare.

"But gae intae the shop, and peety me, there's next tae naethin'; it's a' in the window.

"Noo, that's Maister Popinjay, as neat an' fikey a little mannie as ever a' saw in a black goon.

"His bit sermon wes six poems — five a' hed heard afore — four anecdotes — three aboot himsel' and ain aboot a lord — twa burnies, ae floo'r gairden, and a snow-storm, wi' the text thirteen times and 'beloved' twal: that was a'; a takin' window, and Netherton's lassies cudna sleep thinkin' o' him.

"There's ither shopmen in Muirtown that fair scunner ye wi' their windows — they're that ill set out — and inside there's sic a wale o' stuff that the man canna get what ye want; he's clean smoored wi' his ain goods.

"It's a graund shop for the old fouk that hae plenty o' time and can turn ower the things by the oor. Ye'ill no get a young body inside the door.

"That's Maister Auchtermuchty; he hes mair material than he kens hoo tae handle, and naebody, hearin' him, can mak head or tail o' his sermon.

"Ye get a rive at the Covenants ae meenut, an' a mouthfu' o' justification the next. Yir nae suner wi' the Patriarchs than yir whuppit aff tae the Apostles.

"It's rich feedin', nae doot, but sair mixed an' no verra tasty."

So the old and young compromised, and chose Carmichael.

Elspeth was candid enough on occasion, but she was not indiscreet. She could convey her mind delicately if need be, and was a mistress of subtle suggestion.

When Netherton's nephew preached the missionary sermon — he was a stout young man with a volcanic voice — Mrs. Macfadyen could not shirk her duty, but she gave her judgment with care.

"He's a fine lad, and 'ill be sure to get a kirk; he's been weel brocht up, and comes o' decent fouk.

"His doctrine soonds richt, and he'ill no gang aff the track. Ye canna ca' him bashfu', and he's sure to be heard."

Her audience still waited, and not in vain.

"But the Lord hes nae pleesure in the legs o' a man," and every one felt that the last word had been said on Netherton's nephew.— *Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush.*

WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT, an English poet and essayist; born at London in 1863. She is the wife of H. B. Marriott Watson. Her works include *Tares* (1884); *The Ballad of the Bird Bride* (1889); *A Summer Night and Other Poems* (1891); *Vespertilia* (1893); *The Art of the House* (1896), and *After Sunset* (1904).

HEREAFTER.

Shall we not weary in the windless days
  Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
  The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
  Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
  Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from out Life's dear, forsaken ways?

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
  Summer, and soft unseasonable spring,
  Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West;
  Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The sweet, vain world of turmoil and unrest.

SCYTHE SONG.

Stalwart mowers, brown and lithe,
  Over summer meads abloom,
Wielding fast the whispering Scythe,
  Where is all the old perfume?
Breathes it yet in tender gloom,
  Soft through Hades' twilight air?
Where hath Summer-tide her tomb?
  Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*

Comes the long blade, gleaming cold,
  Where the garden-ground is spread —
Rays of pearl on crowns of gold,
  Dainty daisies, white and red!
Dames that o'er them once would tread,
  Damsels blithe and debonair,
Where is all your sweetness fled?
  Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*

Time! who tak'st and giv'st again
  All things bitter, some things sweet,
Must we follow, all in vain
  Follow still those phantom feet?
Is there not some grass-grown street,
  Some old, yew-begirt parterre,
Where our Dreams and we may meet?
  Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*

HIC JACET.

And is it possible? — and must it be —
At last, indifference 'twixt you and me?
We who have loved so well,
Must we indeed fall under that strange spell,
The tyranny of the grave?

In sullen severance patient and resigned,
By each of each forgotten out of mind —
Dear, is there none to save?

Must you whose heart makes answer to mine
own,
Whose voice compels me with its every tone,
Must you forget my fealty to claim,
And I — to turn and tremble at your name,
Sunk in dull slumber neath a lichened stone?
Shall not my pulses leap if you be near?
Shall these endure, the sun, the wind, the rain,
And naught of all our tenderness remain,
Our joy — our hope — our fear? . . .

Sweet, 'tis the one thing certain — rail or weep,
Plead or defy, take counsel as we may,
It shall not profit us: this only, pray
Of the blind powers that keep
The harvest of the years we sow and reap,
That naught shall sever nor estrange us — Nay,
Let us live out our great love's little day
Fair and undimmed, before we fall on sleep.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

'Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.'

The linden leaves are wet,
The gas-lights flare —
Deep yellow jewels set
In dusky air,
In dim air subtly sweet
With vanished rain.

Hush! — from the distant street
Again — again —
Life's music swells and falls,
Despairing — light —
Beyond my garden walls
This summer night.

Where do you call me, where?
O voice that cries!

O murky evening air,
What Paradise,
Unsought, unfound, unknown,
Inviteth me,
With faint night-odours blown?
With murmurous plea?

Future art thou, or Past?
Hope, or Regret?
My heart throbs thick and fast,
Mine eyes are wet,
For well and well I know
Thou hast no share,
Nor hence, nor long ago,
Nor anywhere.

RESURGAM.

Though I am old, the world will still be young —
The spring wind breathes on slumbering memories,
The spring birds pipe amid my garden trees,
And dense and green the new year's grass hath sprung:
Ay, though my light is dimmed and my heart wrung
By pitiless eld's unsparing cruelties.

Ah, for that shore beyond the unsailed seas!
Where burns the Fire of Life with equal flame:
Where never sigheth song nor bringeth breeze
One whisper of the pride of youth's surcease,
The faded years' inevitable shame.

And yet — and yet — most sweet it is to know
That though my meagre days be withering,
Still shall be wrought the miracle of Spring,
That deep May nights shall bloom, and love-lamps glow,
Still shall the town's bright rapids swirl and flow,
The meteor troop of passions come and go;
That men shall love, and hate, and laugh, and sing.

I see my imperfection perfected,
My hampered hopes by stronger hearts set free,

My halting plans by others crowned and sped,
Whose feet shall find the paths I might not tread,
Whose clearer eyes the things I loved shall see: —
The sunlight gold — the shadow of the dawn —
The autumn evening's amber sorcery,
When o'er my head the veil of death is drawn
And all the waves of Night go over me.

And so I cannot but be comforted
To think how fair my world will always be,
That Youth and Spring revive eternally,
That abler hands shall labor in my stead,
And gay new ventures dare the hazardous sea:

Thus shall I live again though I be dead;
And all my soul is glad unspeakably.

SPRING SONG.

So many ways to wander in,
So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close,
And the white clouds wander free;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

And it 's O, for the wide world, far away!
'Tis there I fain would be,
It calls me, claims me, the live-long day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May,
And the wind in the linden-tree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

'Far, and far, in the distance dim,
Thy fortune waiteth thee!' —
I know not where, but the world is fair
With many a strange countree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

So many ways I may never win,
  Skies I may never see!
O wood-ways sweet for the vagrant feet,
  What may not come to be? —
What do they sing in the heart of Spring,
  And where do they beckon me?

Farewell, farewell, to my father's house!
  Farewell, true-love, to thee!
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
  And dear mine own roof-tree —
But the wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
  And the green boughs beckon me.

FINIS.

Even for you I shall not weep
  When I at last, at last am dead,
Nor turn and sorrow in my sleep
  Though you should linger overhead.

Even of you I shall not dream
  Beneath the waving graveyard grass;
One with the soul of wind and stream
  I shall not heed you if you pass.

Even for you I would not wake,
  Too bitter were the tears I knew,
Too dark the road I needs must take —
  The road that winds away from you.

EPITAPH.

Now lay thee down to sleep, and dream of me;
  Though thou are dead and I am living yet,
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers be,
  Dream — do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,
  With never a painted shadow from the past
To haunt thee; only, when the blackbird's song
  Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,
Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring wind grieves,
When budding violets close above thee spread
Their small, heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovéd, to dreams from slumber deep;
Recount the store that mellowing time endears,
Tread, through the measureless mazes of thy sleep,
Our old, unchangeful years.

Lie still and listen — while thy sheltering tree
Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set —
For far-off echoes of the Spring and me.
Dream — do not quite forget.

THE ISLE OF VOICES.

Fair blows the wind to-day, fresh along the valleys,
Strange with the sounds and the scents of long ago;
Sinks in the willow-grove, shifts, and sighs, and rallies —
Whence, Wind, and why, Wind, and whither do you go?

Why, Wind, and whence, Wind? — Yet well and well I know it —
Word from a lost world, a world across the sea;
No compass guides there, never chart will show it —
Green grows the grave there that holds the heart of me.

Sunk lies my ship, and the cruel sea rejoices,
Sharp are the reefs where the hungry breakers fret —
Land so long lost to me! — Youth, the Isle of Voices,
Call never more to me — I who must forget.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

To-day is theirs — the unforgotten dead —
For strange and sweet communion set apart,
When the strong, living heart
Beats in the dissolute dust, the darkened bed,
Rebuilds the form beloved, the vanished face,

Relights the blown-out lamps o' the faded eyes,
Touches the clay-bound lips to tenderest speech,
Saying, "Awake — arise!"
To-day the warm hands of the living reach
To chafe the cold hands of the long-loved dead;
Once more the lonely head
Leans on a living breast, and feels the rain
Of falling tears, and listens yet again
To the dear voice — the voice that never in vain
Could sound the old behest.
Each seeks his own to-day; but, ah, not I — I enter not
That sacred shrine beneath the solemn sky;
I claim no commerce with the unforgot.

My thoughts and prayers must be
Even where mine own fixed lot hereafter lies,
With that great company
For whom no wandering breeze of memory sighs
Through the dim prisons of imperial Death:
They in the black, unfathomed oubliette
For ever and ever set —
They, the poor dead whom none remembereth.

LES FOINS.

They are mowing the meadows now, and the whispering, sighing
Song of the scythe breathes sweet on mine idle ear, —
Songs of old Summers dead, and of this one dying, —
Roses on roses fallen, and year on year;

Softly as swathes that sink while the long scythe, swinging,
Passes and pauses and sweeps through the deep green grass:
Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old days singing —
Echoes of seasons gone, and of these that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth — from your sea-fragrant
orchard-closes
Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs
and swings —
Tell to me now as you toss me your phantom roses,
What was the dream you dreamed through
those vagrant Springs?

What that forgotten air when the heart went
maying?
What was the perfume blowing afar, anear?
. . . . . .
"Youth — Youth — Youth" — the Scythe keeps
sighing and saying —
"The rose you saw not — the tune that you could
not hear."

WATSON, THOMAS, an English poet; born at London, England, about 1557; died in 1592. His poems, pastoral and amatory, equaled in popularity those of his friends Spenser and Sidney. He translated Sophocles' *Antigone* into Latin (1581); and wrote: *Ekatompathia; or, Passionate Century of Love* (1582); *Melibœus, Thomæ Watsoni; sive, Ecloga in Obitum Domini Francisci Walsinghami Equitis Aurati* (1590); *The Tears of Fancie; or, Love Disdained* (1591).

SONNETS.

When May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with
flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely Nature smiles and nothing lowers;

Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.
The bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond Love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalmed or lie them still,
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.
And as all those which hear this bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse or pitying her pain;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a saint!

Time wasteth years, and months, and hours;
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength;
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers;
Time wears out Youth and Beauty's looks at length;
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
Time maketh every tree to die and rot;
Time turneth oft our pleasure into pain;
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot;
Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain;
Time makes an end of all human desire,
But only this which sets my heart on fire.
Time turneth into nought each princely state;
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow;
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late;
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below;
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love!

WATSON, William, an English poet; born at Wharfedale, Yorkshire, August 2, 1859. He was educated privately. In 1876 he began his literary work by contributions of verse and prose to the Liverpool *Argus*. In 1880 appeared *The Prince's Quest* (verse), which attracted little attention. It was not until *Wordsworth's Grave* appeared in 1891 that he began to be looked upon as a poet of promise. He became famous by his *Lachrymæ Musarum*, an elegy on the death of Alfred Tennyson, and containing many touches of Milton's *Lycidas*. The poetry-reading world at once declared this poem the finest of the many tributes paid to the dead laureate, and a cash gift of $1,000 was tendered to the young author by the Gladstone Government. He had already been eagerly spoken of for the laureateship, and some of his friends, thinking the proffered bounty was intended to dismiss his claim to the successorship of Tennyson, advised against its acceptance. He received assurances, however, that nothing of the kind was intended, and accepted the gift. The laureateship remained vacant until Salisbury resumed the government. In March, 1895, the Government granted him an annuity of $500. In 1896 appeared his sonnets on the Armenian massacres and the refusal of the nations to intervene, published under the title *The Purple East*. These made his name common property wherever the English tongue is spoken. His other works are *Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature* (1884); *Ver Tenebrosum* (a sonnet series attacking the English occupation of Egypt, 1885); *The Eloping Angels; Poems;* and *Excursions in Criticism* (1893); *Odes*

and Other Poems (1894); *The Father of the Forest and Other Poems* (1895); *The Year of Shame* (including *The Purple East,* 1897); *Collected Poems* (1898); *For England* (1904).

There is scarcely a dissenting voice to the chorus that has hailed Watson as the foremost living English poet, next to Swinburne. Even before 1892 Tennyson had chosen him out for commendation. "Only a great poet," says the *Spectator,* "could have written that line [the last line in the Prelude to the *Hymn of the Sea*]. The line seems to us the greatest which even great poets have written. Milton never conceived a more delicate and exquisite symbol of the awakening of youth to the beauty of a world, to which it contributes almost as much loveliness as it perceives in it, than the 'wondering rose' of Mr. Watson's."

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

The old, rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;
  Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
  And with cold murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near.
  His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
Surely the heart that read her own heart clear
  Nature forgets not soon: 'tis we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity
  Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
  To misbegotten, strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
  Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
The vagrant soul returning to herself
  Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the power that with him dwell —
  Inflowings that divulged not whence they came;
And that secluded spirit unknowable,
  The mystery we make darker with a name;

The somewhat which we name but cannot know,
  Ev'n as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
  And ever hide him, and which are not he.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM.

(October 6, 1892.)

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:
The singer of undying songs is dead.

So, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours:
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each

Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam;
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave:
His equal friendship crave:
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,
To save from visitation of decay?
Not in this temporal sunlight, now, that bay
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
Sings he with lips of transitory clay;
For he hath joined the chorus of his peers
In habitations of the perfect day:
His earthly notes a heavenly audience hears,
And more melodious are henceforth the spheres,
Enriched with music stol'n from earth away.

He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine.
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,
In every star's august serenity,
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.
There seek him, if ye would not seek in vain,
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole.
Yea, and forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes

The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might:
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said —
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.
No more, oh, never now,
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow
Whereon nor snows of time
Have fall'n, nor wintry rime,
Shall men behold thee, sage and mage sublime.
Once, in his youth obscure,
The maker of this verse, which shall endure
By splendor of its theme that cannot die,
Beheld thee eye to eye,
And touched through thee the hand
Of every hero of thy race divine,
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand,
Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas,
Starry from haunts of his Familiars nine,
Glorious Mæonides.
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet:
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?
The accents of thy pure and sovereign tongue,
Are they not ever goldenly impressed

On memory's palimpsest?
I see thy wizard locks like night that hung,
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.
The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil, shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;
While to the measure of the cosmic rune
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,
And heed no more the hum of idle praise
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,
Master who crown'st our immelodious days
With flower of perfect speech.

HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART.

Of kings and courts, of kingly, courtly ways
In which the life of man is bought and sold;
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold
Parley with Hell in fine silken phrase,
How weary is our heart these many days!
Of wavering counsellors neither hot nor cold,
Whom from His mouth God speweth, be it told
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravelled night is round the lands,
And sick are we of all the imperial story.
The tramp of power, and its long trail of pain;
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown hoary;
The mighty hands,
That in the dear, affronted name of Peace
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;
The emulous armies waxing without cease,
All-puissant all in vain;
The facts and leagues to murder by delays,
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf throne's gaze;
The common, loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart,
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance, and the purchased praise
False honor, and shameful glory —
Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart,
How weary is our heart these many days!

— *The Year of Shame.*

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

O towering daughter, Titan of the West,
Behind a thousand leagues of foam secure;
Thou toward whom our inward heart is pure
Of ill intent; although thou threatenest
With most unfilial hand thy mother's breast,
Not for one breathing-space may earth endure
The thought of war's intolerable cure
For such vague pains as vex to-day thy rest!

But if thou hast more strength than thou canst spend
In tasks of peace, and find'st her yoke too tame,
Help us to smite the cruel, to befriend
The succorless, and put the false to shame.
So shall the ages laud thee, and thy name
Be lovely among nations to the end.

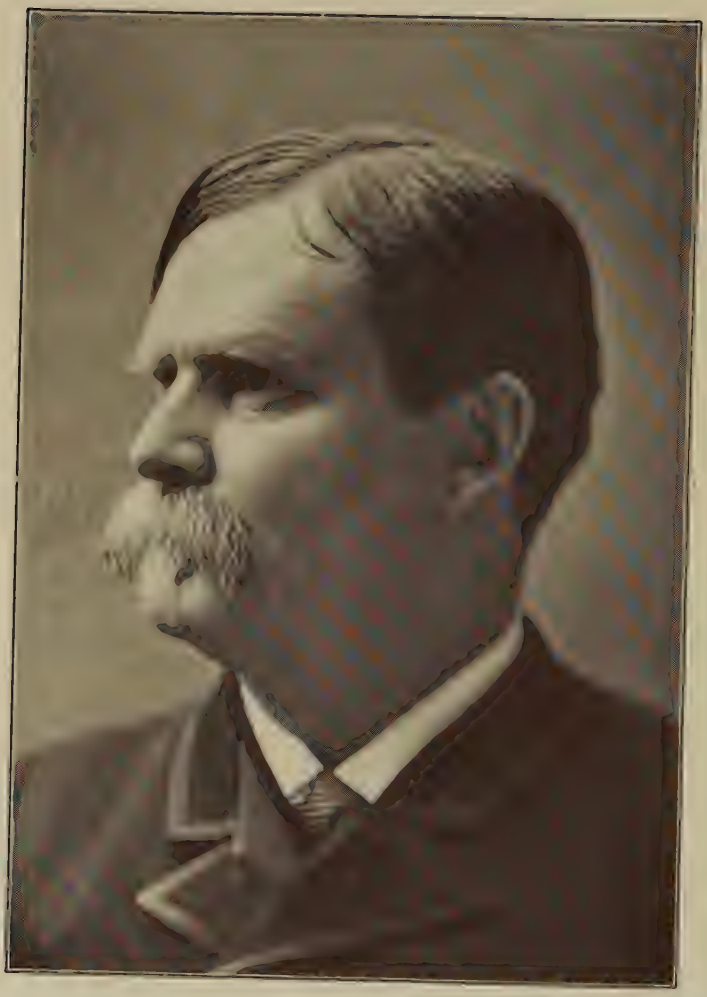
PRELUDE TO THE "HYMN TO THE SEA."

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an ethereal alms out of the wealth of thy soul;
Suffer a tarrying minstrel who finds and fashions his numbers,
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell;
Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor of Spring,
While, with throes, with raptures, with loosing of bonds, with unsealings,
Arrowy pangs of delight, piercing the core of the world,
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctances, sweet agitations,
Youth, irrepressibly fair, wakes like a wondering rose.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

Here sits he throned, where men and gods behold
  His domelike brow — a good man simply great;
  Here in this highway proud, that arrow-straight
Cleaves at one stroke the new world from the old.
On this side, Commerce, Fashion, Progress, Gold;
  On that, the Castle Hill, the Canongate,
  A thousand years of war and love and hate
There palpably upstanding fierce and bold.

Here sits he throned; beneath him, full and fast,
  The tides of Modern Life impetuous run.
  O Scotland, was it well and meetly done?
For see! he sits with back turned on the Past —
He whose imperial edict bade it last
  While yon gray ramparts kindle to the sun.



HENRY WATTERSON.

SONG FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

Hope, the great explorer,
  Love whom none can bind,
Youth that looks before her,
  Age that looks behind,
Joy with brow like Summer's,
  Care with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
  At life's gate.

Pow'r with narrow forehead,
  Wealth with niggard palm,
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
  Vaunts a barren calm;
Haughty overcomers,
  In their pomp and state;—
Masquers all and mummers
  At death's gate!

WATTERSON, HENRY, an American orator and journalist; born at Washington, D. C., February 16, 1840. He became editor of the Washington *Democratic Review,* in 1858, and of the Nashville *Republican-Banner* in 1861. During the war he served as a staff-officer and as chief of scouts in the Confederate army. In 1868 he founded the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* where he soon became a national figure in American journalism. He sat for a short time (1876–77) in Congress to fill a vacancy. He has been a prolific contributor to periodicals, and is author of *Oddities of Southern Life and Character* (1882); *History of the Spanish-American War*

(1899); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1899); and *The Compromises of Life* (1904).

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

That promissory note, executed by me, subject to the endorsement of the city of Louisville, and discounted by you in the city of Pittsburg a year ago — it has matured — and we are here to cancel it! You, who were so prompt and so generous about it, will not be displeased to learn that it puts us to no inconvenience to pay it. On the contrary, it having been one of those obligations on which the interest compounding day by day was designed to eat up the principal, its discharge leaves us poor only in the regret that we may not repeat the transaction every twelve months and convert this central point of the universe into a permanent Encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

Except that historic distinctions have long been obliterated here, it might be mentioned that I appear before you as the representative alike of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray in that great sectional combat, which, whatever else it did or did not, left no shadow upon American soldiership, no stain upon American manhood. But, in Kentucky, the war ended thirty years ago. Familiar intercommunication between those who fought in it upon opposing sides; marriage and giving in marriage; the rearing of a common progeny; the ministration of private friendship; the all-subduing influence of home and church and school, of wife and child, have culminated in such a closely knit web of interest and affections that none of us cares to disentangle the threads that compose it, and few of us could do so if we would.

Here, at least, the lesson has been taught and learned that

> "You cannot chain the eagle,
> And you dare not harm the dove;
> But every gate
> Hate bars to hate
> Will open wide to love!"

And the flag! God bless the flag! As the heart of McCallum More warmed to the tartan, do all hearts warm to the flag! Have you, upon your round of sight-seeing, missed it hereabout? Does it make itself on any hand conspicuous by its absence? Can you doubt the loyal sincerity of those who from house-top and roof-tree have thrown it to the breeze? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down, and see how many gray beards who wore gray coats will rally to it! No, no, comrades; the people en masse do not deal in subterfuges; they do not stoop to conquer; they may be wrong; they may be perverse; but they never dissemble. These are honest flags, with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of a nationality as precious to us as to you. They fly at last as Webster would have had them fly, bearing no such mottoes as "What is all this worth?" or "Liberty first and union afterward," but blazing in letters of living light upon their ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, those words dear to every American heart, "Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? When Hamilton and Madison agreed in supporting a Constitution wholly acceptable to neither of them, they compromised some differences and they left some other differences open to double construction; and among these latter, was the exact relation of the States to the General Government. The institution of African slavery, with its irreconcilable conditions, got between the North and the South, and —— But I am not here to recite the history of the United States. You know what happened as well as I do, and we all know that there does not remain a shred of those old issues to divide us. There is not a Southern man to-day who would recall slavery if he could. There is not a Southern man to-day who would lightly brook the effort of a State to withdraw from the Union. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. The Union, with its system of Statehood still intact, survives; and with a power and glory among men passing the dreams of the fathers of the Republic. You and I may fold our arms

and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and defend a property, tenfold greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title-deeds recorded in Heaven.

It is, therefore, with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South! I bid you welcome in the name of the people, whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you come, and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and whichever way you turn on either side, deepening as you advance — across the Chaplin Hills, where Jackson fell, to Stone's River, where Rosy fought — and on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga and over Missionary Ridge, and down by Resaca and Kennesaw, and Allatoona, where Corse "held the fort," as a second time you marched to the sea — pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment — thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville — you shall encounter, as you pass those mouldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the Master — "Charity for all — malice toward none."

We, too, have our graves, we too had our heroes! All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them; blessed, thrice blessed, we who have lived to see fulfilled the Psalmist's prophecy of peace:

"Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

"Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;

Peace in the highway and the flow'ry lane,
Peace o'er the wind-swept down.

"Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace, peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!"

— *Speech Delivered at the National G. A. R. Encampment, at Louisville, Ky., in 1883.*

THE NEW SOUTH.

It was not, however, to hear of banks and bankers and banking that you did me the honor to call me before you. I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians — the South — and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South! The South! It is no problem at all. I thank God that at last we can say, with truth, it is simply a geographical expression. The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence: She was rich, and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. You see it was a ground-hog case. The soil was here, the climate was here, but along with them was a curse — the curse of slavery. God passed the rod across the land and smote the people. Then in his goodness and mercy, he waved the wand of enchantment and lo, like a flower, his blessing burst forth! Indeed may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjction to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth. We had our debts and our niggers. Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our niggers. Under the new system we pay our niggers and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim, with the old darkey at the camp-meeting, who whenever he

got happy went about shouting, "Bless the Lord! I'm gittin' fatter an' fatter!"

The truth is, that behind the great ruffle the South wore to its shirt there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted there is no doubt. That it wasted its energies upon trifles is beyond dispute. That it took a pride in cultivating what are called "the vices of a gentleman," I am afraid must be admitted. But, at heart, it was sound; from that heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood, and when it had to lay aside its "store-clothes" and put on the homespun, it was equal to the emergency; and the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and, with spinning-wheel and ploughshare, together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern State for wolf-skins. The fact is, the very wolves themselves have got ashamed and gone to work.

I beg you to believe that, in saying this, my purpose is neither to amuse nor mislead you. Although my words may seem to carry with them an unbusiness-like levity, I assure you that my design is wholly business-like. You can see for yourselves what the South has done; what the South can do. If all this has been achieved without credit, and without your powerful aid — and I am now addressing myself to the North and East, which have feared to come South with their money — what might not be achieved if the vast aggregation of capital in the fiscal centres should add this land of wine, milk, and honey to their field of investment, and give us the same cheap rates which are enjoyed by nearer but not safer borrowers! The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois be refused to Alabama and Mississippi? I perfectly understand that business is business, and that capital is as unsectional as unsentimental. I am speaking from neither spirit. You have money to loan; we have a great country to develop.

We need the money; you can make a profit off the

development. When I say that we need the money, I do mean the sort of money once demanded by an old Georgia farmer, who in the early days came up to Milledgeville to see General Robert Toombs, at the time a director of the State Bank. "Robert," says he, "the folks down our way air in need of more money." The profane Robert replied: "Well, how in —— are they going to get it?" "Why," says the farmer, "can't you *stomp* it?" "Suppose we do *stomp* it, how are we going to redeem it?" "Exactly, Robert, exactly. That was just what I was coming to. You see the folks down our way air agin redemption." We want good money, honest money, hard money, money that will redeem itself.

We have given hostages to fortune and our works are before you. I know that capital is proverbially timid. But what are you afraid of? Is it our cotton that alarms you? or our corn? or our sugar? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth, many of these products must make slow progress, whilst others will continue to lie hid in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden, and sparkle as a gold-mine; for, whether you tickle her fertile plains with a straw, or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain-sides, she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches.

I am not a banker, and it would be an affectation in me to undertake to advise you in your own business. But there is a point which relates to the safe investment of money, on which I can venture to express an opinion with some assurance — that is the political stability, involving questions of law and order in the South. My belief is that life and property are as secure in the South as they are in New England. I am certain that men are at least as safe in Kentucky and Tennessee as women seem to be in Connecticut. The truth is, the war is over and the country is whole again, The people, always homogeneous, have a common National interest. For my own part, I have never believed in isothermal lines, air-lines, and water-lines separating distinct races. I no more believe that that river yonder, dividing Indiana and Kentucky, marks off two distinct species, than I believe that the great Hudson, flowing through the State of New

York, marks off distinct species. Such theories only live in the fancy of morbid minds. We are all one people. Commercially, financially, morally, we are one people. Divide as we will into parties, we are one people. It is this sense which gives a guarantee of peace and order at the South, and offers a sure and lasting escort to all the capital which may come to us for investment.—*From a Speech Delivered Before the National Bankers' Convention at Louisville, Ky., in 1883.*

THE RIVIERA.

On a journey from Barcelona to Marseille, and thence to the Riviera, Nimes is a good stopover point. The Hotel de Luxembourg is an excellent hostelry, and there is much in the new-old French town to attract and interest the passing stranger, aside from the circumstance that it was the birthplace of Guizot and Daudet; the Maison Caree, for example, and the Amphitheatre, best preserved among pagan antiquities; the public gardens laid out on Louis Quinze lines after the Versailles suggestion; and finally, the Tour Magne, from which a famous view of town and country of wooded wild and watered valley, may be obtained. Nimes, indeed, is a splendid modern city, built upon and around the site of an original Roman colony in Gaul, by many centuries antedating the Caesars and the Christian era.

It has been many a long day and night since I had a controversy with a cabman. Even in New York and London my disposition to pay rather over than under the regular rates, perhaps a kind of nighthawk recognition and affinity, have secured me against the grosser forms of robbery. Once I gave my driver a fifty-dollar bill, meaning it for a five-dollar bill. He followed me into the hotel to insist that I had made a mistake. As the five was much in excess of the rightful fare, my purpose being to overpay him, I thought that was what he meant, and, it being the holiday season, drove him away with "it is all right, old man — Christmas comes but once a year, you know," and, though a little startled next day when I discovered the imposition I had thus

put upon myself, I have never regretted a penny of the money, and make no doubt it served some good end. Well, at Nimes I had an encounter which was less costly and more amusing, that is to Big Sis, Little Sis and me.

I had asked for a carriage at the Hotel de Luxembourg, and had been told that the charge would be five francs the hour. Of course this was double the legal fare, as I very well knew; but only requiring an hour's service, and thence to the station, I made no objection. The coacher proved a stupid fellow as well as an intentioned rogue. When the horses' heads were turned toward the Railway he went round-about and very slow, with the view of exceeding the hour, and thus laying foundation for a double charge. Long before we drew up at the Gare I perceived what he was up to and was ready for him. Promptly he demanded ten francs. I offered him six. He refused the tender. Then I called a Gendarme. The Gendarme had to choose between enforcing the law in favor of an entire stranger about to depart and a thieving neighbor, willing to divide his theft. He hesitated, refused to commit himself, advised me to pay the ten francs, and walked away. I made a second tender and received a second "dix francs, mes'su." Then I left cabby standing on the curb and entered the station, bought my tickets unconcernedly, had my baggage weighed and checked, and leisurely got aboard the train. Outside there was a great chatter. Two or three gendarmes put their heads together. Presently my cabman appeared running up and down the line and peering into each of the carriages in search of his "party." I could easily have escaped him, but, not wishing to beat the rascal outright, I moved to the outer seat, and, seeing me just as the bell rang and the horn blew, he cried out breathlessly, "Six francs, mes'su, six francs," which I threw him, amid roars of laughter from half a hundred passengers who had witnessed the comical melodrama. "Monsieur is tres liberal," said one old gentleman in our compartment, "three francs were quite enough and more than the legal fare."

Happy the traveler whose adventures are bounded by a recalcitrant cabby and an incompetent copper!

LINCOLN, THE IMMORTAL.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its soldiers and its statesmen, who rose to eminence and power step by step through a series of geometrical progression, as it were, each promotion following in regular order, the whole obedient to well established and well understood laws of cause and effect. These were not what we call "men of destiny." They were men of the time. They were men whose career had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding off a life with a history, full, it may be, of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensible and comprehensive, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we cannot see. There is no explication to these lives. They rose from shadow and went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They arrived, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle upon them; and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were distinctly the creating of some special providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil until their work was done, and passed from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it; Luther, to wit; Shakespeare, Burns, even Bonaparte, the archangel of war, havoc and ruin; not to go back into the dark ages for examples of the hand of God stretched out to raise up, to protect, and to cast down.

Tried by this standard and observed in an historic spirit, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than in Abraham Lincoln, whose life, career and death might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as low as the son of God in a hovel, of what

real parentage we know not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light, nor fair surroundings; a young manhood vexed by wierd dreams and visions, bordering at times on madness; singularly awkward, ungainly, even among the uncouth about him; grotesque in his aspects and ways, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame or ordinary preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command, and entrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party were made to stand aside; the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, men like Seward and Chase and Sumner, statesmen famous and trained, were sent to the rear; while this comparatively unknown and fantastic figure was brought by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is entirely immaterial whether we believe in what he said or did, whether we are for him or against him; but for us to admit that during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world has never witnessed before, he filled the measure of the vast space allotted him in the actions of mankind and in the eyes of the world, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the enormous equipment indispensable to the situation.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman? and stayed the life of the German priest? God alone: and, so surely as these were raised up by God, inspired of God was Abraham Lincoln, and, a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of his life and death. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then were not Luther, or Shakespeare or Burns. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of Divine power in the affairs of men.

WATTS, Isaac, an English clergyman and hymnologist; born at Southampton, July 17, 1674; died near London, November 25, 1748. He was a precocious child; composed verses, as we are told, before he was three years old, began to study Latin at four, and could read easy authors at five. Being a Dissenter he could not enter one of the Universities, but received a thorough education, and became tutor in a private family. In 1698 he was chosen assistant minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London, of which he became pastor in 1702. Owing to feeble health he resigned this charge, and in 1712 was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, near London, to enter his family circle. Here he lived during the remaining thirty-six years of his life, preaching not unfrequently, and writing many books in prose and verse. His works comprise about a dozen octavo volumes. The greater portion of his prose writings, consists of sermons and theological treatises. He, however, wrote several short treatises on astronomy and geography; and his *Logic,* and its continuation in *The Improvement of the Mind,* are still esteemed as standard works. His poems are all of the religious character, many of them written for children. He versified the entire Book of *Psalms,* and many of his Hymns find a place in the hymn-books of all denominations of Christians.

A PROBLEM IN ETHICS.

In many things which we do, we ought not only to consider the mere naked action itself, but the persons toward whom, the time when, the place where, the manner how, the end for which the action was done, together

with the effects that must or may follow; and all other surrounding circumstances must necessarily be taken into our view in order to determine whether the action, which is indifferent in itself, be either lawful or unlawful, good or evil, wise or foolish, decent or indecent, proper or improper, as it is so circumstantiated. Let me give a plain instance for the illustration of this matter:

Mario kills a dog — which, considered in itself, seems to be an indifferent action. Now, the dog was Timon's, and not his own: this makes it look unlawful. But Timon bade him do it: this gives it an appearance of lawfulness. Again, it was done at church, and in time of divine service: these circumstances, added, cast on it an air of irreligion. But the dog flew at Mario, and put him in danger of his life: this relieves the seeming impiety of the action. Yet Mario might have escaped thence: therefore the action appears to be improper. But the dog was known to be mad: this further circumstance makes it almost necessary that the dog should be slain, lest he should worry the assembly, and do much mischief. Yet again, Mario killed him with a pistol which he happened to have in his pocket since yesterday's journey: now hereby the whole congregation was terrified and discomposed, and divine worship was broken off: this carries an appearance of great indecency and impropriety in it. But after all, when we consider a further circumstance, that Mario, being thus violently assaulted by a mad dog, had no way of escaping, and had no other weapon about him, it seems to take away all the color of impropriety, indecency, or unlawfulness, and to allow that the preservation of one or many lives will justify the act as wise and good. Now all these concurrent appendices of the action ought to be surveyed in order to pronounce with justice and accuracy concerning it.— *The Improvement of the Mind.*

A CRADLE HYMN.

(Abbreviated from the original.)

Hush! my dear, lie still, and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!

Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen feed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

THE EARNEST STUDENT.

"Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me:
I'm tired with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tired of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

"Speak to my soul, alone; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art;
All nature, silent in His presence, stand;
Creatures, be dumb at His command,
And leave His single voice to whisper to my heart.

"Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire;
My knowledge now on wheels of fire,
May mount and spread above, surveying all below."

The Lord grows lavish of His heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE RICHES.

I am not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possessed myself to-day;
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir of the best part of me.
Glittering stones and golden things,
Wealth and honors, that have wings
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own.

Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crowned.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows.
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refined of noble taste —
Seraphs feed on such repast,
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet.
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endless beauties more,
Earth has no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole;
Nothing can describe the soul. . .
Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts or horses strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half-way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.
Yet the silly, wandering mind,
Loath to be too much confined,
Roves and takes her daily tours,

Coasting round the narrow shores —
Narrow shores of flesh and sense —
Picking shells and pebbles thence;
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her;
Foreign visits still receiving,
And to herself a stranger living.
Never, never, would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native shore;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same —
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place
And swallow corn and carcasses.
Then if their tombstone, when they die.
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said
Than that "they've eat up all their bread
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

There is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
  And never-withering flowers;

Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove —
  Those gloomy doubts that rise —
And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
  Should fright us from the shore.

MY DEAR REDEEMER.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew —
Thy conflict, and Thy victory, too.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
  He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
  Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
  He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people; we His care —
  Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
  High as the heaven our voices raise;
All Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
  Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch thy soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O Earth, His sovereign word:
Restore Thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveler's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,

Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE, an English poet, critic and novelist; born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, in 1836. He was educated at Cambridge; afterward settling in London, he soon became the center of a remarkable literary and artistic company, including Philip Bourke Marston, Rossetti, Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne. He wrote extensively in periodicals, and has published *Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain* (1897); *The Coming of Love* (1897); *Aylwin* (1898); *The Christmas Dream* (1901); *The Renaissance of Wonder* (1902). The poems of his which are most generally known are *The Burden of the Armada* and *The Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken,* the latter of which has been often reprinted in England and America.

The Coming of Love is a psychological study as singular as it is successful. In a succession of tableaux — sometimes so vivid and realistic that we seem to be looking at a canvas rather than at a printed page; at other times as cloudy and uncanny as the shadow-scenes depicted in a beryl stone or magic crystal — Mr. Watts-Dunton contrives to present before us the evolution of a soul. It is, so to speak, a piece of poetic Darwinism. The drama opens with a picture of the poet, whose one supreme passion is his love of Nature, until love teaches him to read Nature's heart as in his loveless days he had never read it. But it is a

Romany girl whom the poet loves and ultimately marries; and she, in defending herself against the murderous attack of a rejected Gipsy lover, becomes the unwitting agent of her assailant's death, and thereby incurs the terrible tribal vengeance of the Gipsies. She disappears mysteriously after her marriage, and then it is that the half-frenzied husband, driven forth by his anguish into the whited wilderness of the Snow Mountains, finds in place of Nature Benigna, serene of brow and starry of eye, a harpy 'red in tooth and claw"—

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold
  Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey;
  By glacier brink she stood — by cataract spray —
When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.
At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
  And if a footprint shone at break of day,
  My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say,
"'Tis her whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold."
I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright.
  Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
  When lo! she stood! . . . God made her let me pass,
Then felled the bridge! . . . Oh, there, in sallow light,
There down the chasm, I saw her cruel, white,
  And all my wondrous days, as in a glass!

This Blake-like picture marks the crisis but not the close of the drama, for step by step, we are led from the foot of the precipice of despair to the shining summit of hope, where the sad-eyed but beautiful and benignant Mother waits to greet her child again —

What power is this? What witchery wins my feet
  To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,

All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven — most wild, most sweet —
What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?
Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all it prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

The ballad of *God's Revenge* is a masterly bit of *diablerie;* but such a verse as the following, which the poet puts into the mouth of Raleigh — and there are several of exactly the same kind — leaves one quite unstirred —

Wherever billows foam,
The Briton fights at home;
His hearth is built of water — water
Blue and green;
There's not a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England,
Our own England Queen.

SHELLEY.

In Christ's own town did fools of old condemn
A sinless maid to burn in felon's fire;
She looked above; she spake from out the pyre
To skies that made a star for Bethlehem,
When, lo! the flames touching her garment's hem
Blossomed to roses — warbled like a lyre —
Made every fagot-twig a scented briar,
And crowned her with a rose-bud diadem!

Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong:
Our Heart of Hearts hath conquered — conquered those
Once fain to work the world and Shelley wrong;
Their pyre of hate now bourgeons with the rose —
Their every fagot, now a sweet-brier, throws
Love's breath upon the breeze of Shelley's song!

WAYLAND, FRANCIS, an American educator; born at New York, March 11, 1796; died at Providence, R. I., September 30, 1865. He was graduated from Union College in 1813, and studied medicine, but soon after pursued a theological course at Andover. After a four years' tutorship at Union College, and a pastorate in Boston, he was elected, in 1826, Professor of Mathematics and Natural History at Union, and the next year assumed the presidency of Brown University, retiring, after twenty-eight years of service, to a pastorate in Providence. He published *Elements of Moral Science* (1835); *Elements of Political Economy* (1837); *Limitations of Human Reason* (1840); *Thoughts on the Collegiate System in the United States* (1842), recommending a modernization of the old curriculum; *Christianity and Slavery* (1845); *Life of Adoniram Judson* (1853); *Intellectual Philosophy* (1854); *Letters on the Ministry* (1863), also occasional sermons and addresses.

The following selection is from a sermon commemorating Nicholas Brown, after whom Brown University was named:

LIVING WORTHILY.

As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of West-

minster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed in every object around him is the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The most magnificent nation that the world has ever seen has here exhausted every effort to render illustrious her sons who have done worthily. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. In years long gone by, each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone, or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisle and chapel, utters with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by. Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. Impressive and venerable though it be, it is the impressiveness of a solemn and mortifying failure. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

It is then obvious, that if we desire to live worthily, if we wish to fulfil the great purposes for which we were created, we must leave the record of our existence inscribed on the ever-during spirit. The impression there can never be effaced. "Time, which obliterates nations and the record of their existence," only renders the lineaments which we trace on mind deeper and more legible. From the very principles of our social nature, moral and intellectual character multiplies indefinitely its own likeness. This, then, is the appropriate field of labor for the immortal and ever-growing soul.

I know that the power thus given to us is frequently

abused. I am aware that the most gifted intellect has frequently been prostituted to the dissemination of error, and that the highest capacity for action has been devoted to the perpetration of wrong. It is melancholy beyond expression to behold an immortal spirit, by precept and example, urging forward its fellows to rebellion against God. But it is some alleviation to the pain of such a contemplation to remember that in the constitution of our nature a limit has been fixed to the triumph of evil. Falsity in theory is everywhere confronted by the facts which present themselves to every man's observation. A lie has not power to change the ordinances of God. Every day discloses its utter worthlessness, until it fades away from our recollection, and is numbered among the things that were. The indissoluble connection which our Creator has established between vice and misery tends also continually to arrest the progress of evil, and to render odious whatever would render evil attractive. The conscience of man himself, when once the storm of passion has subsided, stamps it with moral disapprobation. The remorse of his own bosom forbids him to reveal to another his own atrocious principles. The innate affections of the heart teach us to shield those whom we love from the contaminations of vice. Hence, the effect of wicked example and of impure conceptions, meeting with ceaseless resistance in the social and moral impulsions of the soul, becomes from age to age less apparent. Men are willing that such examples should be forgotten, and they sink into oblivion. Thus is it that, in the words of inspiration, "the memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

It is then manifest that we accomplish the highest purposes of our existence, not merely by exerting the power which God has given us upon the spirit of man, but by exerting that power for the purpose of promoting his happiness and confirming his virtue.— *Discourse in Brown University, November 3, 1841.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANALOGY.

You observe that I speak of the science of analogy as something which is yet to be. It does not now exist, but

it must exist soon. He who shall create it will descend to posterity with a glory in nowise inferior to that of Bacon or of Newton. He who would complete such a work must be acquainted with the whole circle of the sciences, and be familiar with their history; he must examine and analyze all the circumstances of every important discovery, and, from the facts thus developed, point out the laws by which is governed the yet unexplained process of original investigation. When God shall have sent that genius upon earth who was born to accomplish this mighty labor, then one of the greatest obstacles will have been removed to our acquiring an unlimited control over all the agents of nature.

But, passing this first part of the subject, I remark that, whenever the laws of such a science shall have been discovered, I think that they will be found to rest upon the following self-evident principles:

First — A part of any system which is the work of an intelligent agent is similar, so far as the principles which it involves are concerned, to the whole of that system.

And, secondly — The work of an intelligent and moral being must bear, in all its lineaments, the traces of the character of its author. And, hence, he will use analogy the most skilfully who is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the system, and at the same time most deeply penetrated with a conviction of the attributes of the First Cause of all things.

To illustrate this by a single remark: Suppose I should present before you one of the paintings of Raphael, and covering by far the greater part of it with a screen, ask you to proceed with the work and designate where the next lines should be drawn. It is evident that no one but a painter need even make the attempt; and of painters he would be the most likely to succeed who had become best acquainted with the genius of Raphael, and had most thoroughly meditated upon the manner in which that genius had displayed itself in the work before him. So, of the system of the universe we see but a part. All the rest is hidden from our view. He will, however, most readily discover where the next lines are drawn who is most thoroughly acquaint-

ed with the character of the author, and who has observed, with the greatest accuracy, the manner in which that character is displayed, in that portion of the system which he has condescended to reveal to us.

All this is confirmed by the successive efforts of mind which resulted in the greatest of Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries. . . . I think it self-evident that this first germ of the system of the universe would never have been suggested to any man whose mind had not been filled with exalted views of the greatness of the Creator, and who had not diligently contemplated the mode in which those attributes were displayed in that part of his works which science had already discovered to us.

And if this distinction be just, it will lead us to divide philosophers into those who have been eminent in attainment in those sciences which are instruments of investigation; and those who, to these acquisitions, have added unusual skill in foretelling where these instruments could, with the greatest success, be applied. Among the ancients, probably, Aristotle belonged to the former, and Pythagoras and Archimedes to the latter class. Among the moderns I think the infidel philosophers generally will be found to have distinguished themselves by the accurate use of the sciences, and Christian philosophers by the additional glory of foretelling when and how the sciences may be used. I am not aware that infidelity has presented to the world any discoveries to be compared with those of Boyle and Pascal, and Bacon and Newton, or of Locke, and Milton, and Butler.

And I here may be allowed to suggest that, often as the character of Newton has been the theme of admiration, it has seemed to me that the most distinctive element of his greatness has commonly escaped the notice of his eulogists. It was neither in mathematical skill nor in mathematical invention that he so far surpassed his contemporaries; for in both these respects, he divided the palm with Huygens, and Kepler, and Leibnitz. It is in the wide sweep of his far-reaching analogy, distinguished alike by its humility and its boldness, that he has left the philosophers of all previous and all subse-

quent ages so immeasurably behind him. Delighted with his modesty and reciprocating his confidence, nature held communion with him as with a favorite son; to him she unveiled her most recondite mysteries; to him she revealed the secret of her most subtle transformations, and then, taking him by the hand, she walked with him abroad over the wide expanse of universal being. — *Occasional Discourses.*

DUTY OF CITIZENS.

Suppose twenty men and women, with their families, to be thrown together upon an uninhabited island. They would soon begin, from necessity, to build themselves houses, and cultivate the soil, and catch for their use whatever animals might be found. Whatever each family thus builded, or raised, or caught, it would, of course, hold as its own. And, if any one exchanged with another whatever he had secured by exchange would also be his own. In other words, each one would work for himself, and claim as his own whatever he had produced.

They might thus live very happily for a long time; at least, so long as every one acted in this manner, and they would need neither laws nor government. But suppose that any one should begin to act differently. Suppose any one should undertake to drive his neighbor's family out of their house; or, after they had raised a crop of corn, should come and carry it into his own barn, and leave them to starve. And suppose another, seeing this was so easy a way of support, should undertake to do the same thing to another neighbor. The result would be, that, if no one could enjoy the fruit of his labor, no one would work, and they would either starve, or else they would go away and live alone; and thus be exposed to the inconveniences of always living in the wilderness.

Or, suppose another case. Suppose that the man who was turned out of his house, determined upon having his revenge, and therefore set fire to the house of his oppressor. Here would be two families turned out of their houses, and left destitute. These two families might, on

the same principles, go on to turn of their possessions two others, who might avenge themselves by two more fires, and thus it would go on, until all the houses and property were destroyed, and the whole settlement would very soon perish.

Now it is clear that this would never do. There must be a stop put to such proceedings, and the only way would be, to stop it at the beginning. The whole community would have to unite against the first robber, and oblige him to return the property which he had stolen, and to agree together, that they would always do so, to any one who should steal again. And, if this did not stop it, they would have to agree to punish the robber, in some such way as would oblige him to let alone everything that was his neighbor's. This would be the *first law* of this little community.

And now having made this law, and thus having undertaken to see that no one interfered with his neighbor's property or rights, it is evident that no one need undertake to avenge himself, or to reclaim by force anything that had been taken from him. This community would, therefore, agree together, that, if any one was injured, he must apply to them for redress, instead of redressing himself. The reason of this is evident, for they would be better judges how much he was injured, and what redress should be made, than he would be himself; because, it is a bad rule, to allow any man to be the judge in his own case. This would be the *second law* of this community.

These two laws then would be, first, *that no one should interfere with his neighbor's rights,* in any manner whatever; and, secondly, if any one did thus interfere, that the *injured person should not attempt to redress himself, but, should leave the subject to be decided upon by the whole community.*

In process of time, these laws would have to be subdivided, as there would be various forms of injury. A man might encroach upon his neighbor's land. This would require one form of redress. One might steal by day, and another by night; one might break open a house, another might steal a horse; each one requiring

a separate form of punishment. And so, of redress of grievances; one might strike another, and a second might burn his house; these would have to be distinguished, and all these forms of crime be defined, so that the innocent might be distinguished from the guilty, and the guilty punished according to their deserts.

As this community increased in number, and it became necessary to make a great many laws, it would be impossible for them all to meet, on every occasion that presented itself. They would therefore be obliged to appoint a few persons, in their place, to meet for this purpose. Eight or ten would unite together and select a prudent and wise man, and agree to be bound by what he should consent to. These delegates would be *legislators,* and such an assembly would be a *legislature.*

But after the laws were made, when cases of injury became frequent, all the community could not meet together, to decide between two men, who had a difficulty with each other. They would, therefore, be obliged to appoint some persons, who should make it their business to hear causes, and decide, according to law. This would save a great deal of time, and would also insure a much better administration of justice. Such men would be *judges,* and when they were assembled, they would be called a *court.*

And, besides, after they had decided what was right, and how a bad man should be punished, it would be necessary that some one should carry their sentence into effect. Such persons are called *executive officers. Governors, sheriffs,* and *constables,* belong to this class.

Now, all these officers taken together, legislators, judges, governors, sheriffs, etc., are called the government of a country. They are persons appointed by the people, in some mode or other, to make laws and to carry them into execution, so that no man shall interfere with his neighbor's rights; and, so that if he does, he shall be obliged to make redress, and shall be punished for his crime.

Hence, the duties of man, as a citizen, are, in general, these.

1. As he agrees that no one shall interfere with the

rights of his neighbor, he is bound to obey this law himself; that is, he is bound, in all his intercourse respecting the personal liberty, character, reputation, property, and families of others, to obey the law of reciprocity, or to do unto others, as he would that others should do unto him.

2. If other men disobey this law, and injure him, he is bound not to take redress into his own hands, but to leave it to the society; that is, the courts of law, to whom, he has agreed that all such cases shall be referred.

3. As he has agreed that all laws shall be made by legislators, he is bound to obey all the laws which they make, consistent with the power which he has entrusted into their hands.

4. As he is a member of the community which has promised to protect every individual, he is bound to use all means necessary to ensure that protection. He is bound to make every effort in his power, to secure to every individual, whether high or low, rich or poor, the full enjoyment of his rights; and, if he be wronged, the full redress for injury.

5. As the purposes of government cannot be carried on without expense; since governors, legislators, judges, etc., must be paid for their services; and, as every one has the benefit of these services, every one ought, willingly, to bear his share of the pecuniary burden.

To illustrate what has been said in the preceding remarks. Suppose a man has stolen your horse, and there were no laws, and no government. You might go to him and ask him for it, and he would refuse to give it up. Suppose you attempted to take the horse away by force, the man might resist you, and if he were stronger than you, would drive you away, and injure you, or perhaps kill you, to prevent you from troubling him. You thus could have no remedy, and the next day, he might take your cow, or turn you out of your house, and you could not help it.

But suppose there were laws, and a government; observe now how differently you would be situated. In this case, there would be a law to prevent men from

stealing; and judges to decide whether a man had stolen; and officers to punish the thief, and to reclaim the property taken.

Let us now suppose the horse to be stolen. Instead of going to the man who stole it, you would go to one of the judges, called justices of the peace, and inform him that the man had stolen your property. He would immediately send for the thief, and bring him before him. If the thief would not come, the sheriff who was sent, would have power to order all the men in the town to help him. You would then tell your story, and the man would tell his; and, if you could prove the horse to be yours, the justices would give him up to you, and would send the man to jail, to be tried for the crime of stealing. When the judges of the higher court came together, twelve men of the neighborhood would be appointed, who are called jurors, or jurymen. The thief would then be brought before them, and the witnesses would be examined, to prove whether the man did steal the horse, or whether he got him some other way. The judge would explain the law, and the jurors would decide whether the man was guilty or not guilty. If he was not guilty, he would be set at liberty. If he was guilty, the judge would pronounce the punishment of the law for stealing. If it was imprisonment, the sheriff would take him to prison, and he would be kept there, until the time expired, for which he was sentenced.

We see from this case, how much better every one can obtain justice, where there are laws and government, than when there are none; and, hence, how great a blessing it is, to live in a civilized country, where such laws exist.

WEATHERLY, Frederic Edward, an English song writer and lawyer; born at Portshead, Somerset, October 4, 1848. He was graduated from Oxford in 1871 and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1887. He is widely known as the writer of popular songs, many of which have been given musical settings. Among them are *Nancy Lee; Polly; Three Old Maids of Lee; Darby and Joan.* Of his published volumes mention may be made of *Muriel and Other Poems* (1870); *Wilton School* (1872); *Oxford Days* (1879); *Rudiments of Logic* (1879); *Questions in Logic, Progressive and General* (1883); *Two Children* (1884); *Lays for Little Ones* (1898).

LONDON BRIDGE.

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp and woe.
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along,
While below, the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powdered and gay,
Rolleth my lady by,
Rags-and-tatters, over the way,
Carries a heart as high.
Flowers and dreams from the country meadows
Dust and din through city skies.

Old men creeping with their shadows
Children with their sunny eyes,
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know.
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun?
Gone away with their songs and sorrow;
Only the river still flows on.
Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

DARBY AND JOAN.

Darby dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I —
Ah! lad, how you cheered me then,
Things will be better, sweet wife, again!
Always the same Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby, dear, but my heart was wild
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered "Heav'n knows best!"
And my heart found rest;
Darby, dear, 'twas your loving hand
Showed the way to the better land —
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
Life grew better, and Heaven more near;

Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife, Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side —
Ah! lad, though we know not when
Love will be with us forever then;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

WEBB, CHARLES HENRY ("JOHN PAUL"), an American humorist; born at Rouse's Point, N. Y., January 24, 1834; died at New York, May 24, 1905. In early youth he ran away to sea, and on his return went to Illinois. From 1860 to 1863 he was editorially connected with the New York *Times,* in 1863–64 the San Francisco *Bulletin,* and in 1864 became editor of the *Californian.* He also wrote in the New York *Tribune* and other papers under the well-known name of "John Paul." His books are *Laffith Lank, or Lunacy,* a travesty of Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt* (1867); *St. Twel'mo, or the Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga,* a travesty of Mrs. Wilson's *St. Elmo* (1868); *John Paul's Book* (1874); *The Wickedest Woman in New York* (1875); *Parodies, Prose and Verse* (1876); *Sea-weed, and What We Seed: My Vacation at Long Branch and Saratoga* (1876); *Vagrom Verses* (1888); and *More Vagrom Verse* (1901). He is also the author of two plays:

Our Friend from Victoria (1865); *Arrah-na-Poke,* a burlesque of Dion Boucicault's *Arrah-na-Pogue* (1865).

GOING UP THE HUDSON.

One of the greatest pleasures of steaming up the North River is that of leaving the red-walled city behind you. It enables you to turn your back on it in a contemptuous way; or if perchance you look back at the retreating houses and fading streets, it is only with a quick glance of dislike, not the lingering look of affection. There is a feeling of unspeakable relief when you get beyond the confines of the city, opposite the blessed part of Manhattan where no streets are graded and where the grass has not yet forgotten how to grow. It is the same feeling of relief that comes over one on emerging from a crowded room into the open air. The lungs expand and the muscles of the heart have a broader play.

It has been urged against the river route that the scenery becomes monotonous; that after having been once seen it is "rather a bore than otherwise." Monotonous, indeed! The man who made that remark must have got sadly wearied of his mother's face in infancy, possibly he tired of hearing the same step always around the cradle, and considered the old lady "rather a bore than otherwise." But the scenery of the Hudson is never the same — hourly and daily it changes. Anthony's Nose is every day growing redder, and you never saw the trees wear the same shade of green two hours in succession. It is true, that going up the river by night you do not see much of the scenery, after all — but then you have the satisfaction of knowing it is there.

It is pleasant, too, to see the moon rise on the water; to watch her fair face when she peers over the hill-tops, blushing at first, as though aware that profane eyes are gazing on her unveiled beauties; and then gliding with quiet grace to her canopied throne, the zenith. The face of Miss Moon was freckled the last night I went up the river. I suspect that she had been kissing the sun behind the curtains down yonder, and this supposition

would also account for her late rising. Although not given to making overtures to strangers, I could not forbear remarking to a rather gruff-looking gentleman — the pilot, I think — that the moonlight was beautiful.

It had been a beautiful day and was then a beautiful night. And between the beauties of a June day, and the witcheries of a June night, it is hard to choose. While the one woos you with blonde loveliness, the other comes with brunette beauty, dark-eyed and dark-tressed, her tresses woven with diamonds and her brow bound by a tiara of stars. If it is pleasant to see Day look through the windows of the East, and then come tripping over the meadows, it is grand to see Night come down in her simple majesty, muffling the hill-tops beneath her hood, and spreading her robes of velvet over the conscious evergreens. On the whole, I give my heart and hand to the brunette beauty.

By the way, there is one feature of the river that I nearly forgot to mention; it is quite as prominent a feature as Anthony's Nose, yet you look for it in "Hand-Books of the Hudson," in vain. The inventors of various hair-lotions, liniments, aperients and other abominations, have turned the rocks along the river-side into a medium for advertising their wares. The Highlands declare the glory of some wretched cough-syrup, the Palisades are vocal with the praises of pills, and unless some happy deluge washes off the inscriptions they will remain to puzzle the geologists and archæologists of a remote generation. There is no saying when this style of advertising was initiated. It is not improbable that it has existed from a very early day, and that the inscriptions on the pyramids, which have occasioned so many conjectures, are simply the handiwork of an Egyptian Barnum, setting forth the attractions of some fossil "fat boy," or calling on everyone to come and see a nondescript from the interior of Mesopotamia. Our brick walls will perhaps puzzle posterity in this way quite as much as the pyramidical piles of Cheops and his people have puzzled us.— *John Paul's Book.*

THE LAY OF DAN'L DREW.

It was a long, lank Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one or two:
"I ain't acquaint in these here parts:
I'm a-lookin' for Dan'l Drew.

"I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard;
My callin' I pursue
At the Institoot at Madison,
That was built by Dan'l Drew.

"I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard;
My worldly wants are few;
But I want some pints on these here sheers —
I'm a-lookin' for Dan'l Drew."

Again I saw that laborer,
Corner of Wall and New;
He was looking for a ferry-boat,
And not for Dan'l Drew.

Upon his back he bore a sack
Of stuff that men eschew;
Some yet moist scrip was in his grip,
A little "Waybosh," too.

He plain was long of old R. I.,
And short of some things "new."
There was never another laborer
Got just such "pints" from Drew.

At the ferry-gate I saw him late,
His white cravat askew
A-paying his fare with a registered share
Of stock "preferred" — by Drew.

And these words came back from the Hackensack:
"If you want to gamble a few,
Just get in your paw at a game of 'draw,'
But don't take a hand at Drew!"

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The melancholy days have come
  Of which the poet sings,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
  And other cheerful things.

The robin from the glen has flown,
  And there Matilda J.
Now roams in quest of autumn leaves
  To press and put away.

These in the sere, to school-girls dear,
  Are found where'er one looks,
On hill, in vale, in wood, in field —
  But mostly in my books.

If I take up the Unabridged
  Some curious words to scan,
Rare leaves are sped of green and red,
  Or maybe black and tan.

And, too, from delf, on every shelf,
  From pictures on the wall,
Autumnal leaves descend in sheaves —
  With them 'tis always fall.

O autumn leaves, rare autumn leaves! —
  Not rare, alas! in-doors,—
The wild wood strew, all seasons through,
  But not our parlor floors!

For now I know a solemn truth
  I did suspect before,—
These leaves that autumn branches bear
  Are an autumnal bore.

A DITTY TO DOTTY DIMPLE.

Tell me, Miss Dimple,
  Rosebud and buttercup,

Will you be as charming
  When you grow up?
Will your hair keep its yellow,
  Your lips keep their curl?
Will you always, as now, be
  My own little girl?

Or will you grow up to be
  "Grandmamma Dimple,"—
A dear little grandmamma,
  Wearing a wimple,
Through spectacles peering
  And snipping out follies—
Red ribbons and sashes
  For grandmamma's dollies?

Some sunshine, some shadow,
  Occasional showers,
But never quite clouded,
  This friendship of ours;
  Just one little jangle—
  I remember, don't you?
When Gwendolen's tresses
  Got tangled with glue.

Ah, that was a morning!
  How all were appalled,
When a sudden disaster
  Snatched Gwendolen bald!
I ran with my glue-pot,
  But the brush was too big
For a toilet so dainty,
  And we dabbled the wig.

Now, sweetheart, you promise
  To live with us two,
But greatly I fear me—
  Yes, Dimple, I do—
Some voice you'll find sweeter
  Than that of mamma,

Some one you'll love dearer
Than your own dear papa.

But tell me, Miss Dimple,
Will any young sprig
Love you just as papa does,
When you grow to be big?
Will he fly to aid you
With comfort and glue,
When you find your doll's hollow,
And the sawdust sifts through?

Will *he* guide your footsteps
Lest they falter and fall —
Your tumbles, your troubles,
Will he share them all?
And when others don't know
Why the little girl cries,
Will *he* read the reason
Writ in your blue eyes?

As has been will be ever,
The world holds its way;
The old have their years,
And the young have their day.
But I'm jealous this moment —
Of whom, do you guess?
Of that rival's arrival
In ten years — or less!

And though seeming submissive
While my little girl grows,
If I were a wizard,
And my wand were this rose,
Once, twice, I would wave it —
Yes, a third time — and say:
"Let my daughter be ever
The Dot of to-day!"

MARCH.

The earth seems a desolate mother —
  Betrayed like the princess of old,
The ermine stripped from her shoulders,
  And her bosom all naked and cold.

But a joy looks out from her sadness,
  For she feels with a glad unrest
The throb of the unborn summer
  Under her bare, brown breast.

THE KING AND THE POPE.

The King and the Pope together
Have written a letter to me;
It is signed with a golden sceptre,
It is sealed with a golden key.
The King wants me out of his eyesight;
The Pope wants me out of his See.

The King and the Pope together
Have a hundred acres of land:
I do not own the foot of ground
On which my two feet stand;
But the prettiest girl in the kingdom
Strolls with me on the sand.

The King has a hundred yeomen
Who will fight for him any day,
The Pope has priests and bishops
Who for his soul will pray:
I have only one little sweetheart,
But she'll kiss me when I say.

The King is served at his table
By ladies of high degree;
The Pope has never a true love,
So a cardinal pours his tea:
No ladies stand round me in waiting,
But my sweetheart sits by me.

And the King with his golden sceptre,
The Pope with Saint Peter's key,
Can never unlock the one little heart
That is opened only to me.
For I am the Lord of a Realm,
And I am the Pope of a See;
Indeed, I'm supreme in the kingdom
That is sitting just now on my knee!

CROQUET.

Out on the lawn, in the evening gray,
Went Willie and Kate. I said, "Which way?"
And they both replied, "Croquet, croquet!"

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day;
From the window I looked — to see croquet.

Of mallets and balls, the usual display;
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth? — side by side sat they:
And I thought to myself, Is that croquet?

I saw the scamp — it was light as day —
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand,— was *that* croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And kissed her lips,— what a queer croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May,
But I knew by her blushes she said not Nay;
And I though in my heart, Now *that's* croquet!

WIND-BOUND.

Oh, the wind blows north,
  And the wind blows south —
Would a man dare kiss
  His love on the mouth?

But the wind now east,
  And the wind now west —
She wears a dagger
  Under her vest!

Yes, maids have their moods —
  But a man may try;
Blow the wind as it will,
  He can only die.

— *Vagrom Verse.*

WEBSTER, DANIEL, an American statesman and orator; born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1801; commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and the next year entered upon practice at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1812 he was elected to Congress from New Hampshire, and was re-elected in 1814. In 1816 he removed to Boston, and soon acquired an extensive legal practice. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston, and in 1827 was chosen to the United States Senate, and held that position until 1841, when he became Secretary of State in the administration of W. H. Harrison, retaining that place during a portion of the administration of Mr. Tyler, who became President upon the death of

Mr. Harrison. In 1850 he again became Secretary of State in the administration of Mr. Fillmore. His health beginning visibly to decline, he tendered his resignation of the secretaryship, which was declined by the President. The closing months of his life were passed at his residence of Marshfield, a few miles from Boston. The *Works* of Daniel Webster consist of *Orations; Discourses;* and *Addresses* on various occasions; *Legal Arguments; Speeches* and *Debates* in Congress, and *Diplomatic Papers.* Two volumes of his *Private Correspondence,* edited by his son, were published in 1858. His *Life* has been written by several persons, notably by George Ticknor Curtis (1869). Many personal details are given in *Daniel Webster and His Contemporaries,* by C. W. March (1850).

In 1830 Webster made what the popular heart, if not the orator's own mind, has always considered his greatest effort — the reply to Hayne. Its delivery was a memorable scene in the annals of Congress. The old Senate-chamber was crowded to overflowing with notables of every grade, party, and nationality, kept spellbound for hours by the speaker's eloquence. This speech was regarded, at the time, as settling forever, as a matter of argument, the nullification doctrine. Bitter subsequent experience has shown that both the doctrine of secession and the love for the Union were too deeply rooted for mere forensic argument.

Brilliant, however, as Webster's Congressional speeches are, they do not fully equal his set orations. Three of these — the Plymouth Rock discourse, the Bunker Hill Monument discourse, and the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson — are among the very choicest masterpieces of all ages and all tongues. Nothing in

the palmy days of Greece or Rome or England or France has ever surpassed these orations in unity and harmony of structure, or in simple but majestic diction. The genius of Webster here reveals itself, unfettered by the needs of party and untainted by the heat of debate, in all its depth, its sweetness, and its originality. We cannot analyze these orations. Each seems to pour itself forth as the single, spontaneous utterance of a great, creative mind. It is the voice of a man who has something grand to say to his fellowmen. To the student, these orations, and indeed all of Webster's speeches, may be recommended as models of style to be carefully considered.

It is especially true of Webster that the style is the man. His style is the plain, straightforward expression of a clear and earnest mind. The sentences are singularly free from the tricks of rhetoric in which most orators delight to deal, and the words are the living embodiment of the ideas which they are intended to convey, while back of all we seem to see the tall, gravely impassioned form of the orator himself, arousing us, convincing us, swaying us at his will.

In private life Mr. Webster was genial and entertaining, and he lived and died an enthusiastic sportsman and disciple of Izaak Walton. Amid all his greatness he was never so happy as when rambling, gun in hand, over the shooting-grounds at Marshfield or patting the necks of his favorite cattle.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

Let us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspi-

cious indeed — bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men — full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims. . . .

We have come to this Rock to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration for their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty which they encountered, the dangers of the ocean, the storms of Heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations that are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

There is a local feeling connected with this occasion too strong to be resisted — a sort of *genius of the place* which inspires and awes. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity and civilization, and letters made their first lodgement in a vast extent of country covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here at the season of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the litte bark, with the interesting group on its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold that benumbed, and listen to the winds that pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims.

STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASS.

We seem even to behold them as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience; and we see — what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil — chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decision and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation: all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion to fill us with reverence and admiration. . . .

The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose saw the Pilgrims already *at home* in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected and unprovided for on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness; but it was politic, intelligent and educated man. Everything was civilized but the physical world. Institutions, containing in substance all that ages had done for human governments, were organized in a forest. Cultivated Mind was to act on uncultivated Nature; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence, with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the Christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire the power of going back to the age of fable? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence, her first breath

the inspiration of liberty, her first principles the truth of divine religion? . . .

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and that of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when from the long distance of a hundred years they shall look back upon us, they shall know at least that we are possessed of affections which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise, in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, and the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth. — *Discourse at Plymouth, December 22, 1820.*

REPLY TO HAYNE'S STRICTURES ON NEW ENGLAND.

It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraor-

dinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation of commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any, or all these things, will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of

whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own, and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess.

I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources. . . . — *From the Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, United States Senate, January 26, 1830.*

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: ITS ORIGIN, AND THE SOURCE OF ITS POWER.

What the gentleman contends for is that it is constitutional to interrupt the administration itself, in the hands of those who are chosen and sworn to administer it, by the direct interference, in the form of law, of the States, in virtue of their sovereign capacity. The inherent right of the People to reform their Government I do not deny; and they have another right, and that is, to resist unconstitutional laws without overturning the Government. It is no doctrine of mine that unconstitutional laws bind the People. The great question is, Whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? On this the main debate hinges. The proposition that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the States have a constitutional right to interfere and annul the law of Congress, is the proposition of the gentleman. I do not admit it.

If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I cannot conceive that there can be a middle course between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on the one hand, and open resistance — which is revolution or rebellion — on the other. I say the right of a State to

annul a law of Congress cannot be maintained but on the ground of the unalienable right of man to resist oppression: that is to say, upon the ground of revolution. I admit that there is an ultimate violent remedy, above the Constitution, and in defiance of the Constitution, which may be resorted to when a revolution is to be justified. I do not admit that, under the Constitution, and in conformity with it, there is any mode in which a State Government, as a member of the Union, can interfere and stop the progress of the General Government, by force of her own laws, under any circumstances whatever.

This leads us to inquire into the origin of this Government and the source of its power. Whose agent is it? Is it the creature of the State Legislatures, or the creature of the People? If the Government of the United States be the agent of the State Governments, then they may control it — provided they can agree upon the manner of controlling it. If it is the agent of the People, then the People can control it, restrain it, modify, or reform it. It is observable enough that the doctrine for which the honorable gentleman contends leads him to the necessity of maintaining not only that this General Government is the creature of the States, but that it is the creature of each of the States severally; so that each may assert the power for itself of determining whether it acts within the limits of its authority. It is the servant of four-and-twenty masters, of different wills and different purposes; and yet bound to obey all.

This absurdity (for it seems no less) arises from a misconception of the origin of this Government, and its true character. It is the People's Constitution, the People's Government, made for the People, made by the People, and answerable to the People. The People of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We must either admit this proposition, or dispute their authority. The States are undoubtedly sovereign, so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law. The State Legislatures, as political bodies — however sovereign — are yet not sovereign over the People. So far as the People have

given power to the General Government, so far the grant is unquestionably good; and the Government holds of the People, and not of the State Governments. We are all agents of the same supreme power — the People. The General Government and the State Governments derive their authority from the same source. Neither can, in relation to the other, be called primary; though one is definite and restricted, and the other general and residuary.

The National Government possesses those powers which it can be shown the People have conferred upon it — and no more. All the rest belong to the State Governments, or to the People themselves. So far as the People have restrained State sovereignty by the expression of their will in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, State sovereignty is effectively controlled. I do not contend that it is, or ought to be, controlled further. The sentiment to which I have referred propounds that State sovereignty is only to be controlled by its own "feeling of justice." That is to say, it is not to be controlled at all; for one who is to follow his feelings is under no legal control.

Now — however we may think this ought to be — the fact is that the People of the United States have chosen to impose control on State sovereignties. The Constitution has ordered the matter differently, from what this opinion announces. To make war, for instance, is an exercise of sovereignty; but the Constitution declares that no State shall make war. To coin money is another exercise of sovereign power; but no State is at liberty to coin money. Again: the Constitution says that no State shall be so sovereign as to make a treaty. These prohibitions, it must be confessed, are a control on the State sovereignity of South Carolina as well as the other states, which does not arise "from her own feelings of honorable justice." Such an opinion, therefore, is in defiance of the plainest provisions of the Constitution. . . .

The People have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are in the Con-

stitution grants of powers to Congress, and restrictions on those powers. There are also prohibitions on the States. Some authority must therefore necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions and prohibitions. The Constitution itself has pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring that "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

This was the first great step. By this the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States is declared. The People so will it. No State law is to be valid which comes in conflict with the Constitution or any law of the United States. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This the Constitution itself decides also, by declaring that "The judicial power shall extend to all questions arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States."

These two provisions cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the key-stone of the arch. With these it is a Constitution; without them it is a Confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, Congress established at its very first session, in the Judicial Act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the Supreme Court. It then became a Government. It then had the means of self-protection; and but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among the things which are now past. Having constituted the Government, and declared its powers, the People have further said that, since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the Government itself must decide — subject always — like other popular governments — to its responsibility to the People.

And now, I repeat, how is it that a State Legislature acquires any right to interfere! Who, or what, gives them the right to say to the People, "We, who are your agents and servants for one purpose, will undertake to

decide that your other agents and servants, appointed by you for another purpose, have transcended the authority you gave them?" The reply would be, I think, not impertinent, "Who made you a judge over another's servants? To their own masters they stand or fall." I deny this power of State Legislatures altogether. It cannot stand the test of examination.

Gentlemen may say that, in an extreme case, a State Government might protect the people from intolerable oppression. In such a case People might protect themselves without the aid of the State Governments. Such a case warrants revolution. It must make — when it comes — a law for itself. A Nullifying Act of a State Legislature cannot alter the case, nor make resistance any more lawful. In maintaining these sentiments, I am but asserting the rights of the People. I state what they have declared, and insist on their right to declare it. They have chosen to repose this power in the General Government; and I think it my duty to support it, like other constitutional powers. — *From a Speech in the United States Senate, January 27, 1830, in reply to Mr. Hayne.*

IMAGINARY SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence, with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir,

who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both already the proscribed objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects.

The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die — die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed

hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment — Independence NOW, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER." — *From a Discourse on the Lives and Services of Adams and Jefferson.*

THE SHAFT AT BUNKER HILL.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but, till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription or entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the letters and duration among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is,

by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national powers are still strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be some thing

which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.— *Address at the Laying of the Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE VETERANS OF 1775.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you the sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons

and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.— *From the Bunker Hill Speech.*

MURDER WILL OUT.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon,

resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poinard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself

preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.— *Argument on the Trial of F. J. Knapp for the Murder of Joseph White.*

HAMILTON, THE FINANCIER.

He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place at such a time the whole country perceived with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States as it burst forth from the conception of Alexander Hamilton.— *From a Speech Delivered at a Public Dinner in New York, March 10, 1831.*

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts — whate'er we knowledge call —

There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

WASHINGTON.

That name (said Webster) was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-throbbing public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they

were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered around, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. . . .

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of a new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre

on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its right against military power and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which

we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments.

We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils, by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs, — we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age.

We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us; by attempting something which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard, when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence.

As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space, so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested or connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard

for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.

Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry, only because it is congenial to our nature.

Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality. It deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of being is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; — and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

WEBSTER, JOHN, an English dramatist; born, about 1582; died in 1638. Little is known concerning his life. He wrote in collaboration with Ford and Dekker between 1601 and 1624. His individual plays are the *Duchess of Malfi; Guise,*

or the Massacre of France; The Devil's Law-Case; Appius and Virginia, and *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.* The first of these was produced in 1612, the last in 1623. Webster has been called the "dramatist of terror and of pity." Hazlitt calls him "the noble-minded." His plays were first published collectively by Dyce in 1830.

"His terrible and funereal Muse was Death," says Professor Shaw; "his wild imagination revelled in images and sentiments which breathe, as it were, the odor of the charnel: his plays are full of pictures recalling with fantastic variety all associations of the weakness and futility of human hopes and interests, and dark questionings of our future destinies. His literary physiognomy has something of that dark, bitter, and woful expression which makes us thrill in the portraits of Dante. In the majority of his subjects he worked by preference on themes which offered a congenial field for his portraiture of the darker passions and of the moral tortures of their victims. In selecting such revolting themes as abounded in the black annals of mediæval Italy, Webster followed the peculiar bent of his great and morbid genius; in the treatment of these subjects we find a strange mixture of the horrible with the pathetic. In his language there is an extraordinary union of complexity and simplicity; he loves to draw his illustrations not only from 'skulls, and graves, and epitaphs,' but also from the most attractive and picturesque objects in nature, and his occasional intermingling of the deepest and most innocent emotion and of the most exquisite touches of natural beauty produces the effect of the daisy springing up amidst the festering mould of a graveyard. Like many of his contemporaries, he knew the secret

of expressing the highest passion through the most familiar images; and the dirges and funeral songs which he has frequently introduced into his pieces possess, as Charles Lamb eloquently expresses it, that intensity of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the very elements they contemplate."

LAMENTATION FOR MARCELLO.

Francisco de Medicis.— I met even now with the most piteous sight.
Flamineo.— Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful, degraded courier.
Fran. de Med.— Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies —
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with — that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.
Flam.— I will see them.
Fran. de Med.—'Twere much uncharity in you; for your sight
Will add unto their tears.
Flam.— I will see them,
They are behind the traverse; I'll discover
Their superstitious howling. [*Draws the curtain.*

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and three other Ladies discovered winding* MARCELLO'S *corse.*

Cornelia.— This rosemary is withered; pray get fresh.
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallowed it with my prayers: I did not think

He should have wore it.
Zanche.— Look you who are yonder.
Cor.— Oh, reach me the flowers.
Zanche.— Her ladyship's foolish.
Lady.— Alas, her grief
Hath turned her child again!
Cor.— You're very welcome;
There's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
[*To* FLAMINEO.
Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it:
I have left more for myself.
Fran. de Med.— Lady, who's this?
Cor.— You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flam.— So.
Zanche.—'Tis Flamineo.
Cor.— Will you make me such a fool? Here's a white hand;
Can blood so soon be washed out? Let me see;
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i' the oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots upon your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon 't, how 'tis speckled! 't has handled a toad sure,
Cowslip-water is good for the memory:
Pray, buy me three ounces of 't.
Flam.— I would I were from hence.
Cor.— Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er
Unto her lute.
Flam.— Do, an you will, do.
Cor.— "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm:
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,

For with his nails he'll dig them up again."
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them:
"Let holy Church receive him duly,
Since he paid the Church tithes truly."
His wealth is summed, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all, good people.

[*Exeunt* CORNELIA, ZANCHE, *and Ladies.*

Flam.— I have a strange thing in me, to the which
I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray, leave me.

— *The White Devil.*

SCENE FROM THE 'DUCHESS OF MALFI.'

FERDINAND. Where are you?
DUCHESS. Here, sir.
FERD. This darkness suits you well.
DUCH. I would ask you pardon.
FERD. You have it;
For I account it the honorablest revenge,
Where I may to pardon. Where are your cubs?
DUCH. Whom?
FERD. Call them your children,
For, though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
DUCH. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church,
Will make you howl in hell for it.
FERD. It had been well
Could you have lived thus always: for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light — but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand

[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*]

To which you have vowed much love: the ring upon 't
You gave.
DUCH. I affectionately kiss it.

FERD. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send to him that owed it, and you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
DUCH. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights! O horrible!
FERD. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
DUCH. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?
Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of ANTONIO *and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*
BOSOLA. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
DUCH. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this.

Afterwards, by a refinement of cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung, Bosola enters, disguised as an old man.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS.

DUCH. Is he mad too?
Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.
DUCH. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: Dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou are not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little curdled milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead — clad in gray hairs — twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.

I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray

up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCH. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.

BOS. Now I shall,
[*A coffin, cords and a bell produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit last sorrow.

DUCH. Let me see it.
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

BOS. This is your last presence-chamber.

CARIOLA. O my sweet lady.

DUCH. Peace! it affrights not me.

BOS. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCH. Even now thou saidst
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

BOS. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

DIRGE.

Hark! now every thing is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception: their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.

Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And — the foul fiend more to check —
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

CAR. Hence, villians, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

DUCH. To whom; to our next neighbors? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold: and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.— Now what you please.
What death?

BOS. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

DUCH. I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

BOS. Doth not death fright you?

DUCH. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.

BOS. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

DUCH. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way — for heaven's sake —
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death — now I'm well awake —
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay; heaven gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out.
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

FERD. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.

FERD. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth.
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

FERD. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many.

FERD. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

INTEGRITY.

These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

— *The Duchess of Malfi.*

WEBSTER, Noah, an American lexicographer and philologist; born at West Hartford, Conn., October 16, 1758; died at New Haven, Conn., May 28, 1843. He was graduated from Yale in 1778; taught a school at Hartford, at the same time studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1781. He did not, however, enter upon practice, but became principal of an academy at Goshen, N. Y., where he prepared his *Spelling-Book,* which appeared in 1783, and was followed by a *Grammar* (1785) and a *Reading-Book* (1787). In 1789 he took up his residence in Hartford, Conn., where he practiced law until 1793. He then removed to New York, where he established the *Minerva,* a daily newspaper devoted to the support of Washington's administration. In 1798 he removed to New Haven, where, in 1806, he published a compendious *Dictionary of the English Language* and set about the preparation of his great *American Dictionary of the English Language.* This work occupied him fully twenty years, during half of which he resided at Amherst, Mass., his income being wholly derived from the sale of his *Spelling-Book,* of which numerous editions were published. The dictionary was published in England in 1828, in two octavo volumes. Among his other notable works are a defensive *History of the Hartford Convention* and a *Collection of Papers on Political, Literary, and Moral Subjects* (1843).

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF HUMAN LANGUAGE.

If we admit — what is the literal and obvious interpretation of the Scriptural narrative — that vocal sounds or

words were used in the communication between God and the progenitors of the human race, it results that Adam was not only endowed with intellect for understanding his Maker, or the signification of words, but was furnished both with the faculty of speech and with speech itself, or the knowledge and use of words as signs of ideas, and this before the formation of the woman. Hence we may infer that language was conferred upon Adam, in the same manner as all his other faculties and knowledge, by supernatural power; or, in other words, was of divine origin. For supposing Adam to have had all the intellectual powers of any adult individual of the species who has ever lived, we cannot admit as probable, or even possible, that he should have invented even a barren language, as soon as he was created, without supernatural aid.

It may indeed be doubted whether without such aid men would ever have learned the use of the organs of speech so far as to form a language. At any rate the invention of words and the construction of a language must have been a slow process, and must have required a much longer time than that which passed between the creation of Adam and of Eve. It is therefore probable that language, as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God. We are not, however, to suppose the language of our first parents in paradise to have been copious, like most modern languages; or the identical language they used to be now in existence. Many of the primitive radical words may, and probably do, exist in various languages; but observation teaches that languages must improve and undergo great changes as knowledge increases, and be subject to continual alterations from other causes incident to men in society.—*Preface to Dictionary.*

WOMAN'S EDUCATION IN THE LAST CENTURY.

In all the nations a good education is that which renders the ladies correct in their manners, respectable in their families, and agreeable in society. That education

is always wrong which raises a woman above the duties of her station.

In America, female education should have for its object what is useful. Young ladies should be taught to speak and read their own language with purity and elegance; an article in which they are often deficient. The French language is not necessary for ladies. In some cases it is convenient, but in general it may be considered as an article of luxury. As an accomplishment, it may be studied by those whose attention is not employed about more important concerns.

Some knowledge of arithmetic is necessary for every lady. Geography should never be neglected. Belles-lettres learning seems to correspond with the dispositions of most females. A taste for poetry and fine writing should be cultivated; for we expect the most delicate sentiments from the pens of that sex which is possessed of the finest feelings.

A course of reading can hardly be prescribed for all ladies. But it should be remarked that this sex cannot be too well acquainted with the writers upon human life and manners. *The Spectator* should fill the first place in every lady's library. Other volumes of periodical papers, though inferior to *The Spectator,* should be read; and some of the best histories.

With respect to novels, so much admired by the young, and so generally condemned by the old, what shall I say? Perhaps it may be said with truth that some of them are useful, many of them pernicious, and most of them trifling. A hundred volumes of modern novels may be read without acquiring a new idea. Some of them contain entertaining stories, and where the descriptions are drawn from nature, and from characters and events in themselves innocent, the perusal of them may be harmless.

Where novels are written with a view to exhibit only one side of human nature, to paint the social virtues, the world would condemn them as defective; but I should think them more perfect. Young people, especially females, should not see the vicious part of mankind. At best, novels may be considered as the toys of youth; the

rattle-boxes of sixteen. The mechanic gets his pence for his toys, and the novel-writer for his books, and it would be happy for society if the latter were in all cases as innocent playthings as the former.

In the large towns in America, music, drawing, and dancing constitute a part of female education. They, however, hold a subordinate rank; for my fair friends will pardon me when I declare that no man ever marries a woman for her performance on a harpsichord, or her figure in a minuet. However ambitious a woman may be to command admiration abroad, her real merit is known only at home. Admiration is useless when it is not supported by domestic worth. But real honor and permanent esteem are always secured by those who preside over their own families with dignity. Nothing can be more fatal to domestic happiness in America than a taste for copying the luxurious manners and amusements of England and France. Dancing, drawing, and music are principal articles of education in those kingdoms, therefore every girl in America must pass two or three years at a boarding-school, though her father cannot give her a farthing when she marries. This ambition to educate females above their fortunes pervades every part of America. Hence the disproportion between the well-bred females and males in our large towns. A mechanic or shopkeeper in town, or a farmer in the country, whose sons get their living by their father's employments, will send their daughters to a boarding-school, where their ideas are elevated, and their views carried above a connection with men in those occupations. Such an education, without fortune or beauty, may possibly please a girl of fifteen, but must prove her greatest misfortune. This fatal mistake is illustrated in every large town in America. In the country, the number of males and females is nearly equal; but in towns, the number of genteelly bred women is greater than of men; and in some towns the proportion is as three to one.

The heads of young people of both sexes are often turned by reading descriptions of splendid living, of coaches, of plays, and other amusements. Such descriptions excite a desire to enjoy the same pleasures. A for-

tune becomes the principal object of pursuit; fortunes are scarce in America, and not easily acquired; disappointment succeeds, and the youth who begins life with expecting to enjoy a coach, closes the prospect with a small living, procured by labor and economy.

Thus a wrong education, a taste for pleasures which our fortunes will not enable us to enjoy, often plunge the Americans into distress, or at least prevent early marriages. Too fond of show, of dress and expense, the sexes wish to please each other; they mistake the means, and both are disappointed.— *Essays and Writings.*

ENGLISH CORRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

Our language was spoken in purity about eighty years ago; since which time, great numbers of faults have crept into practice about the theatre and court of London. An affected, erroneous pronunciation has in many instances taken the place of the true; and new words or modes of speech have succeeded the ancient correct English phrases.

Thus we have in the modern English pronunciation their natshures, conjunctshures, constitshutions, and tshumultshuous legislatshures; and a catalogue of fashionable improprieties. These are a direct violation of the rules of analogy and harmony; they offend the ear, and embarrass the language. Time was when these errors were unknown; they were little known in America before the Revolution. I presume we may safely say that our language has suffered more injurious changes in America since the British army landed on our shores than it had suffered before in the period of three centuries. The bucks and bloods tell us that there is no proper standard in language; that it is all arbitrary. The assertion, however, serves but to show their ignorance. There are, in the language itself, decisive reasons for preferring one pronunciation to another; and men of science should be acquainted with these reasons. But if there were none, and everything rested on practice, we should never change a general practice without sub-

stantial reasons: no change should be introduced which is not an obvious improvement.

But our leading characters seem to pay no regard to rules, or their former practice. To know and embrace every change made in Great Britain, whether right or wrong, is the extent of their inquiries and the height of their ambition. It is to this deference we may ascribe the long catalogue of errors in pronunciation and of false idioms which disfigure the language of our mighty fine speakers. And should this imitation continue, we shall be hurried down the stream of corruption, with older nations, and our language, with theirs, be lost in an ocean of perpetual changes. The only hope we can entertain is that America, driven by the shock of a revolution from the rapidity of the current, may glide along near the margin with a gentler stream, and sometimes be wafted back by an eddy.—*Essays and Writings.*

WEEMS, MASON LOCKE, an American clergyman, dramatist and biographer; born in Maryland about 1760; died at Beaufort, S. C., May 23, 1825. His *Life of Washington* first appeared in 1800, and later passed through no less than seventy editions. His other works include: *Life of General Francis Marion* (1805); *The Philanthropist* (1809); *God's Revenge Against Gambling* (1816); *Life of Benjamin Franklin* (1817); *Life of William Penn* (1819); and various religious and temperance plays.

KING CHARLES AND WILLIAM PENN.

King Charles. WELL, friend, William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

K. C. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

P. The best security in the world.

K. C. I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

P. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

K. C. Ah! what may that be?

P. Why, I depend upon themselves; on the working of their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

K. C. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

P. And why not among them as well as others?

K. C. Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

P. That is no proof of the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages,* as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians,* seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

K. C. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

P. I am not afraid of it.

K. C. Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?

P. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K. C. No, indeed? How then will you get their lands?

P. I mean to buy their lands of them.

K. C. Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me!

P. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too: but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K. C. How, man? no right to their lands?

P. No, friend Charles, no right; no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

K. C. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

P. The right of discovery? A strange kind of right, indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

K. C. Why — why — why — I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

P. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people, whom thou callest savages? And suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away — wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

K. C. I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

P. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in the heathen? No. I

will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

WELBY, AMELIA COPPUCK ("AMELIA"), an American poet; born at St. Michaels, Md., February 3, 1819; died at Louisville, Ky., May 3, 1852. About 1835 her father removed to Louisville, Ky., where, three years afterwards, she was married to George B. Welby, a merchant of that city. Mrs. Welby began to write at a very early age, and, when scarcely more than a girl, her poems, which were published under the *nom de plume* of "Amelia," in the Louisville *Journal,* had gained for her no small degree of fame. Without displaying any marked or peculiar traits of genius, her writings possess a finish and graceful ease; they show true and warm womanly feelings, a refined delicacy, and an eye to perceive, together with a mind that can appreciate the lovely and beautiful in spirit, as well as in nature. They are evidently not mere imitations of some favorite writer, but have a character and style of their own, which has probably contributed much to their popularity. In 1844 a collection of her poems was published in Boston, which met with unusual success for that class of writings, going through no less than four large editions in four years. In 1850 a larger collection of her writings was published in New York.

MY SISTERS.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
  Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather
  Ere strange, rude hands have parted them.
So were we linked unto each other,
  Sweet sisters, in our childish hours,
For then one fond and gentle mother
  To us was like the stem to flowers:
She was the golden thread that bound us
  In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the cord around us,
  And we were severed far and near.

The floweret's stem, when broke or shattered,
  Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet, round the buds, though widely scattered,
  The same soft perfume still we find;
And thus, although the tie is broken
  That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of words we've spoken,
  When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
  Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
  And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
  Sweet sisters! we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
  And all three have a different name;
And yet, if Sorrow's dimming fingers
  Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
  I can not trace those shadows now.
Ye both have those who love ye only,
  Whose dearest hopes are round you thrown,
While, like a stream that wanders lonely,
  Am I, the youngest, wildest one.

My heart is like the wind, that beareth
  Sweet scents upon its unseen wing —
The wind! that for no creature careth,
  Yet stealeth sweets from everything,
It hath rich thoughts for ever leaping
  Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
  Soft time with every fitful breeze;
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
  The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
  And the loud rush of many floods:

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
  Feelings that make my spirit glad,
Like dewdrops shaken in a blossom;
  And yet there is a something sad
Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds, that hover
  Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
  Like a dark spirit brooding there.
But, sisters! those wild thoughts were never
  Yours: ye would not love, like me,
To gaze upon the stars for ever,
  To hear the wind's wild melody.

Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
  And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding-places
  As they peep out upon the earth.
But, sisters! as the stars of even
  Shrink from Day's golden-flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of heaven,
  Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall we pass, the joyous-hearted,
  The fond, the young, like stars that wane
Till every link of earth be parted,
  To form in heaven one mystic chain.

TO A SEA-SHELL.

Shell of the bright sea-waves!
What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own?
Late of the ocean-caves!

Or does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
Breathing for ever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem-swell?

Wert thou a murmurer long
In crystal palaces beneath the seas,
Ere from the blue sky thou hadst heard the breeze
Pour its full tide of song?

Another thing with thee:
Are there not gorgeous cities in the deep,
Buried with flashing gems that brightly sleep,
Hid by the mighty sea?

And say, oh lone sea-shell!
Are there not costly things and sweet perfumes
Scattered in waste o'er that sea-gulf of tombs?
Hush thy low moan and tell.

But yet, and more than all —
Has not each foaming wave in fury tossed
O'er earth's most beautiful, the brave, the lost,
Like a dark funeral pall?

'Tis vain — thou answerest not!
Thou hast no voice to whisper of the dead;
'Tis ours alone, with sighs like odors shed,
To hold them unforgot!

Thine is as sad a strain
As if the spirit in thy hidden cell

Pined to be with the many things that dwell
In the wild, restless main.

And yet there is no sound
Upon the waters, whispered by the waves,
But seemeth like a wail from many graves,
Thrilling the air around.

The earth, oh moaning shell!
The earth hath melodies more sweet than these —
The music-gush of rills, the hum of bees
Heard in each blossom's bell.

Are not these tones of earth,
The rustling forest, with its shivering leaves,
Sweeter than sounds that e'en in moonlit eves
Upon the seas have birth?

Alas! thou still wilt moan —
Thou'rt like the heart that wastes itself in sighs
E'en when amid bewildering melodies,
If parted from its own.

WELHAVEN, JOHAN SEBASTIAN CAMMERMEYER, a Norwegian poet and critic; born at Bergen, December 20, 1807; died at Christiania, October 21, 1873. He was contemporary with Henrik Wergeland, a student at Christiania University, and a member of the "Studentersamfundet" with him. Wergeland had already a considerable reputation as a poet, and was very influential in the society, where his radical views were generally adopted. Welhaven first attracted attention as a clever and powerful opponent of Wergeland and his views, first within the society,

and later outside of it. His first published work was entitled *Wergeland's Poetry and Polemics,* and, being a defence of the "official" or aristocratic class which was still dominant, it gave the author much prestige. He improved the opportunity to make a reputation by opposing Wergeland, and withdrew from the "Studentersamfundet," founding an opposition society under the name of "Studenterbundet," to which all the opponents of Wergeland among the students were attracted. From that day until the untimely death of Wergeland at the age of thirty-eight, Welhaven's chief distinction was that of an adversary of Wergeland. He became the editor of a literary journal called *Vidar,* and also in 1832 published a volume of sonnets, entitled *Norge's Daemring,* which in the bitterest manner assailed what he called the crime against culture of the "Studentersamfundet" and its leader. The book was so witty and satirical that, although it aroused a very storm of protests, it established the author's repute as a poet. In 1835 and 1836 he spent much time in Denmark, France, and Germany, during which time he wrote many short lyric poems, no longer wholly of a controversial character. In 1839 these appeared in his first volume of collected poems. In 1840 he was given the chair of philosophy in the University of Christiania, and from that time throughout practically the whole of his long life he was a professor in that seat of learning. He occupied at various times the chairs of philosophy, literary history, archæology, and æsthetics. He published many critical essays and was a frequent contributor of verse to the literary periodicals. Another and completer collection of his verses appeared in 1867.

Nothing of Welhaven's has been translated into

English, so far as we can ascertain; therefore we have had two of his shorter poems translated by Miles Menander Dawson especially for this work. These two poems illustrate both that bitter satire which first earned him a reputation and that vein of pure poetry which alone secures that reputation which will not entirely fade. The first of these, being on the same subject, may be contrasted with Burns's *Tree of Liberty.*

1848.

That lofty tree of liberty
  Which all the world is dancing round,
Whose paper leaves no shelter give,
  And whose false fruit is empty found;
It is the same old pole,
  With tinsel and with garlands hung,
About which once before men thronged
  And in a short-lived revel swung.

It has no root, it bears no bud,
  Although in fertile soil it stands;
'Tis hewed and planed to measure and
  Stuck in the ground by human hands.
The signs of life upon it that
  Forecast of summer and adorn it
Are paper leaves or evergreen,
  Withered since the pine has worn it.

And, when I note the confidence
  That this tree is the real palm
That shall be like a temple-vault
  O'er a contented people's calm,
Then do I test my sight again,
  But find no reason, on the whole,
To change my first conclusion that
  The tree is only a May-pole.

From the world's ancient Ygdrasil
Shall many a pole be hewed, I fear,
Before, with glory and acclaim,
The golden era shall be here.
For Adam's sons there must be made
Another earth and heaven first;
Then will that palm tower to the sky
And then be slaked man's freedom-thirst.

A MEMORY.

I sat, a light tune humming,
Within a chimney-nook,
And was content and happy,
A-reading in my book.

Then to me rushed the mem'ries
Of childhood's joys and woes:
Many that lay forgotten,
From their dim shores arose.

My father in the garden
Sat, watching my glad game;
Bearing a man to burial,
With chant and bell, men came.

Two children sorely weeping
Beside the bier walked on;
One sobbed as if his heart would break,
The other was so wan.

And then my father took me
Into his arms and said:
"Give thanks to God, my darling,
Your father is not dead."

Then sank into my spirit
A vision of such dread
That down my cheeks a river
Of shining tear-drops sped.

There wept I long, embracing
My father, then I knelt
And prayed for the poor children,
Their loss as mine I felt.

Far from that garden am I;
Its green leaves it has lost;
And, oh, so far, too, from the grave
That holds my father's dust.

This winter evening, silent,
I sit in chimney-nook
And read; but tears unbidden
Are falling on my book.

WELLS, CAROLYN, an American humorist, poet and essayist; born at Rahway, N. J., in 1870. She began to contribute to the magazines in 1893, and has won wide popularity. Her published works include: *At the Sign of the Sphinx* (1896); *The Story of Betty* (1899); *Folly in Fairyland* (1901); *Eight Girls and a Dog* (1902); *The Pete and Polly Stories* (1902); *Patty in the City* (1904); *A Satire Anthology* (1905); *The Dorrance Domain* (1905).

THE LITTLE TUNE.

Oh, once there was a little tune that wanted to be sung,
But no one ever thought of it, so no one gave it tongue.

It hovered round musicians' souls, it quivered in the air,
But nobody discovered it or dreamed that it was there.

'Twas such a merry little tune, so blithe and gay and glad,
But after waiting weary years the little tune grew sad.

And though it didn't understand its nameless longing pain,
Its merry melody became a wailing, haunting strain.

One summer night, all aimlessly, it idly floated near
A wonderful musician, who bent his soul to hear;

He caught the sad, sweet melody, then with consummate art,
He sang the little tune to typify a broken heart.

THE PUBLIC.

A fool there was and he wrote a verse
(Even as you and I).
He thought it was clever, and witty, and terse
(It was just so bad that it couldn't be worse)
But the fool was glad when it filled his purse
(Even as you and I).
Oh, the brains we waste and the pains we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the public who doesn't know
And now we know that it never can know)
And does not understand.

A fool there was and he wrote a book
(Even as you and I).
And somehow or other the old thing took
(He got it published by hook or crook)
And the fool acquired a fatuous look
(Even as you and I).
Oh the name we lost and the fame we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
To belong to the public so stupid and dull
(And now we know it is stupid and dull)
And does not understand.

The fool was scathingly criticised
(Even as you and I).
And the book was finally dramatised)
(So of course he was flamingly advertised)
And the fool at his luck was much surprised
(Even as you and I).
And it isn't the mind, and it isn't the grind
That makes an author great.
It's an ignorant public that doesn't know why
(Seeing at last it can never know why)
And cannot discriminate.

— *The Reader Magazine.*

VERBARIUM TREMENS.

For assistance, gentle *critic,* to your pages I repair,
There's discussion on the carpet, there's dissension in the air;
'T is a most mysterious screed concerning which I am in doubt,
Can *you* tell what Henry James's latest novel is about?
Can you help me as I blindly and precariously mount
To the dizzy heights of diction cragging round *The Sacred Fount?*
And are you of a certainty what could have been amiss
With the ultra-inner consciousness of pretty Mrs. Briss?
Or what the vague ineptitude of ectasy may mean
When the torch of an analogy lights visions crystalline?
And why the intellectually intimate agree
Exemption from intense obsessions useless seems to be?
Now the mystifying marvel of this analytic chat
Is that the very speakers don't know what they're driving at.
The characterless characters are beautifully fine
In their psychologic amplitude of action and design,
But when Mrs. Briss was silent,— this is what I want to know,—
Why for several soulful seconds did she fairly hold the blow
In sustained detachment quavering while she focussed the intens-

Ification of abysmal and maniacal suspense?
I'm really very fond of James, I willingly agree
For doing parlor tricks with words his equal may not be.
'T is nothing short of marvellous, the way he slings his ink,
But in this latest book he has out-Jamesed himself, I think.
The mad gush of *The Sacred Fount* is ringing in my ear,
Its dictional excitements are obsessing me, I fear.
For its subtle fascination makes me read it, then, alack,
I find I have the James-jams, a very bad attack!

—*The Critic.*

WELLS, DAVID AMES, an American political economist; born at Springfield, Mass., June 17, 1828; died at Norwich, Conn., November 5, 1898. He was graduated from Williams College and then engaged in scientific studies at Harvard under Agassiz. From 1850 to 1860 he edited a number of compiled works on the natural sciences, and in 1864 issued a political tract entitled *Our Burden and Our Strength,* which had an enormous circulation. He held several public offices from 1866 to 1873. He was at first a protectionist, but later became a free-trader and wrote numerous books and pamphlets advocating free trade. Besides his reports as Government and State Commissioner he published *The Creed of the Free-Trader* (1875); *Why We Trade and How We Trade* (1878); *Our Merchant Marine* (1882); *Practical Economics* (1885); *Relation of the Tariff to Wages* (1888); and *Recent Economic Changes* (1898).

THE OLD AND THE NEW IDEAS IN TAXATION.

The first attempt made to tax money at interest was instigated against money-lenders because they were Jews; but the Jew was sufficiently shrewd to charge the full tax over to the Christian borrower, including a percentage for annoyance and risk; and now most Christian countries, as the result of early experience, compel or permit the Jew to enter the money-market, and submit, without let or hindrance, his transactions to the "higher law" of trade and political economy. But a class yet exist who would persecute a Jew if he is a money-lender, and they regret that the good old times of roasting him have passed away. They take delight in applying against him, in taxation, rules of evidence admissible in no court since witches have ceased to be tried and condemned. They sigh at the suggestion that all inquisitions shall be abolished; they consider oaths, the rack, the iron boot, and the thumb-screw as the visible manifestations of equality. They would tax primarily everything to the lowest atom; first, for national purposes, and then for State and local purposes, through separate boards of assessors. They would require every other man to be an assessor or collector; and it is not probable that the work could then be accomplished with accuracy. The average consumption of every inhabitant of this State (New York), annually, is at least $200, or in the aggregate, $800,000,000; and this immense amount would fail to be taxed if the assessment was made at the end of the year, and not daily, as fast as consumption followed production. All this complicated machinery of infinitesimal taxation and mediæval inquisition is to be brought into requisition for the purpose of taxing "money property," which is nothing but a myth. The money-lender parts with his property to the borrower, who puts it in the form of new buildings, or other improvements, upon which he pays a tax. Is not one assessment on the same property sufficient? But if you insist upon another assessment on the money-lender, it requires no prophetic power to predict that he will add the tax in his transactions with the borrower. If a tax

of ten per cent. were levied and enforced on every bill of goods, or note given for goods, the tax would be added to the price of the goods; and how would this form of tax be different from the tax on the goods?

"Money property," except in coin, is imaginary, and cannot exist. There are rights to property, of great value. The right to inherit property is valuable; and a mortgage on land is a certificate of right or interest in the property, but it is not the property. Land under lease is as much "money property" as a mortgage on the same land; both will yield an income of money. Labor will command money, and is a valuable power to acquire property, but is not property. If we could make property by making debts it cannot be doubted that a national debt would be a national blessing. Attacking the bugbear of "money property" is an assault on all property; for "money property" is the mere representative of property. If we tax the representative, the tax must fall upon the thing represented.

A traveler in the Okefinokee Swamp slaps the mosquitoes off his right cheek only to find that they immediately alight upon his left cheek; and that when he has driven them from thence, they return and alight on his nose; and that all the time he loses blood as a genuine primary or secondary tax-payer. And so it is with taxation. If we live in any country not wholly barbarous, we cannot escape it; and it is the fate of man to bear his proportion of its burdens in proportion to his expense, property, and consumption. The main question of interest and importance in connection with the subject, therefore, is, Shall we have an economical system (and hence a species of labor-saving machine), and a uniform and honest system; or one that is expensive and encourages dishonesty, and is arbitrary and inquisitorial? In either case the tax-collector will act the part of the mosquito, and will get blood from all; but in an honest and economical system he will get no unnecessary blood.—*Report of Commissioners to Revise the Laws for Assessment and Collection of Taxes in the State of New York, 1872.*

WELLS, HERBERT GEORGE, an English novelist; born at Bromley, Kent, September 21, 1866. After a course at the Royal College of Science, wherein he received high honors, he became a school-master. Then he entered journalism, his brilliant articles attracting the attention of W. E. Henley. Persuaded to turn his talents to fiction, he produced in 1895 *The Time Machine,* which achieved a great success for him. The same year appeared *The Stolen Bacillus* and *The Wonderful Visit.* In 1896 appeared *The Island of Doctor Moreau,* and *The Wheels of Chance,* a cycling romance. In 1897 appeared *The Invisible Man; The Plattner Story;* and *The War of the Worlds.* His later works include *Tales of Space and Time* (1899); *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899); *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900); *Anticipations* (1901); *The First Men in the Moon* (1901); *Mankind in the Making* (1903); *Twelve Stories and a Dream* (1903); *The Food of the Gods* (1904); and *Kipps* (1905).

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WELLS.

"Shall we get it over?" Mr. Wells lighted a long clay pipe as he made the suggestion. "I will tell you anything you want to know; but don't, please, go putting in parenthetical compliments about me or my wife."

I promised to resist the temptation to be complimentary to himself or his household, and asked him the orthodox questions about his age — which is thirty-one — and his career.

"I have always had a desire to write, even as a youngster, though my earliest ambition was to be a humorous draughtsman. When I was shop-assistant in a

draper's I used to write in the evenings — discussions with myself on religious matters chiefly. In those days I was a voracious reader, which is half the making of a writing-man.

"I was fifteen when I was apprenticed to the draper, but two years' experience sickened me of that life. I secured the cancelling of my indenture, and became a junior master in a school, and subsequently a scholar at the Royal College of Science. This was a very stimulating place for me. There was a tremendous lot of discussion, and I learnt something from almost every student I came in contact with. We started a students' magazine, and I was its first editor and staff. Altogether, Kensington did immense things for me, and, paradoxial as it seems — egotistical too, perhaps — I'm convinced that a scientific education is the best possible training for literary work. Criticism is the essence of science, and the critical habit of mind an essential to artistic performance.

"If I have a critical faculty, it was developed during the year that I had at Comparative Anatomy. As Huxley taught it, Comparative Anatomy was really elaborate criticism of form, and literary criticism is little more.

"When I left the college I became science master in a private school. The principal knew the editor of *Education,* and ran his own school magazine, and he revived ambitions that I had almost abandoned. I wrote for these two papers, and made spasmodic attempts at drawing and fiction.

"I took my science degree at London University in 1890, with first-class honours in zoology, and on the strength of it devoted myself to 'coaching.' At the same time I edited a monthly called the *University Correspondent,* wrote a text-book of biology, and did a lot of other hack literary work but beyond that I hadn't a gleam of success. A popular paper refused a novelette that I wrote, and I determined to abandon the lowest rung and make a jump at the top of the ladder. I sent an article to the *Fortnightly Review,* which was accepted, and I then went the usual round. Four years ago my health broke down, and I had to abandon coaching.

I was forced to get my living somehow, and writing offered the only means. Henley helped me, as he has helped so many others, and I became a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Nature*. Two years ago I gave up journalism to write books.

"I have two books coming out this autumn. One is a collection of essays, written two or three years ago. It is called '*A Collection of Material, Mainly Autobiographical.*'"

"I suppose it is a collection of humorous papers?"

"That hardly expresses it. No doubt, in places there is a certain facetious endeavour apparent; but I should be sorry if the book were taken simply as a facetious volume, as, although the papers were written at different times and on different themes, collectively they present a single attitude towards a number of the greater issues of life.

"My second book I call *The Invisible Man*. The leading idea, which has already been used by Mr. Gilbert in one of the *Bab Ballads*, is that a man is able to make his living tissues invisible. But this invisibility, being not a magic quality, but the result, as I have shown, of certain applications of the science of optics, does not extend to his clothing, to any dirt that may descend upon him, or to his food before it is assimilated. The story consists in the realistic treatment of this leading idea, the experimenter being represented as an extremely egotistical and irritable person."

"Is there any scientific foundation for the story that you are publishing in *Pearson's Magazine?*"

"Well, *The War of the Worlds* is the story of a possibility. Like *The Invisible Man*, it is a piece of realism. It may seem incredible to a large number of people not familiar with the ascertained facts about Mars and its relation to the earth; but to anyone acquainted with the possibilities modern science opens out it will, I am afraid, seem only very sober fiction indeed. If ever anything of the sort did happen, it would probably be a great deal worse than anything I have imagined in that story."

"Do you not think of doing anything more in the vein of *The Wheels of Chance?*"

"I have had a novel of commonplace people in hand for some time, and I continue to work at it intermittently. It is called *Love and Mr. Lewisham.* But I shall probably not finish it for some considerable time, as I am also working at a romance of the immediate future, somewhat on the lines of Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward.*

"A political Utopia ——?"

"By no means. The story is rather a horoscope. I hope to finish it by the end of the year, but it has taken me from the beginning of May until now to do half. I have given my time entirely to it, but I find myself getting more and more anxious about the quality of my work, and I was never a quick worker, except under pressure of stern necessity."

Then we drifted into general talk, and Mr. Wells enthused about cycling, and talked of most things in heaven and earth. Mr. Wells is a great believer in the educational value of the bicycle. It will, he thinks, work the greatest social revolution of the century, no less than "the aëration of the narrow-thinking, timid-living respectable class. Young people of that sort that never went abroad in other than genteel, tidy garments, and never conversed with others than those in their immediate circle of friends, have been suddenly whirled out and abroad, beyond the range of what the neighbours think — hot, dusty, dirty, taken into the communæ of the public-house, borrowing spanners from unknown strangers. And, for the young hobbledehoys of the cities and villages, the cheap second-hand cranking machine is health, adventure, the antidote of loafing. To clerk and shopman especially, whose hours of labour have forbidden them cricket and football, cycling almost amounts to a restoration of manhood." I have heard of a journalist who lately visited Worcester Park to interview Mr. Wells, and spent seven hours in conversation with his victim, but completely forgot the object of his journey until running for the midnight train,

when he suddenly asked, "By-the-bye, where were you born?" I can understand it. — *London Sketch.*

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

I became aware of a number of faint-gray things, colored to almost the exact tint of the frost-bitten soil, which were browsing here and there upon its scanty grass, and running to and fro. I saw one jump with a sudden start, and then my eye detected perhaps a score of them. At first I thought they were rabbits or some small breed of kangaroo. Then, as one came hopping near me, I perceived that it belonged to neither of these groups. It was plantigrade, its hind legs rather the longer; it was tailless, and covered with a straight grayish hair that thickened about the head into a Skye terrier's mane.

Seizing a stone I knocked one of them on the head, and on taking it up was horrified on discovering that it was indeed a degenerate and miniature man. The thing had five feeble digits to both its fore and hind feet — the fore feet, indeed, were also as human as the fore feet of a frog. It had, moreover, a roundish head, with a projecting forehead and forward-looking eyes, obscured by its lank hair.

When studying the miserable little object I heard a sound as of the clanging of armor, and looking round I saw a monster approaching which filled me with horror, and no wonder. I can only describe it by comparing it to a centipede. It stood about three feet high and had a long segmented body, perhaps thirty feet long, with curiously overlapping greenish-black plates. It seemed to crawl upon a multitude of feet, looping its body as it advanced. It had a blunt, round head, with a polygonal arrangement of black eye-spots.

All the decadent men fled like rabbits. I also fled on my machine, and when I returned there was not even a trace of the bones of the miserable man, whom the colossal centipede had devoured.

Evidently the physiological difficulty that at present keeps all the insects small had been surmounted at last, and this division of the animal kingdom had arrived at the

long-awaited supremacy which its enormous energy and vitality deserve.— *From The Time Machine.*

A LAND OF ENDLESS DAY.

The sun had ceased to set — it simply rose and fell in the West, and grew ever broader and more red. All trace of the moon had vanished. The circling of the stars, growing slower and slower, had given place to creeping points of light. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, halted motionless upon the horizon, a vast dome glowing with a dull heat, and now and then suffering a momentary extinction. At one time it had for a little while glowed more brilliantly again, but it speedily reverted to its sullen red-heat. I perceived by this slowing down of its rising and setting that the work of the tidal-drag was done. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our own time the moon faces the earth.

I found myself on the shore of a slumbering sea, the rocks overgrown with dark-green, lichenous vegetation, and the shore alive with monster crabs, one of which made a vicious attack upon me. Forward again for another vast space, and I once more find myself on the shore of the silent sea, but all the crabs have disappeared, and the sun, which glows continuously, its great red dome shutting out half the western sky, is temporarily eclipsed. [This is his last picture of the end of the world.]

The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives — all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes, and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moan-

ing wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping toward me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. All else was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black.

A horror of the great darkness came on me. The cold that smote to my marrow, and the pain I felt in breathing, overcame me. I shivered and a deadly nausea seized me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and incapable of facing the return journey. As I stood, sick and confused, I saw again the moving thing upon the shoal — there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing — against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football, perhaps, or, it may be, bigger, and tentacles trailed down from it; it seemed black against the weltering blood-red water, and it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I was fainting.— *From The Time Machine.*

WERGELAND, Henrik Arnold, a Norwegian poet; born at Christiansand, June 17, 1808; died at Christiania, July 12, 1845. He evinced genius as a child, and was the author of verses and caricatures even as a school-boy. In 1821, when but thirteen years of age, his first work, a story entitled *Blodstenen* (The Bloodstone), was printed in *Morgenbladet,* the leading daily paper of Christiania. In 1825, at the age of seventeen, he was admitted to Christiania University, and during his student years produced a number of small dramas and farces, the first of which especially attracted attention. At this period he wrote under a pseudonym. He became a radical democrat, and a yet more radical advocate of

all that was distinctively Norse as against Danish. Not long before, Norway had emerged from the dominion of Denmark, to become associated with Sweden under one crown but as an independent state. The national feeling ran high, but was met and partially repressed by the official class, which had so long looked to Denmark for all authority that its traditional influence was yet most powerful in all that related to art, literature, and culture. Wergeland plunged into all the issues that arose, taking ever the side of the distinctively Norwegian, and of the masses against the classes. He produced a great epic poem, entitled *Creation, Humanity, and the Messiah,* which appeared in 1830. The publication of this aroused the public criticism of Welhaven, who was from that day forth destined to be his most important opponent and rival. Up to this time, although drifting in opposite directions, these two men were members of the "Studentersamfundet" together, and their battles were fought out there. Welhaven now withdrew and assumed the leadership of the aristocratic opposition, organizing another club among the students, known as the "Studenterbundet." Wergeland was not deterred by opposition, and became more and more the champion of the weak against the strong, and of the peasantry against the official class. He was so active and enthusiastic that he was involved in several long and expensive lawsuits. He spent the summer of 1831 in Paris, and in 1833, having completed his studies as a theological student, applied for an appointment as a priest, but his foes were influential enough to prevent his being called to any parish. Thereupon he took up the study of medicine. This he forsook when the post of amanuensis for the university library was tendered

him. In 1839, as a result of his growing repute, he was granted a pension by the King. He published a newspaper, entitled *For Arbeidsclassen* (For the Working-Class).

His pen was never idle; dramas, lyric poems, epic poems, polemics, and a volume on *The Constitutional History of Norway* followed one another in rapid succession. He was for a time also the editor of *Statsborgeren,* the chief journal of the liberal opposition. One cause which he took up and carried to success would have rendered his name memorable, even though he had done no more. He opened the doors of Norway to the Jews. The Norwegians had more than shared the ordinary Christian prejudice against the despised race; they had excelled all others, not even excepting the Spaniards. The prohibition against the residence of Jews in Norway was absolute. Wergeland became impressed with the injustice and inhumanity of such a prohibition, and he attacked the law by every possible means. Some of his greatest poems dealt with the Jews, and were evidently intended to influence the people of Norway to remove their offensive statutes. As a token of their gratitude and honor, the Jews of Europe have built a monument to him over his grave. There is also a statue to his memory in Kragerat, his birthplace; it was unveiled May 17, 1881.

The poetry of Wergeland excels in eloquence. He was the forerunnner of Björnson especially, but of all subsequent Norwegian literature in fact. He it was who first made the people of Norway feel that they could have and ought to have a distinctive literature. The Pro-Norsk movement, of which he was the champion, is essentially the same movement which, not

many years after his death, Björnstjerne Björnson and Henrik Ibsen took up and carried to victory. He sought to rescue the Norwegian stage from the prevailing Danish influence, and to create a taste on the part of the Norwegian people for literature in the language which they really spoke, and dealing with things which really belonged to the life about them. The Danish and Norwegian languages are so nearly alike in their roots that it had been possible for the people to speak one tongue and read another, and even the common people spoke of the Danish as "real Norsk." The Danish was the official language of the courts and of the church, and therefore it was also the shibboleth of the cultured and the aristocratic, there being no titular nobility in Norway.

Inasmuch as Norway has in the latter half of the nineteenth century contributed two of the greatest poets of the age, and inasmuch as the trend of the Norwegian Government has been continually toward liberty and democracy, it follows that Wergeland was a true poet. He was at once a prophet of the day to be and a real maker of that day.

His chief fame rests now upon his accomplishments in active life, such as his crusade in favor of the Jews, and upon his lyric verses. His dramas have not outlived his own day as acting plays, and his epic poems are only read by the cultured few of his own countrymen; but many of his lyrics are part of the common heritage of every Norwegian child. The eloquence of his style made him unusually effective as a writer of descriptive and interpretative poetry about the scenery of his native land, and the beautiful things of nature. He has been called the "Byron of Norway," a common enough appellation for poets of his day;

one received the name in nearly every country. But in the one faculty of remarkable eloquence, almost oratorical rather than poetical merely, he approaches the author of *Childe Harold* very closely. His work was so thoroughly national that little of his verse has been translated. The age for literary work which, while national in spirit, should be world-wide in theme, had not yet arrived in Norway. It was reserved for the next generation. We have had translated especially for this work by Miles Menander Dawson the following selections from Wergeland's lyric poems:

SOGNE-FJORD.

He has been of death the guest,
  He has sailed on waves of thunder
  And all terrors has dipped under,
  Who has ploughed the seas asunder
Inland unto Sogne-faest.

Hast forgotten — every word —
  The Lord's Prayer? Then in God's anger
  Learn it and — not said with languor!
  Think thyself lost in the clangor
Of the storm on Sogne-fjord.

Sogne-fjord's the ocean's son.
  Cain-like, he is inland driven
  By his father, unforgiven.
  Gloomed by mountains, high as heaven,
Of your prayers he harks to none.

But your voice in prayer to raise
  Better he than priests can teach you;
  Make your inmost heart beseech, you
  Recollect the pleading speech you
Learned to use in childhood's days.

Sogne-fjord its billows holds
To their path, used to commanding,
And all mortal's prayers withstanding;
Even his own storms remanding
Like a sword 'neath garment's folds.

Doth he still more blackness crave
From th' o'ershadowing cliff's dominions?
Shoots he forth then the black pinions
Of the sea-gull from the minions
Hovering o'er his jagged wave.

As if chased by ravens then,
Where the fjord in black cloud closes,
Does it speed and there reposes,
Sates its thirst for blackness, dozes
Till 'tis time to come again.

Then one hour of peace is reckoned,
Peace which ends when the gulls scurry
Back once more. Then if one hurry,
He that hour may o'er it ferry,
But — the fjord sleeps not a second.

Without respite or delay
Hastes he to his sire once more,
To the ocean who before
Drave his son thus far ashore,
Wroth at his demoniac play.

Thus to endless hurry doomed,
Forth and back in wild commotion
He between the cliff and ocean
Is perpetually in motion
Till time's portion is consumed.

TO MY WALLFLOWER.

My wallflower, ere thy bloom shall fade,
I shall be that of which all is made,

Yea, ere thou losest thy crown of gold,
I shall be mould.

When I shall call: "Put the window up,"
I shall gaze last on thy golden cup.
My soul shall kiss thee as hence it flies
To freer skies.

Thy fragrant petals I twice shall kiss,
Thine own and only the first one is:
The second, give it — forget not, dear —
My rose-bush here.

The roses blooming I shall not see.
So give my message when that shall be,
And say I wish that above my tomb
My rose would bloom.

Ay, say I wish that the rose might be
Laid on my breast which you kiss for me,
Its nuptial torch in death's house that hour,
Be thou, wallflower!

WERNER, FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS, a German dramatist and poet; born at Königsberg, November 18, 1768; died at Vienna, January 17, 1823. Friedrich held civil office in several places, traveled, became a Roman Catholic priest in 1811, and was a popular preacher at Vienna. Much impressed by the death of his mother and of a friend, both on February 24th, he wrote a tragic piece with that date as title, and this led to a series of fatalistic tragedies, written by him and others, termed *Destiny Dramas*. Some of his weird dramas relate to mysti-

cal societies and the initiation of candidates into spiritual arcana.

STORY OF THE FALLEN MASTER.

So now, when the foundation-stone was laid,
The Lord called forth the Master, Baffometus,
And said to him, "Go and complete thy temple!"
But in his heart the Master thought: "What boots it
Building Thee a temple?" and took the stones,
And built himself a dwelling; and what stones
Were left he gave for filthy gold and silver.
Now after forty moons the Lord returned,
And spake: "Where is thy temple, Baffometus?"
The Master said: "I had to build myself
A dwelling; grant me other forty weeks."
And after forty weeks, the Lord returns,
And asks: "Where is thy temple, Baffometus?"
He said: "There were no stones" (but he had sold them
For filthy gold); "so wait yet forty days."
In forty days thereafter came the Lord,
And cried: "Where is thy temple, Baffometus?"
Then like a millstone fell it on his soul,
How he for lucre had betrayed his Lord;
But yet to other sin the fiend did tempt him,
And he answered, saying, "Give me forty hours!"
And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord
Came down in wrath: "My temple, Baffometus?"
Then fell he, quaking, on his face, and cried
For mercy; but the Lord was wroth, and said:
"Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
And those the stones I lent thee for My temple
Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
Lo! I will cast thee forth, and with the mammon
Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass."
Then did the Lord lift up the purse of gold;
And shook the gold into a melting-pot,
And set the melting-pot upon the sun,
So that the metal fused into a fluid mass.
And then He dipped a finger in the same,

And, straightway, touching Baffometus,
Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
Then was the face of Baffometus changed:
His eyeballs rolled like fire-flames;
His nose became a crooked vulture's bill;
The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the flesh
Went from his hollow cheeks; and of his hair
Grew snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's horns.
Again the Lord put forth His finger with the gold,
And pressed it upon Baffometus' heart;
Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up,
And all his members bled and withered up,
And fell away, the one and then the other.
At last his back itself sunk into ashes:
The head alone continued gilt and living;
And instead of back, grew dragons' talons,
Which destroyed all life from off the earth.
Then from the ground the Lord took up the heart,
Which, as He touched it, also grew of gold,
And placed it on the brow of Baffometus;
And of the other metal in the pot
He made for him a burning crown of gold,
And crushed it on his serpent-hair, so that
E'en to the bone and brain the circlet scorched him;
And round the neck he twisted golden chains,
Which strangled him and pressed his breath together.
What in the pot remained He poured upon the ground,
Athwart, along, and there it formed a cross;
The which He lifted and laid upon his neck,
And bent him that he could not raise his head.
Two Deaths, moreover, He appointed warders
To guard him: Death of Life and Death of Hope.
The sword of the first he sees not, but it smites him;
The other's palm he sees, but it escapes him.
So languishes the outcast Baffometus
Four thousand years and four and forty moons,
Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
Redeem his trespass, and deliver him.
This is the story of the Fallen Master.

—*The Templars in Cyprus.*

WESLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman and hymnologist; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, December 28, 1708; died at London, March 29, 1788. He was a younger brother of John Wesley, with whom he studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and with whom he went to Georgia in 1735, returning with him to England after about two years. He was an earnest colaborer with John Wesley in the so-called "Methodist" movement, was an eloquent preacher, and a voluminous writer on theological topics. Charles Wesley is distinctively known as the hymnist of the Methodists, and many of his hymns rank among the best in our language. From his mother he inherited a high musical genius, which he transmitted to his own children, two of whom — Samuel and Charles — became eminent composers.

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE.

Eternal beam of light divine,
  Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
  Through earth beneath, and heaven above —

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
  Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
  With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
  So shall each murmuring thought begone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
  As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions — "Peace!"
  Say to my trembling heart — "Be still!"

C. Wesley

Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O Death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

JOHN WESLEY.

WESLEY, JOHN, an English clergyman, founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, June 28, 1703; died at London, March 2, 1791. His father, Samuel Wesley, for forty years rector of Epworth, was the author of several works, among which are a *Life of Christ* and a ponderous folio in Latin, of *Dissertations on the Book of Job.* His mother, Susannah Wesley, a woman of much talent and devoted piety, had a strong influence in the development of her seventeen children, several of whom attained considerable eminence.

John Wesley, the fourth son, was placed, at the age of eleven, in the Charterhouse School at London. At sixteen he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, and at twenty-three was chosen a Fellow of Lincoln College, and soon afterward was made Master of Arts and Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classics. At this period he is described as "a superior classical scholar, a thoughtful and polished writer, and a skilful logician." He was admitted to deacon's orders in the Anglican Church in 1725, to priest's orders in 1728, and acted for some time as curate to his father, but was subsequently summoned back to his official duties at Oxford. While here, John Wesley, his brother Charles, and several other students formed themselves into a club, for religious study, the members of which were jeeringly styled "Methodists," on account of the strict mode of life which they adopted. This name has been adopted by the followers of Wesley in the United States, but in Great Britain they usually style themselves "Wesleyans." In 1735 he was invited by General Oglethorpe

to go out with him as missionary chaplain to his colony of Georgia.

He remained here more than two years, when he returned to England. In London he fell in with Peter Bohlen, a Moravian preacher, from whose discourse he became convinced of the possibility of a far higher state of religious life than he had ever known. Indeed, he considers himself to have been an "unconverted" man until May, 1748, when, listening to the reading of Luther's comments upon "justification by faith," he "felt his heart strangely warmed" by an altogether new religious feeling. He soon afterward visited Herrnhut, the chief seat of the Moravians, in Germany, and on his return began what was to be the work of his life. He did not propose to separate himself from the Anglican Church; and never did formally leave it. He claimed it to be his right, and felt it to be his duty, to preach the Gospel whenever and wherever he could find an audience — and that no incumbent or bishop had a right to inhibit his ministrations within their respective parishes or dioceses.

In July, 1740, he made a formal organization in London, and began his work as a minister without the supervision of the bishops of the Established Church. He indeed considered himself, in virtue of his ordination, as much a bishop of the Church as any other man, with as much authority to confer ordination as any other bishop. This ministry of his continued for fully fifty years, during which he traveled about 4,500 miles every year, generally preached two, three, or even four times a day, supervised all the details of his "bishopric," which comprehended all the British Islands; carried on an immense correspondence, and conducted a great publishing business,

all the profits of which inured to his Society, which at his death numbered more than 120,000 enrolled members, besides which were at least four times as many regular attendants upon Wesleyan ministrations. He continued his active labors to the very close of his life; his last sermon being delivered only eight days before his death, in his eighty-eighth year. He naturally extended his spiritual jurisdiction over the British colonies. This supervision was continued after the colonies in America had achieved their independence; and in 1784 he proceeded to organize the Methodists in the United States into a separate Episcopal body, for whose use he compiled a liturgy, and ordained Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury as missionary bishops.

The *Life of Wesley* has been well written by Robert Southey (1820), and in very minute detail by the Rev. Luke Tyerman (1857). The works of Wesley are very numerous. They embrace sermons, essays, translations, and abridgments, many of them designed for text-books in the schools of his societies. He also wrote many hymns, in part free translations from German hymnists. In theology he belonged to the Arminian as distinguished from the Calvinistic school. Of his dogmatic productions the most notable is his sermon on "Free Grace," from the text Romans viii. 32. Several of Wesley's associates, notably Whitefield, were extreme Calvinists, and to him the sermon was addressed upon its publication. At the close Wesley thus sums up his arraignment of the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination:

THE DOCTRINE OF PREDESTINATION.

Though you use softer words than some, you mean the selfsame thing: and God's decree concerning the Election

of Grace, according to your account of it, amounts to neither more nor less than what others call "God's Decree of Reprobation." Call it therefore by what name you please — Election, Preterimission, Predestination, or Reprobation — it comes in the end to the same thing. The sense of all is plainly this: By virtue of an eternal, unchangeable, irresistible decree of God, one part of mankind are infallibly saved, and the rest infallibly damned; it being impossible that any of the former should be damned, or that any of the latter should be saved. . . .

This doctrine is full of blasphemy, for it represents our blessed Lord as a hypocrite and dissembler in saying one thing and meaning another; in pretending a love which He has not. It also represents the most Holy God as more false, more cruel, and more unjust than the Devil: for in point of fact it says that God has condemned millions of souls to everlasting fire for continuing in sin which, for want of grace He gives them not, they are unable to avoid. . . .

This is the blasphemy clearly contained in the horrible decree of Predestination. And here I fix my foot. On this I join issue with every asserter of it. You represent God as worse than the Devil. But you say you will prove it by Scripture. Hold! What will you prove by Scripture? That God is worse than the Devil? It cannot be. Whatever the Scripture proves, it can never prove this. Whatever its true meaning may be, this cannot be its true meaning. Do you ask, "What is its true meaning, then?" If I say, "I know not," you have gained nothing; for there are many Scriptures the true sense whereof neither you nor I shall know till death is swallowed up in victory.

DIVINE LOVE.

Thou hidden Love of God! whose height,
  Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
  Only I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
  The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
  Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove,
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
  My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
  No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
  That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
  The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh, hide this self from me, that I
  No more — but Christ in me — may live!
My vile affections crucify,
  Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart
  To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
  Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn —
  Thine, wholly Thine, alone I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
  Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
Oh, help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.
—*From the German of* GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

WESSEL, JOHAN HERMANN, a Norwegian poet; born near Christiania, 1742; died at Copenhagen, December 29, 1785. He was educated first at an academy at Christiania, and then at the University of Copenhagen. He was very apt, but of weak physique, indolent, irregular in his habits, and improvident to the last degree. He was a frequenter of public-houses and fond of jovial company. His first and greatest work was a satirical drama, entitled *Kaerligheden uden Strömper* (Love without Stockings). It was a satire upon the stilted, foreign tragedies of the time which dominated the Danish stage, to the exclusion of all native themes. The play was written within a period of six weeks, and was published in 1772 before being offered for stage presentation. It was at once popular, and about six months later, in March, 1773, it appeared upon the boards and was immediately successful.

Although living and working in Denmark, Wessel was true to Norwegian traditions. The collective Scandinavian traditions and language as well had been preserved in greater purity in Norway than in either Denmark or Sweden, because less exposed to foreign influences. Wessel was perhaps the most active foun-

der in that day of what was to become the distinctive Norwegian literature. Thus, with talented associates, he organized the Norwegian Society at Copenhagen, which, in opposition to the Danish Literary Society, stood for a literature which smacked of the genuine, unspoiled Scandinavian quality. In conjunction with other members of this society, Wessel wrote many occasional poems which added to his fame, but he was so careless concerning them that much rubbish was written and given out. He wrote a farce, *Luck without Brains,* which was unsuccessfully produced.

His great satirical drama *Kaerligheten uden Strömper* turns upon the fancy which a young woman gets into her head that unless she weds that very day, she will never wed at all. The solution of her difficulties is complicated by the fact that the suitor whom she prefers is absent. The haste brings about many ridiculous situations. But the charm of the work lay mainly in the poet's ability to imitate the stilted language of the tragic stage. The play has not so much interest nowadays, the thing then satirized being comparatively unfamiliar. Wessel's long popularity, which is exceptional, rests principally on his shorter poems; because of which, as well as his dissipated life and unpolished language, he is called the Burns of Scandinavia, although he never reached the heights which the Scotch bard attained. His vein of humor, however, bears a marked resemblance to that of Burns. This appears especially in poems in character and in epitaphs. For instance, this, which was written as his own epitaph:

> "He ate and drank, was happy never;
> He ran his boot-heels over ever.

He nothing worth the while could do:
At last he gave up living, too."

No translations of his poems have been published in English, so far as can be ascertained. But many of his conceits have reached us in an adapted form. For instance, the apocryphal story about Lincoln which runs: Lincoln, in defending a man who had killed a dog with a pitchfork, was met with the argument that his client ought to have presented the butt of the handle instead of the tine; to which Lincoln replied that so he would have done, if the dog had also presented that end. This is merely a version of Wessel's famous poem *Hundemordet* (The Dog's Murder).

We have secured and here present to our readers a metrical translation into English by the Scandinavian scholar, Miles Menander Dawson, of *Smeden and Bageren* (The Blacksmith and Baker), which is considered one of Wessel's most characteristic poems:

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE BAKER.

A little country village a mighty blacksmith had,
A dangerous curmudgeon whenever he got mad.
He made an enemy (a thing not hard to do,
Though I have none and you,
Friend, have of course none, too).
Unfortunately for them they
Met in the public-house one day.
They took a dram. (I, too, drink at the inn,
And for no other purpose go therein.
Observe, dear reader, this of me:
I always do things openly.)
As I remarked, they took a dram,
Then they began to curse and damn:
The blacksmith smacked his foeman's noddle
And knocked him flat — he could not toddle

Nor ope his eyes again,
Nor has he, friend, since then.

Straightway the blacksmith was arrested,
Locked up, arraigned, identified.
The coroner sat on him that died
And to his violent end attested.
The smith's sole outlook was to go
Where he might get forgiveness from his foe.
But hear my tale! The day before
The sentence was to be pronounced,
Into the court came burghers four,
And through their spokesman this announced:

"We know, your honor, in all you do
The city's welfare you have in mind.
Therefore we now petition you
Our blacksmith back to us to give.
His death won't make the dead man live,
And such a smith we'll never find.
Too dear for his offense pay we
If there's no way to get him free."

"Remember, friend, the good book says:
'Life for life.'"

"Ay, sire, always.
But we've a poor, old baker now
Who's doomed to die soon anyhow.
There's two of them — so one to spare.
Take him; thus life for life is had."

"Well, well!" did the sage judge declare:
"That last suggestion isn't bad.
I will postpone the case; in such
Grave matters one must ponder much.
Oh, that our blacksmith I could free!
Farewell! What can be done, I'll see."

"Farewell, your honor!"
Assiduously
Through all the statutes searches he
And finds there nothing to dispute
A judge's power to substitute
The baker for the blacksmith; so
His judgment on that fact he grounded,
And thus this sentence wise propounded:
(Attend all ye who wish to know!)

"Here, blacksmith Jens, before the bar
The murderer who to his rest
Sent Anders Pedersen, you are,
Without excuse, and self-confessed.
But we of blacksmiths have but one,
And I would be out of my head
To want to see that blacksmith hung
While there are two men baking bread.
Therefore do I pronounce this sentence:
The oldest baker shall be sent hence;
His life shall forfeit to expiate
The wrongful taking of another's,
As well-deserving of that fate
And as a warning unto others."

The baker wept most grievously
That he must hang vicariously.

Moral.
Be ye ever prepared to die;
Death comes when least you think him nigh.

WESTALL, WILLIAM, an English novelist; born at White Ash, Lancashire, February 7, 1834; died at London, September 9, 1903. He was educated at the Liverpool High School, engaged in journalism, and was foreign correspondent for the London *Daily News* and *The Times.* His books include: *Tales and Traditions of Saxony and Lusatia* (1877); *In Tropic Seas* (1878); *Harry Lohengrin* (1879); *The Old Factory* (1881); *Red Ryvington* (1882); *A Queer Race* (1890); *A Phantom City* (1891).

LOVE AND WAR.

A summer night at Geneva, and a nautical *fête* on Geneva's historic lake.

The narrow stretch of water between the two sides of the city thronged with boats, great and small, all aglow with Chinese lanterns; rockets shooting skywards in rapid succession, their course marked by trails of fiery rain; at intervals the boom of cannon and the shouts of excited spectators.

"Good! Very well done, and how beautiful!" exclaimed Baron von Hohenstein, who, together with Doctor Bart and myself, was watching the spectacle from one of the balconies of the Hotel de la Paix.

"Yes, it is very fine. The fireworks are splendid. How beautifully the lights are reflected in the water. And then the 'cannon thunder.' You have seen war, Herr Baron; does it not rather remind you of a battle?"

"A very small one. A single battery of light artillery would make more noise. Yes, I have seen war — seen it on a large scale — and though we Germans are supposed to be fond of fighting, I want to see no more of it. A battlefield strewn with thousands of corpses is a fearful sight, and when among the slain there are dear comrades and, it may be, kinsmen, and one thinks of the sorrowing hearts at home, it is hard to rejoice even over

the greatest victory. Yet I must not speak ill of war, for to war I owe the happiness of my life."

"The happiness of your life? How was that, Herr Baron?"

"Ach, Gott, Meinherr! Thereby hangs a tale."

"So much the better. I like tales, above all when they relate to love and war, and if I am not indiscreet——"

"You go too fast. How know you that my tale relates to love and war?"

"You spoke of owing to war the happiness of your life——"

"So! You think, then, that one cannot have a life of happiness without love? You are right. But I am not good at tale-telling. I daresay, though, that my dear brother-in-law here, Doctor Bart, who is a born narrator, and knows the story almost better than I know it myself, will oblige you. Tell him all about it, Victor. The *fête* is nearly over, and, while you discourse on war, our friend here and myself will smoke the calumet of peace."

And the baron, producing a pipe, filled and lighted it, an example which I quickly followed.

"A very convenient arrangement," said the doctor, smiling. "I don't smoke, so you are willing that I should have all the talk to myself. Convenient, yet scarcely fair; and Hermann does himself scant justice. He can talk almost as well as he can fight."

"Ach! That is paying my power to fight a poor compliment, Victor."

"On the contrary, it is paying your power of talk a high one."

"However, I will tell my part of the story — that in which I played the principal part, on condition that you do the rest."

"Good! It's a bargain," returned von Hohenstein. "By the time you have finished your tale I shall have finished my pipe. Then I will begin; for smoke, though a good listener, is a bad talker. Go on."

Whereupon Dr. Bart, turning to me, plunged *in medias res* as follows:—

"In the year 1870, which, by the way, is just seven years ago, I was a young surgeon living here in my native

city, very eager for work, yet with very little work to do. So when the war broke out I offered my services, first to the Germans, then to the French, and failing to find employment from either, I enrolled myself as a volunteer in the International Ambulance Corps, which took the field under the protection of the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention. In that capacity I made the campaign of Sedan with the army of Marshal MacMahon.

"On August 25th, 1870, we found ourselves at Vouziers, a small town of three thousand inhabitants, between Mézières and Verdun, in that same forest of Argonne which, in the previous century, was made classic by the exploits of Dumouriez. We had marched from Rheims and Chalons with MacMahon's army, and were attached to the Seventh *Corps d'Armée,* then commanded by General Douay.

"Our first care was to establish a field hospital, which was soon filled with wounded soldiers, for though no general engagement had recently taken place there were continual affairs of outposts.

"Meanwhile the army was in a state of dire confusion, marching and countermarching without apparent object, for the marshal hesitated; he could not make up his mind whether to follow the dictates of prudence and fall back on Paris, threatened by the third German army, under the command of the Crown Princes of Prussia and Saxony, or, yielding to the entreaties of the government, march to the rescue of Bazaine, who was at bay under the walls of Metz.

"While MacMahon was halting between two opinions, the Germans were pushing forward with characteristic energy. On the twenty-sixth their cavalry patrols exchanged pistol shots with the scouts of the seventh corps, which formed the right wing of the marshal's army and would be the first to receive the enemy's onset.

"A battle seemed imminent. General Douay made his dispositions, fortified the heights, issued his orders, and concentrated his command. But on the morning of the twenty-seventh came an order from the head-quarter staff to fall back in the direction of Mézières and Paris. The movement had, however, hardly begun when still other

orders were issued. The seventh corps was to march on Buzancy. This meant that the influence of Paris had prevailed, and MacMahon was about to hazard everything in a desperate attempt to 'join hands with Bazaine,' an attempt which resulted in the fall of the empire and the ruin of France.

"Late in the afternoon the seventh corps passed through Vouziers for the third or fourth time. The men went anyhow, singing obscene songs, falling out when it pleased them, cursing and shouting, marching to death with despair in their hearts and a laugh on their lips.

"In one of the officers of an infantry regiment I recognized an old friend from the neighborhood of Ferney. The recognition was mutual, and he asked me to bear him company a mile or two. We found so much to talk about that the shades of evening were falling before I remembered that I had to return to Vouziers. But going back was hardly less difficult than it would be to swim against the current of the Rhone, as it rushes under the arches of the Pont du Mont Blanc. The road was so crowded with troops, horses, guns and carriages that progress was impossible. For every step I made forward I was forced two steps backward. In the end I took to the fields, but only to lose my way in the darkness, and despairing of finding it before daylight, I turned into a cattle shed, folded myself in my cloak and fell fast asleep.

"I awoke with the first glimmerings of dawn and, hastily rising, made for the nearest road, with the intention of returning to Vouziers, although I had only the vaguest idea as to the direction in which it lay. While I was hesitating which way to take, a sound like the trampling of horses' hoofs and the rattle of accoutrements fell on my ear.

"'Douay's rear guard,' I thought, 'they will tell me the way.' But the next moment I heard voices, and from the shadow of a wood emerged a squadron of Uhlans. They were chanting a hymn, the words of which brought vividly to my mind the Roman gladiators' last greeting to the Emperor before they joined in mortal combat, *Ave! Cæsar morituri te salutant* (Hail, Cæsar! the dying salute thee).

"The refrain of the hymn, as well as I can remember, ran thus:—

'Oh, sun so red! oh, sun so red!
Light me to a warrior's bed.
Yestreen mounted, lance in rest,
To-day a bullet through the breast,
Morrow in the cold, cold ground,
For God and Fatherland!'

"How different from the songs of the little French soldiers I had heard the day before! No wonder these Germans were carrying all before them!

"I waited until the party came up.

"'Who are you, and what are you doing here?' asked an under officer, riding forward.

"I told him.

"'I don't believe a word you have said,' answered the man, sternly. 'We have just come from Vouziers, and I can assure you there was not a Red Cross ambulance in the place. You are a spy.'

"Against this imputation I warmly protested, pointed to my uniform, and produced my case of instruments.

"'A uniform is nothing. Anybody can have a case of instruments. Where's your pass?'

"Unfortunately I had left it at my quarters, and the only proofs of my identity and good faith which I could show were my card case and a few letters from friends at Geneva.

"'Letters are nothing. Anybody may have letters. It is a clear case. You are a spy, disguised as an officer of the International Ambulance.'

"Just then a lieutenant came up, and demanded an explanation.

"The under officer explained.

"'As you say, a clear case,' replied the lieutenant. 'Let the fellow be shot!'

"Against this summary justice I protested with all the energy of a man who pleads for his life.

"'You may save your breath,' said the lieutenant. 'You are found here under suspicious circumstances, and

without a pass. As likely as not you are a *franc tireur* in disguise. You speak German with a French accent. Shoot him, sergeant.'

"And shot I should have been to a dead certainty if another officer of higher rank had not arrived in the very nick of time. He also demanded an explanation, which was of course promptly given. Then he questioned me closely, asking, among other things, where I had received my medical education.

"'At the Medical School of Geneva and the University of Warsburg.'

"'Then you know Professor Goering?'

"I did know Professor Goering, and mentioned several facts which led my questioner to believe that the account I gave of myself was probably true, but he said that until I could furnish proofs of my identity and good faith it would be his duty to detain me as a prisoner on parole, which, I need hardly observe, I gave with great alacrity.

"The officer who saved my life was Baron Hermann von Hohenstein.

"Three days afterwards was fought the battle of Sedan, which gave the *coup de grace* to France and established the unity of Germany. On the morrow of the fight, thanks to my new-found friend, I was permitted to help the German surgeons in their arduous work, and my ability in this regard being accepted as proof of my good faith, I was set at liberty. Moreover, the chief of the medical staff offered me a position as supernumerary staff surgeon; an offer which I gladly accepted, and accompanied Baron von Hohenstein to Paris, there to take part in the siege.

"And now, Hermann, I think I may leave you to tell the sequel."

"I will try," said the baron, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I will try, and all the more willingly as it can be told quickly. I like not much speaking."

"But I must first of all tell you that Victor is too modest. He has omitted a material part of his story. He obtained his liberty and his appointment less because of what he did after the battle than of what he did during the battle. He, a prisoner on *parole,* and accused of be-

ing a spy, risked his life to save that of his captors. He dressed the wounds of my dear old friend, General von Elsenbaum, under fire, there being no other surgeon at liberty — and helped to carry him out of action. For that brave deed he received the personal thanks of the king and von Moltke. He showed more courage that day than many a fighting officer who won the Iron Cross.

"Well, as he has told you, we went together to Paris, lived in the same quarters, and became fast friends, and shall remain friends as long as both do live. It was a hard winter, and we had a rough time. In the last days of the siege I got desperately wounded in a cavalry combat near St. Cloud — my head was laid open by a sabre stroke at the very moment that a bullet went through my body.

"The doctors said I must die, that nothing could save me. One alone refused to regard my case as hopeless, and to him I am indebted for my life. His name is Victor Bart.

"I did not know it then, for I lay many days unconscious, but I knew afterwards that he treated me with consummate skill, and watched over me day and night. So you see that it cost him much more trouble to save my life than it cost me to save his. And then, when I was getting better, another came and helped me to get well. A nurse she was, oh! such a sweet nurse — the sweetest you ever did see. She had soft dark eyes, a low, sweet voice, and a face so lovely that words are too weak to describe it. At first, being still weak, I really thought she was a visitant from heaven; and one day I told Victor that an angel had been smoothing my pillow and giving me to drink.

"Victor laughed heartily.

"That is the end of the story, and when I have smoked reached Geneva that I had been hurt, and she came to nurse me; but as I did not need a nurse, I set her to nurse you.'

"I felt glad she was not an angel from heaven, for I had already fallen in love with her, and one fine May morning, when I could move about a little, as we were walking under the chestnut trees, I told her what was in

my mind. I began by saying that I did not know which to be the more thankful for — the wound on my head or the bullet through my body.

"'Thankful for hurts that nearly killed you, Baron!' she exclaimed. 'You are surely joking, or —'

"'I am neither joking nor delirious, Mademoiselle Bart. I was never more serious in my life. If I had not been wounded, you would not have been my nurse, and I should have missed the happiest time I have ever known. Your good brother has saved my life. Will you share it with me, Lucie? For I love you so dearly that I would rather lose it than live unloved by the angel of my dreams.'

"I cannot tell you how Lucie answered, or whether she answered at all in words; but I read her answer in her eyes, and we were both very happy.

"And then I told Victor, and he was very glad, and he proposed — the war being over and myself convalescent — that I should travel home by way of Geneva and make the acquaintance of his people.

"This offer I gladly accepted, and wrote to tell my people, who lived at Nuremberg, of all that had come to pass; and my mother and my sister, Natalie, met us at Geneva, and we stayed there several weeks.

"Natalie was a beautiful blonde, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and it was almost a matter of course that Victor and she should fall in love with each other; and the day on which Lucie and I learnt that her brother and my sister were betrothed was the second happiest of our lives. We were all married at the same time; and every other year Victor and Natalie visit us at Nuremberg, and every other year we visit them at Geneva.

"This is the end of the story, and when I have smoked one more pipe we will join the ladies in the saloon, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Madame Victor Bart, and the Baroness von Hohenstein. Afterwards we will go to the Jardin Anglais, and listen to the music. I will also introduce you to my sister, Helenchen, so there will be a lady for each of us."

WESTCOTT, EDWARD NOYES, an American novelist; born at Syracuse, N. Y., September 27, 1847; died there, March 31, 1898. He was a banker in his native city, but compelled to retire because of failing health, spent the winter of 1895–6 in Italy and in the latter year completed the novel *David Harum,* which he had begun soon after his retirement from business. It was declined by many leading publishers, but when issued in the autumn of 1898, six months after the author's death, became at once a success, reaching a sale of 400,000 copies in little more than a year. The novel is a masterpiece of humor and character sketching.

John Rankin, ex-mayor of Binghamton, N. Y., who figured as "John Lennox" in *David Harum,* has written an interesting sketch of the real David Harum.

THE DAVID HARUM I KNEW.

My attention has been called to a published letter from a relative of the author of *David Harum,* containing the statement that Homer, N. Y., was not the Homeville of that now famous story, that David Hannum was not the original David of the book, and that no character or place in that story exists or ever did exist except in the imagination of the author. I may perhaps be able to mention certain facts that in my mind are conclusive proof that the David Hannum I knew was the hero of the book, and that Homer was the original Homeville.

To me, who knew the place and the man so well, these points and facts exist in almost every page of the novel, and why anyone should wish to deny the fact that Hannum was the prototype from which Edward Westcott took his principal character I cannot conceive. Certainly he wrote the book so cleverly and portrayed the sympathetic and humorous sides of Hannum's character so

truthfully and entertainingly that I do not see how it at all detracts from the praise due him as an author to know that he had a real person in mind for his hero.

First let us settle the question of the location of the story, whether Homeville meant Homer, and whether Freeland County meant Cortland County. The introduction of the story as published, locates the place of action in Central New York. Where is there another town in Central New York more like Homeville than Homer? And where a county with a "l-a-n-d" to it? Yet the published letter just referred to says that "Homeville was no more Homer than it was Cazenovia or Skaneateles," and that Homer had nothing resembling the Eagle Tavern. Cazenovia is in Madison County, with no sound like Freeland County. And the writer of the letter overlooks another point that materially strengthens our case. The town adjoining Homer to the north, six miles distant, is Preble, a name given to it when it was first settled by the Seventh Day Baptists more than a century ago. Now if the reader will look on page 239 of the book he will find David Harum accusing Aunt Polly of being as narrow minded as "them seven day Babtists over to Peeble," who were so narrow, David said that fourteen of them could sit beside each other in a buggy.

While the similarity between Homer and Homeville may have been a coincidence, on the other hand it may have been intentional. This view is strengthened by the further coincidence between Preble and "Peeble"—a change of one letter. All this, taken with the other points of similarity in the book, leave not the slightest room for doubt.

Allusion to the "narrer Babtists" was of frequent occurrence with Mr. Hannum, only he used to state it a little differently from Mr. Westcott's version, which was probably given as he remembered it. Hannum used to speak of a mean, illiberal man as "the narrer, contracted cuss! he's meaner than a Preble Seven-day Baptist, and they're so narrer that nine of 'em can sit side and side in a buggy and not cover the cushion."

Speaking of Preble, the last time I rode up to the "Deacon's" with Hannum, David wanted to convince the

Deacon that he had better sell him his hay crop, sell off his cows in the fall, and buy a new herd in the spring. He thought there would be more money in it for the "Deacon" than feeding it all winter. Hannum had made a contract to sell all his own hay from several farms, and whatever he could ship from that point for a period of years, at fifteen dollars a ton. The man had given him a bond of sixty thousand dollars, with two sureties that were said to be perfectly good at that time, but after Hannum had sold his cows, seeded his 2,000 acres, and contracted for his neighbor's hay, the market dropped, the man failed to take the hay, the sureties put their property out of reach, and this was David's first big reverse. The Deacon was not ready to be convinced that day, and as we drove off David proposed that we drive around by Preble and come back the other road. He had a spanking team of chestnuts and I assented. As we drove into the village he said: "John, suppose we stop at Van's and take something to build up our system." Van Auken was the landlord and a horseman — the latter the principal attraction for my friend. I replied that I didn't hanker for Van's vintage or his larder, but he allowed that we had better halt, with the remark that "the last time I stopped there to wash the dust out of my throat I shook hands with Squire Mat Van Hoesen, and, walking up to the bar, I says: 'Squire, will you have a drink?' and eight of them stepped up to the bar. If they've got a corner on anything in Preble, it's on Squires and dispensin' justice."

As we rode home that day Dave let the chestnuts sow the dust and sift sand most of the way. Occasionally he would slack up a little to talk about the nigh horse — he was sitting on that side of the buggy. It depended on the disposition of the horses which side he preferred when he drove. He kept up a general conversation with himself about the merits of that nigh horse, what a fine head he carried, that he didn't need any check rein to make him look in the fourth story window, nor any rubber strap to pick his feet up. "Look at that knee action; just let me touch him up a little and see how he opens up," and away we sped. I had been noticing the other horse, and he was

a beauty. Hannum had bought him to match the nigh one, which he had got in a trade; he was a splendid animal, and every minute his end of the evener was in its proper place. I finally said: "Dave, I like the actions of this horse pretty well; what is the matter with him, I don't hear you say anything about him?"

"Him," says he, "why, John, I don't have to say anything about him, he *speaks* for himself. I'm talking about the other hoss."

There was one expression that David Hannum used almost every day of his life, which Westcott has given very accurately. It occurs in the scene when Lennox first meets Harum and hopes that he is well. The latter answers: "Wa'al, I'm improvin' slowly; I got so'st I can sit up long enough to have my bed made." To realize the full force of this remark it should be borne in mind that Hannum weighed over 200 pounds and was the picture of health. I have heard him give the above answer hundreds of times, and there are a hundred others who have heard him say it many times. One of these is Mrs. Mary Markham, who with her husband lived in Hannum's house after the death of Mrs. Hannum. Mr. Hannum's connection with these two persons was another illustration of the sympathetic nature and generous heart of the man. A couple of years before Hannum's death, while I was spending a few days with the old man, one evening he invited the Markhams to join us in a game of old sledge, a favorite game of his. He was pleased with these people; they made his home comfortable, and were careful, desirable tenants. After the game was over and we were left alone, he said: "John, can't you find something for this chap Markham — some situation where he can make something? He is a clever fellow, he knows a heap, he's been well off, owned a store in Louisville, had a streak of hard luck — there is no chance for him here. I'll allow he's a little slow and about the best sitter I ever knew; he'll never push a meetin' house over or take a medal running with a fire engine, but he's smart at figures, and she's first-class." I told David that I didn't think of anything then, but if an opportunity offered I would let him know.

And now a word about the Eagle Hotel. In spite of the statement already mentioned, "that Homer has nothing resembling the 'Eagle Tavern,'" it has the veritable place, outside and in, that Mr. Westcott describes.

It stands there to-day, as described, with its two doors, and inside, with its large room, combining office and bar, with entrance from the main hall.

Mr. Westcott's is a correct description of the old tavern and of the hotel at the present day. The long, narrow dining room mentioned elsewhere, was built on when I boarded there. This hotel was called the Eagle Tavern when Calvin Slocum owned and kept it in the forties, in and around which David Hannum commenced his celebrated career as horse trader, and kept his horses across the street in "Aunt Polly's" barn. It has had many names since it was called the Eagle, and generally has been named after the owner and keeper. This ceased when Bruce Aldrich, of Syracuse, became its owner. I believe it is called the Windsor to-day. Mr. Slocum sold it early in the fifties to Thomas Harrop, a sporting Englishman, who had been a landlord in the adjoining town of Scott. Hannum said that he could always tell the Scott folks; one leg was shorter than the other, occasioned by their walking on the sidehills picking flax.

Harrop, the new landlord, and Hannum became quite intimate, and they formed a partnership to take a woolly buffalo horse with long hair and long mane, which Hannum had put in shape, and a yoke of fat oxen, weighing between 4,000 and 5,000 pounds, to the World's Fair in New York, in 1853. Harrop went first and ordered a tent and secured a vacant place adjoining Bryant Park. There were plenty of vacant places around Bryant Park in those days. The old reservoir in that square stood almost alone, and was the only reserve supply of water New York possessed at the time. Hannum and Harrop's bartender, a fat young man by the name of Stout, who weighed 330 pounds, followed with the horse and the oxen. Stout at the tent door was a good advertisement for the fat oxen. This venture proved successful financially.

About the close of the fair they sold their woolly horse

to a showman, and traded the fat oxen with a butcher for the butcher's trotting horse. If there was ever a model for the cheap prints of a butcher's 2:40 nag, this horse was one. He was a bay, with a short tail, hollow back, knee-sprung in both knees. You could count every rib in his body, and his age was unknowable. The redeeming feature of this old horse was that he was spirited, and he could go faster than anything Homer had previously known. Dave did not throw his whole mind on this horse, although he did considerable bragging. The animal was not up to his standard, but "Peanuts," as the butcher called him, was Harrop's delight.

"Peanuts," however, only lasted for one race. A Tammany man from New York named Penderville, came to town that fall with a little bay mare, and lowered "Peanuts'" colors in a match rase that is still talked about in Cortland County. "Peanuts" was hitched to a high wheel sulky with springs, in which sat the landlord of the Eagle. Hannum had insisted on Tom's driving. "Peanuts" had been carefully conditioned for two weeks; he had been led out every morning and walked on the dewy grass, and sweated and rubbed under the eyes of both owners. The little mare from New York came up and turned for the word, hitched to a road buggy, with Penderville driving. Down they both came, neck and neck, with the crowd shouting all the way, and "Peanuts" came in a length ahead, time given, 2:53. All Homer was happy. The betting commenced — they were small bets — Penderville offered to double the original wager. Harrop was willing, but Hannum was cautious. It was well he was, for the little mare took the next two heats in about the same time as the last heat. The old horse was winded. After the race David was crestfallen, and sold his interest in "Peanuts" to Harrop, and never after did he own the smallest portion of a trotting horse. He owned spans that could step faster than "Peanuts," but he never entered into horse racing.

One day we made a trip to Elmira, N. Y., to see Flora Temple race. On the way an incident occurred which came to my mind as I read Mr. Westcott's account of the way David Harum twisted Bill Montaig around and

rushed him out of the bank door. At Binghamton we took the Erie Road for Elmira. Van Anden and I occupied a seat together, and David sat with a stranger in the one just behind us. The cars were well crowded; some persons were standing. At Waverly I saw a friend I knew and stepped to the opposite window to speak to him. While at the window a strapping yokel took my seat, against the protest of Van Anden and David. I asked the chap to get up and give me my seat, but he wouldn't; he said it was as "much his'n as mine." "Take it, John," said Dave. I tried to take it, and crowded the fellow over and sat down, but he was in it also between Van and me. Van was a strapping six footer, and we commenced to squeeze the fellow. We dug our elbows in his ribs, and pushed, but he stuck to the seat as if he was glued there, and did his share of the crowding. Presently the conductor came along, and I stated the case and appealed to him. The conductor told him to give me the seat, but "He'd be d—d if he'd give it up for the conductor or anybody else." The conductor was busy, and passed on taking tickets. Then Dave got out of his seat, and putting his hand on the conductor's shoulder, said: "My friend, I don't want to break no rules, or do nothin' to get anybody into trouble, but do you think any harm'd come to you if I sh'd remove that rooster?"

"I guess not," he says, "but I'm not giving advice to start any row." Dave waited a minute, and then he grasped the intruder by the collar and one leg and dragged him clean over me and shoved him down the aisle. The chap turned and rushed for Dave, but he twisted him and rushed him back, letting him have the full force of his boot at the same time. As Hannum came back Van said: "I hope you didn't hurt him, Dave."

"Well, we're better acquainted," was his reply. "I gave him a partin' saloot. I put my foot under his coat-tail so the news got to his head putty d—d quick."

Dr. Amos Westcott, a prominent dentist, and at one time Mayor of Syracuse, was the father of Edward Noyes Westcott, the author of "David Harum." Dr. Westcott married a Miss Babcock. David Hannum also married a Miss Babcock, a relative of Mrs. Westcott. Hannum

and the writer visited Syracuse frequently, and once while stopping at Dr. Westcott's, we told the doctor of the success we had been having disposing of rights to a new churn which made butter rapidly by running the cream through a couple of zinc wheels as it passed into the churn. We thought it had a tendency to make the butter a little too fine grained, and Dr. Westcott devised an improvement to the churn. Hannum and I also made many sales of churn rights in the village of Governeur, St. Lawrence County. I think we received about $20,000 there.

One of our last sales before leaving was the right to manufacture in the State of Vermont for $3,000, to three persons. We required bankable endorsed paper from everyone. One of these three persons was a one armed man without any means, to whom we were reluctant to sell, but the other two were so anxious for him to join them that they persuaded his father, who owned a small farm four miles out of the village, to endorse his paper for four months for the thousand dollars. After we made the sale David said to the young man: "Young man, you've bought somethin' that's got value to it. Whether you'll ever make anythin' I can't tell, it all depends on you. It needs push and brains. I've furnished brains at my end of the route, I can't furnish any further, you've got to supply the demand at your end." Our bankers took all our paper at legal rates, and when we came to the one armed man's note they were willing to take it with his father's endorsement, which we knew, but I thought I had better speak to Mr. Hannum about that note first. Dave thought "we'd better leave that note in the bank in 'escrow' and see how the colt'd break in." Four months later the purchasers made one trip to Vermont and made but very little over their expenses. I said to Hannum: "What shall I do with that Smith note up in Governeur?"

"Wa'al, John, it w'd be putty tough f'r that old critter to hoe a thousand dollars out o' them stumps, wouldn't it? He'd hav' to put a plaster on that farm to sweat over. What do you think?"

"I'll do whatever you say," I replied.

"Wa'al, I guess you'd better tell Anthony to giv' the poor cuss his note and call it a tribute to Home Mishuns."

It is true that Hannum was not quite as illiterate as Westcott made him, but he was no grammarian, and Westcott was not writing a biography. Nothing could be more true to life than Westcott's description of Harum, on page 119. "Rather under the middle height, he was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clean-shaven, red face; with not a mole — but a slight protuberance the size of half a large pea on the line from the nostril to the corner of the mouth; bald over the crown and to a line a couple of inches above the ear; below that, thick and somewhat bushy hair of yellowish red, showing a mingling of gray; small but very blue eyes; a thick nose, of no classifiable shape, and a large mouth, with the lips so pressed together as to produce a slightly downward and yet rather humorous curve at the corners." I believe that Mr. Westcott had no intention of concealing the identity of this shrewd, humorous and famous horse-trading philosopher with whom he was so well acquainted, and whose wife was a relative. My own judgment is that he wished it known. He could not have disguised it from Hannum's friends if he had located the story elsewhere and given his hero another name instead of David Harum. The other characters may have been composite, but not David Harum. He was David Hannum from the first chapter to the end of the book.

Mr. Hannum left no direct relatives in New York State. His only living relatives are a brother and a nephew, much respected citizens of Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Hannum was a proud, but excellent, woman, and made David a good wife. She used to walk with her head somewhat high and leaning backward, and David would say, looking at me with a wink as she passed: "Steer's in the corn, John." She used to resent his staying out evenings, especially if she knew we had been in a billiard saloon. When I first went in business with Hannum, Homer had no billiard tables. I had learned the game in New York, and was considered quite an expert, so when tables were brought to town Hannum and I used to play occasionally.

He was a beginner, but somewhat fond of the game. Mrs. Hannum would say: "Where have you been this evening — playing billiards, I suppose. I'd try and be in bigger business than playing billiards." He would reply, laughing all over: "Why, Lois, if you knew how I've improved under that boy you wouldn't say a word." He came in one day and threw down a telegram on the table. "What is that?" she said. "Oh, it's a telegram from Ed. Sherman. He says he's goin' to be in Syracuse over night, and says if I'll come up this evening he'll give me twenty-five and discount me," and then he tried to look solemn.

Mrs. Hannum had some difficulty in keeping David up to her standard in table etiquette; he would occasionally use his knife. He said his early instructions were to eat with the back of his knife so not to cut his mouth. They had two tined forks in those days. Notwithstanding these little side issues they lived very happily together. They had a son, who died at nine years of age, not seven, as in the book, and Westcott's story of David's constant regret at the loss of that boy and what he would have been to him if living, was as true to Hannum's life and speech as anything that was ever written.— *The Home Magazine.*

WEYMAN, STANLEY JOHN, an English novelist; born at Ludlow, Shropshire, August 7, 1855. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1878 he was classical instructor in the King's School, Chester, read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1881, and practiced until 1890. His first writings appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1883. Among his principal works are: *The House of the Wolf* (1890); *Francis Cludde* (1891); *The New Rector* (1891); *A Gentleman of*

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France (1893); *Under the Red Robe* (1894); *My Lady Rotha* (1894); *The Red Cockade* (1895); *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France* (1895); *The Man in Black* (1896); *Shrewsbury* (1897; *The Castle Inn* (1899); *Sophia* (1900); *Count Hannibal* (1901); *The Long Night* (1903); *The Abbess of Vlaye* (1905); and *Starvecrow Farm* (1905).

IN THE GARDEN.

I remember hearing Marshal Bassompierre, who, of all men within my knowledge, had the widest experience, say that not dangers, but discomforts, prove a man, and show what he is; and that the worst sores in life are caused by crumpled rose-leaves and not by thorns.

I am inclined to agree with this. For I remember that when I came from my room on the morning after the arrest, and found hall and parlor and passage empty, and all the common rooms of the house deserted, and no meal laid, and when I divined anew from this discovery the feeling of the house toward me — however natural and to be expected — I felt as sharp a pang as when, the night before, I had had to face discovery and open rage and scorn. I stood in the silent, empty parlor, and looked round me with a sense of desolation; of something lost and gone, which I could not replace. The morning was gray and cloudy, the air sharp; a shower was falling. The rose-bushes at the window swayed in the wind, and where I could remember the hot sunshine lying on the floor and table, the rain beat in and stained the boards. The main door flapped and creaked to and fro. I thought of other days, and meals I had taken there, and of the scent of flowers, and I fled to the hall in despair.

But here, too, was no sign of life or company, no comfort, no attendance. The ashes of the logs, by whose blaze Mademoiselle had told me the secret, lay on the hearth white and cold; and now and then a drop of moisture, sliding down the great chimney, pattered among them. The great door stood open as if the house had

no longer anything to guard. The only living thing to be seen was a hound which roamed about restlessly, now gazing at the empty hearth, now lying down with pricked ears and watchful eyes. Some leaves which had been blown in rustled in a corner.

I went out moodily into the garden, and wandered down one path, and up another, looking at the dripping woods and remembering things, until I came to the stone seat. On it, against the wall, trickling with rain-drops, and with a dead leaf half filling its narrow neck, stood a pitcher of food. I thought how much had happened since Mademoiselle took her hand off it and the sergeant's lanthorn disclosed it to me. And sighing grimly, I went in again through the parlor door.

A woman was on her knees, kindling the belated fire. I stood a moment, looking at her doubtfully, wondering how she would bear herself, and what she would say to me; and then she turned and I cried out her name in horror, for it was Madame.— *Under the Red Robe.*

THE HEAD OF ERASMUS.

Waiting and waiting alone! The gates were almost down now. The gang of ruffians without, reinforced each moment by volunteers eager for plunder, rained blows unceasingly on hinge and socket; and still hotter and faster through a dozen rifts in the timbers came the fire of their threats and curses. Many grew tired, but others replaced them. Tools broke, but they brought more and worked with savage energy. They had shown at first a measure of prudence; looking to be fired on, and to be resisted by men, surprised, indeed, but desperate; and the bolder of them only had advanced. But now they pressed round unchecked, meeting no resistance. They would scarcely stand back to let the sledges have swing; but halloed and ran in on the creaking beams and beat them with their fists, whenever the gates swayed under a blow.

One stout iron bar still held its place. And this I watched as if fascinated. I was alone in the empty courtyard, standing a little aside, sheltered by one of

the stone pillars from which the gates hung. Behind me the door of the house stood ajar. Candles, which the daylight rendered garish, still burned in the rooms on the first floor, of which the tall narrow windows were open. On the wide stone sill of one of these stood Croisette, a boyish figure, looking silently down at me, his hand on the latticed shutter. He looked pale, and I nodded and smiled at him. I felt rather anger than fear myself; remembering, as the fiendish cries half-deafened me, old tales of the Jacquerie and its doings, and how we had trodden it out.

Suddenly the din and tumult flashed to a louder note, as when hounds on the scent give tongue at sight. I turned quickly from the house, recalled to a sense of the position and peril. The iron bar was yielding to the pressure. Slowly the left wing of the gate was sinking inward. Through the widening chasm I caught a glimpse of wild, grimy faces and bloodshot eyes, and heard above the noise a sharp cry from Croisette — a cry of terror. Then I turned and ran, with a defiant gesture and an answering yell, right across the forecourt and up the steps to the door.

I ran the faster for the sharp report of a pistol behind me, and the whir of a ball past my ear. But I was not scared by it; and as my feet alighted with a bound on the topmost step, I glanced back. The dogs were half-way across the court. I made a bungling attempt to shut and lock the great door — failed in this; and heard behind me a roar of coarse triumph. I waited for no more. I darted up the oak staircase four steps at a time, and rushed into the great drawing-room on my left, banging the door behind me.

The once splendid room was in a state of strange disorder. Some of the rich tapestry had been hastily torn down. One window was closed and shuttered; no doubt Croisette had done it. The other two were open — as if there had not been time to close them — and the cold light which they admitted contrasted in ghastly fashion with the yellow rays of candles still burning in the sconces. The furniture had been huddled aside or piled into a barricade, a *chevaux de frise* of chairs and

tables stretching across the width of the room, its interstices stuffed with, and its weakness partly screened, by the torn-down hangings. Behind this frail defense their backs to a door which seemed to lead to an inner room, stood Marie and Croisette, pale and defiant. The former had a long pike; the latter leveled a heavy, bell-mouthed arquebuse across the back of a chair, and blew up his match as I entered. Both had in addition procured swords. I darted like a rabbit through a little tunnel left on purpose for me in the rampart, and took my stand by them.

"Is all right?" ejaculated Croisette turning to me nervously.

"All right, I think," I answered. I was breathless.

"You are not hurt?"

"Not touched!"

I had just time then to draw my sword before the assailants streamed into the room, a dozen ruffians, reeking and tattered, with flushed faces and greedy, staring eyes. Once inside, however, suddenly — so suddenly that an idle spectator might have found the change ludicrous — they came to a stop. Their wild cries ceased, and tumbling over one another with curses and oaths they halted, surveying us in muddled surprise; seeing what was before them, and not liking it. Their leader appeared to be a tall butcher with a pole-axe on his half-naked shoulder; but there were among them two or three soldiers in the royal livery and carrying pikes. They had looked for victims only, having met with no resistance at the gate, and the foremost recoiled now on finding themselves confronted by the muzzle of the arquebuse and the lighted match.

I seized the occasion. I knew, indeed, that the pause presented our only chance, and I sprang on a chair and waved my hand for silence. The instinct of obedience for the moment asserted itself; there was a stillness in the room.

"Beware!" I cried loudly — as loudly and confidently as I could, considering that there was a quaver at my heart as I looked on those savage faces, which met and yet avoided my eye. "Beware of what you do! We

are Catholics one and all like yourselves, and good sons of the Church. Ay, and good subjects too! *Vive le roi,* gentlemen! God save the king! I say." And I struck the barricade with my sword until the metal rang again. "God save the king!"

"Cry *Vive la Messe!*" shouted one.

"Certainly, gentlemen!" I replied, with politeness. "With all my heart. *Vive la Messe! Vive la Messe!*"

This took the butcher, who luckily was still sober, utterly aback. He had never thought of this. He stared at us as if the ox he had been about to fell had opened its mouth and spoken, and grievously at a loss, he looked for help to his companions.

Later in the day some Catholics were killed by the mob. But their deaths as far as could be learned afterward were due to private feuds. Save in such cases — and they were few — the cry of *Vive la Messe!* always obtained at least a respite; more easily of course in the earlier hours of the morning when the mob were scarce at ease in their liberty to kill, while killing still seemed murder, and men were not yet drunk with bloodshed.

I read the hesitation of the gang in their faces; and when one asked roughly who we were, I replied with greater boldness, "I am M. Anne de Caylus, nephew to the Vicomte de Caylus, governor, under the king, of Bayonne and the Landes!" This I said with what majesty I could. "And these"— I continued —"are my brothers. You will harm us at your peril, gentlemen. The vicomte, believe me, will avenge every hair of our heads." I can shut my eyes now and see the stupid wonder, the balked ferocity of those gaping faces. Dull and savage as the men were they were impressed; they saw reason indeed, and all seemed going well for us when some one in the rear shouted, "Cursed whelps! Throw them over!"

I looked swiftly in the direction whence the voice came — the darkest corner of the room — the corner by the shuttered window. I thought I made out a slender figure, cloaked and masked — a woman's it might be, but I could not be certain — and beside it a couple of sturdy

fellows, who kept apart from the herd and well behind their fugleman.

The speaker's courage arose no doubt from his position at the back of the room, for the foremost of the assailants seemed less determined. We were only three, and we must have gone down, barricade and all, before a rush. But three are three. And an arquebuse — Croisette's match burned splendidly — well loaded with slugs is an ugly weapon at five paces, and makes nasty wounds, besides scattering its charge famously. This a good many of them, and the leaders in particular, seemed to recognize. We might certainly take two or three lives; and life is valuable to its owner when plunder is afoot. Besides most of them had common sense enough to remember that there were scores of Huguenots — genuine heretics — to be robbed for the killing, so why go out of the way, they reasoned, to cut a Catholic throat, and perhaps get into trouble? Why risk Montfaucon for a whim? and offend a man of influence like the Vicomte de Caylus, for nothing?

Unfortunately at this crisis their original design was recalled to their minds by the same voice behind, crying out, "Pavannes! Where is Pavannes?"

"Ay!" shouted the butcher, grasping the idea, and at the same time spitting on his hands and taking a fresh grip of the axe, "Show us the heretic dog, and go! Let us at him."

"M. de Pavannes," I said coolly — but I could not take my eyes off the shining blade of that man's axe, it was so very broad and sharp —"is not here!"

"That is a lie! He is in that room behind you!" the prudent gentleman in the background called out. "Give him up!"

"Ay, give him up!" echoed the man of the pole-axe almost good humoredly, "or it will be the worse for you. Let us have at him and get you gone!"

This with an air of much reason, while a growl as of a chained beast ran through the crowd, mingled with cries of *"A mort les Huguenots! Vive Lorraine!"*— cries which seemed to show that all did not approve of the indulgence offered us.

"Beware, gentlemen, beware," I urged, "I swear he is not here! I swear it, do you hear?"

A howl of impatience and then a sudden movement of the crowd as though the rush were coming warned me to temporize no longer. "Stay! Stay!" I added hastily. "One minute! Hear me! You are too many for us. Will you swear to let us go safe and untouched, if we give you passage?"

A dozen voices shrieked assent. But I looked at the butcher only. He seemed to be an honest man, out of his profession.

"Ay, I swear it!" he cried with a nod.

"By the Mass?"

"By the Mass."

I twitched Croisette's sleeve, and he tore the fuse from his weapon, and flung the gun — too heavy to be of use to us longer — to the ground. It was done in a moment. While the mob swept over the barricade, and smashed the rich furniture of it in wanton malice, we filed aside, and nimbly slipped under it one by one. Then we hurried in single file to the end of the room, no one taking much notice of us. All were pressing on, intent on their prey. We gained the door as the butcher struck his first blow on that which we had guarded — on that which we had given up. We sprang down the stairs with bounding hearts, heard as we reached the outer door the roar of many voices, but stayed not to look behind — paused indeed for nothing. Fear, to speak candidly, lent us wings. In three seconds we had leaped the prostrate gates, and were in the street. A cripple, two or three dogs, a knot of women looking timidly yet curiously in, a horse tethered to the staple — we saw nothing else. No one stayed us. No one raised a hand, and in another minute we had turned a corner, and were out of sight of the house.

"They will take a gentleman's word another time," I said with a quiet smile as I put up my sword.

"I would like to see her face at this moment," Croisette replied. "You saw Madame d'O?"

I shook my head, not answering. I was not sure, and I had a queer, sickening dread of the subject.

I had seen her, I had seen — oh! it was too horrible, too unnatural! Her own sister! Her own brother-in-law!

I hastened to change the subject. "The Pavannes," I made shift to say, "must have had five minutes' start."

"More," Croisette answered, "if madame and he got away at once. If all has gone well with them, and they have not been stopped in the streets, they should be at Mirepoix's by now. They seemed to be pretty sure that he would take them in."

"Ah!" I sighed. "What fools we were to bring madame from that place! If we had not meddled with her affairs we might have reached Louis long ago — our Louis, I mean."

"True," Croisette answered softly, "but remember that then we should not have saved the other Louis — as I trust we have. He would still be in Pallavicini's hands. Come, Anne, let us think it is all for the best," he added, his face shining with a steady courage that shamed me. "To the rescue! Heaven will help us to be in time yet!"

"Ay, to the rescue!" I replied, catching his spirit. "First to the right, I think, second to the left, first on the right again. That was the direction given us, was it not? The house opposite a book-shop with the sign of the Head of Erasmus. Forward, boys! We may do it yet."

. . . . . .

Trying to shut our eyes and ears to the cruelty, and ribaldry, and uproar through which we had still to pass, we counted our turnings with a desperate exactness, intent only on one thing — to reach Louis de Pavannes, to reach the house opposite to the Head of Erasmus, as quickly as we could. We presently entered a long, narrow street. At the end of it the river was visible, gleaming and sparkling in the sunlight. The street was quiet; quiet and empty. There was no living soul to be seen from end to end of it, only a prowling dog. The noise of the tumult raging in other parts was softened here by distance and the intervening houses. We seemed to be able to breathe more freely.

"This should be our street," said Croisette.

I nodded. At the same moment I espied, halfway down it, the sign we needed and pointed to it. But ah! were we in time? Or too late? That was the question. By a single impulse we broke into a run, and shot down the roadway at speed. A few yards short of the Head of Erasmus we came, one by one, Croisette first, to a full stop. A full stop!

The house opposite the bookseller's was sacked! gutted from top to bottom. It was a tall house, immediately fronting the street, and every window in it was broken. The door hung forlornly on one hinge, glaring cracks in its surface showing where the axe had splintered it. Fragments of glass and ware, flung out and shattered in sheer wantonness, strewed the steps; and down one corner of the latter a dark red stream trickled — to curdle by and by in the gutter. Whence came the stream? Alas! there was something more to be seen yet, something our eyes instinctively sought last of all. The body of a man.

It lay on the threshold, the head hanging back, the wide glazed eyes looking up to the summer sky whence the sweltering heat would soon pour down upon it. We looked shuddering at the face. It was that of a servant, a valet who had been with Louis at Caylus. We recognized him at once, for we had known and liked him. He had carried our guns on the hills a dozen times, and told us stories of the war. The blood crawled slowly from him. He was dead.— *The House of the Wolf.*

WHARTON, EDITH NEWBOLD JONES, an American novelist; born at New York in 1862. She was privately educated, and was married to Edward Wharton in 1885. Her works include *The Greater Inclination* (1899); *The Touchstone* (1900); *Crucial Instances* (1901); *The Valley of De-*

cision (1902); *The Joy of Living* (1902); *Sanctuary* (1903; *Italian Villas and their Gardens* (1904); *The Descent of Man* (1905); *The House of Mirth* (1905).

A critical estimate of Mrs. Wharton's work is contained in the following review:

SANCTUARY.

There was a time when writers of fiction were content with the narrative form. All our battle grounds were in the open, and the interest of the tale depended upon action, prowess, visible accomplishment. Only a few sages had discovered our psychic regions, and no one suspected their dramatic possibilities. But now the novelist with his colored crayon literary style and illuminating imagination has traveled thither, so that our romances, no less than our philosophies, are founded upon these deeper aspects of life. Poor human nature is being tested and tempted by every author in the country, some with a view to proving its evil possibilities, others with the nobler aim of rescuing a few virtues. Meanwhile the reader is amazed and edified at this demonstration of his heights and depths — is likely, indeed, to receive an overweening notion of his importance from the revelation. For, after all, life is not made up of "crucial instances," as Edith Wharton and other writers of her class would have us believe. And the things that challenge honor are usually more tangible than the subtleties with which she teases conscience.

Kate Orme, the heroine of her new novel, is a young girl, well bred, innocent and romantically sincere, who discovers in the man she is about to marry a flaw of character. Altho brought up in the midst of the usual social perversities of the rich and sensuous, nothing in imagination or experience has prepared her for this catastrophe, and like an outraged nun she retires, first to contemplate, then to adjust her consciousness to this masculine fatality.

"The pink shades had been lifted from the lamps and she saw him for the first time in an unmitigated glare. Such an exposure does not alter the features, but it lays

an ugly emphasis on the most charming lines, pushes the smile into a grin, the curve of good nature to drooping slackness. And it was precisely into these flagging lines of extreme weakness that Denis's graceful contour flowed."

And with her faculties suddenly sharpened by this frightful perception she is suddenly awakened to a realization of the secret, well-bred vice in society about her. She had begun to perceive that the fair surface of life was honeycombed by a vast system of moral sewage. Every respectable household had its special arrangements for the disposal of family scandals; it was only among the reckless and improvident that such hygienic precautions were neglected.

Now it will be remembered that Mr. James Lane Allen's heroine in *The Mettle of the Pasture* had such an awakening from her maiden trance of innocence and happiness. But Mr. Allen is a man and was not disposed therefore to endow the injured woman with a morbid, prophetic subconsciousness, nor with that hysteria of moral pain which makes Kate Orme a feverish, tragic figure from beginning to ending. His heroine does not reason from her own sorrow that there is a universal social rottenness about her; and the reader has the comfortable conviction that if she recovers from the shock of that one glimpse into the dark pit of life, there is a tender, stupid womanly sanity in her which will insure peace and connubial confidence. And whatever the matrimonial tragedies of life prove, or the science of such literary exponents of marital ethics as Mrs. Wharton suggests, these are really the normal women, and in the long run the most effect in the moral order of things. Their very obtuseness is a sort of healing power. They do not condone what is wrong about them, because they do not know and cannot imagine it. And their native aloofness is an eternal guarantee of morality in society.

But this is not Mrs. Wharton's point of view. She has by a purely intellectual process reached that point in psychic speculation which is esoteric to most people, and in the development of Kate Orme's character she forces the woman to face the agonizing contingencies of life.

Having acknowledged that Denis is unworthy of her love, and having indeed conceived a contempt for him, her mind leaps to the contemplation of the future where she sees him married to another woman, who does not know of his dishonor.

"And with this deception between them their child would be born; born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fiber, as it might be born with some hidden physical taint which would destroy it before the cause could be detected. Well, what of it? Was she to hold herself responsible? . . . Were not thousands of children born with some such unsuspected taint? . . . Ah, but if here was one that she could have? What if she, who had had so exquisite a vision of wifehood, should reconstruct from its ruins this vision of protecting maternity — if her love for her lover should be, not lost, but transformed, enlarged, into this passion of charity for his race? . . .

Now this straining of the maternal instinct into prophecy is not characteristic of any maiden woman, but it is characteristic of Mrs. Wharton's psychic method for generating "crucial instances." This larger "sanctuary" of the feminine consciousness exists only in theory. Whatever may be said of men, the marrying woman only comes to love the race through the child she really has. That is the hypothesis of her maternal relation to the whole world; and it is a hypothesis which does not in the nature of things occur to the maiden mind. The *Sanctuary* that women like Kate Orme affords to tempted men is founded upon no such Quixotic notions of sacrifice, but it consists in their *telepathy* of goodness. There are many righteous women who never are sanctuary for any tried soul, because in them virtue is not vital. It is a form of moral selfishness which actually separates them from the needs of others. But Kate saves her son at the crucial moment from dishonor because for years he had been sheltered in the holiness of her love, and dominated by the sternness of her integrity. He was constrained to act honestly by the power of goodness that was rarely lodged in another. And to the discerning reader it is an open question whether the young man stood on his own legs or upon his mother's

when the test came. And if he did not save himself, the maternal sanctuary is an ethical institution of questionable value.

On the whole, this is the kind of book a woman writes when she conceives her characters all walking upon moral margins too narrow to be quite comfortable. And it does not demonstrate the growth of principles and manly stamina so much as does a beautiful, tender sentimentality peculiar to women, whether they are writers, mothers or missionaries.— *The Independent.*

WHATELY, RICHARD, an English theologian; born at London, February 1, 1787; died at Dublin, October 8, 1863. He finished his studies at Oxford, and had a fellowship there, after which he was rector of Halesworth in Suffolk, principal of St. Albans Hall, Oxford, and, in 1830, professor of political economy. In 1831 he became Archbishop of Dublin. He did much to forward the cause of general education, and to promote liberal views in the English Church. Among his numerous works are: *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* (1814), a burlesque aimed at the "destructive school" of criticism; *Essays on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion* (1825); *Elements of Logic* (1826); *Elements of Rhetoric* (1828); *Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul* (1828); *Political Economy* (1831); *Introduction to the Study of St. Paul's Epistles* (1849); *English Synonyms* (1851); *Scripture Doctrine Concerning the Sacraments* (1857); *Lessons on Mind* (1859); *Lessons on the British Constitution* (1859); *Lectures on the Parables* (1860); *Lectures*

on Prayer (1860); *Rise, Progress, and Corruption of Christianity* (1860); *Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews* (1861); *Remains* (1864).

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

Though Bacon dwelt on the importance of setting out from an accurate knowledge of facts, and on the absurdity of attempting to substitute the reasoning process for an investigation of nature, it would be a great mistake to imagine that he meant to disparage the reasoning process, or to substitute for skill and correctness in that a mere accumulated knowledge of a multitude of facts. And anyone would be far indeed from being a follower of Bacon who should despise logical accuracy, and trust to what is often called experience; meaning by that an extensive but crude and undigested observation. For, as books, though indispensably necessary for a student, are of no use to one who has not learned to read, though he distinctly sees black marks on white paper, so is all experience and acquaintance with facts unprofitable to one whose mind has not been trained to read rightly the volume of nature and of human transactions spread before him.

When complaints are made — often not altogether without reason — of the prevailing ignorance of facts on such and such subjects, it will often be found that the parties censured, though possessing less knowledge than is desirable, yet possess more than they know what to do with. Their deficiency in arranging and applying their knowledge, in combining facts, and correctly deducing, and rightly employing, general principles, will be perhaps greater than their ignorance of facts. Now, to attempt remedying this defect by imparting to them additional knowledge — to confer the advantage of wider experience on those who have not skill in profiting by experience — is to attempt enlarging the prospect of a short-sighted man by bringing him to the top of a hill. Since he could not, on the plain, see distinctly the objects before him, the wider horizon from the hill-top is utterly lost on him. . . . If Bacon had

lived in the present day, I am convinced he would have made his chief complaint against unmethodized inquiry and careless and illogical reasoning.— *Lecture on Bacon's Essays.*

WHEELER, ANDREW CARPENTER ("NYM CRINKLE"), an American journalist, critic and novelist; born at New York, June 4, 1835; died at Monsey, N. Y., March 10, 1903. He was connected with the New York *Times* and *World,* Milwaukee *Sentinel,* and other journals — and was also a war correspondent. He wrote: *The Chronicles of Milwaukee* (1861); *The Twins: A Comedy* (1862); *The Primrose Path of Dalliance, A Theatrical Tale* (1868); *Easter in a Hospital Bed* (1869). Later he wrote under the pseudonym of "J. P. Mowbray," and published *A Journey to Nature* (1901); *The Making of a Country Home* (1902); *Tangled up in Beulah* (1902), and *The Conquering of Kate* (1903).

Mr. Wheeler's fame rests largely upon his work as a dramatic critic, and for many years he was regarded as the leader among critical writers for the New York press.

MRS. POTTER IN "LOYAL LOVE."

Loyal Love is an old-fashioned style of drama, wrought in blank-verse, employing a love-lorn maiden and a pursuing villain, with the traditional prince in plumes, who fondly, madly loves, and at the last moment nobly rescues.

It is a theme we used to thrill over in our boyhood days at the "Old Drury." It comes now feathered with idyllicism, garnished with the moonbeams of sentiment, and pre-

senting Kyrle Bellew as the Prince and Mr. Haworth as the villain.

I need not tell you that there is a hard-hearted father who seeks to force his son into a marriage of convenience, and that the plumed son, with his azure way, looks into the empyrean and remains true to Poll.

Mrs. Potter as the love-lorn maiden was very dainty and very pretty. She wore a love-lorn dress of spotless white, *a la* Bernhardt in cut, very long in the waist and low in the girdle. She has to portray the innocent devotion of a maiden living in a honey-suckled cottage, and whose heart clings to a honey-suckled prince with a sword. She did it with a negative rather than a positive fervor.

I don't know of any love-lorn maiden on the stage who can so embody the conventional notion of chaste devotion. She loved her Prince with a well-bred sincerity and a cool equilibrium that was starry and stagy at the same time. She was enfolded in his arms with a perfectly delicious naïvete. There was none of the hot feverishness of animal passion about it. You felt that she loved her Prince with her well-poised cerebrum, not with a sensuous and impulsive ardor. He kissed her on the forehead with a well-bred and respectful consideration and talked long and vaguely of the golden highway of the sea, and the orbs of heaven, and the empurpled future, and the deep mysterious bond that made her his forever. She listened to it with the clear rapt vision and disciplined mind of one who listens to a page of Bulwer. It took us back to the morning of life, when the Beautiful wed the Good and low music burst forth in the midst of roses, and the perfume of the alabaster lamps lifted our souls to the divine truth that yesterday can never be to-morrow.

She sank upon his shoulder as if the Lake of Como were there with its tranquil depths. She murmured, with her teeth shut, the soft voluptuous responses to his rhapsody, and he toyed with the rose that clung upon the brink of her low-necked dress without a moment's fear of falling over into the chasm of poetry that spread its pearly descent under his chastened eyes.

There is no doubt about it this picture of two hearts

upon a single stem was very lovely. That they beat as one was evident enough from the identity of expression and the similarity of throb.

We had to acknowledge that at last Clara Vere de Vere was caught in the proper toils of the delicious canoodle, and was purring with a new daintiness.

Mrs. Potter has six little inimitable personal tricks that can hardly be scheduled. Nobody can describe the little cock of her head which accompanies some of her speeches. You have seen a linnet on a blossomed spray do it, and disappear. Nobody can tell why at times she speaks with her teeth closed and furnishes us with a volatile something just this side of a sigh and the other side of a lisp. Nobody can explain the three tones of her rich and musical voice that seem, like those northern volcanoes, to have snow above and fire beneath. No one can analyze the imperious but probably unconscious superiority of her manner at times. But one remembers that the snow lies there always in its blank purity, and the fires only smoulder. Nobody can define the bend of her neck and the casting up of her eyes. They have nothing whatever to do with volition; they are part of the unconscious woman who has wrought the automatism of the select circle to the bewildered apprehension of the promiscuous crowd.

In the latter scenes of *Loyal Love* Mrs. Potter is required to exert her talents to the utmost. Having been trapped and imprisoned by the lascivious villain, she has to repel his advances with her scorn, wither him with her contempt, paralyze him with her righteous indignation, and climb to the stormy heights of undying devotion to her absent Prince.

I think it must be said that the repelling, withering, paralyzing and climbing, while invested with the charm that belongs to every woman who is pretty and well loved, are not yet sufficiently indicative of any special dramatic gifts. Mrs. Potter lacks something. I think it is the gift of transfusing motion with emotion. Most of her speech goes on silver stilts. She can look pathetic, but she cannot act pathos. Her lovelornness in the last act

of this play is a pitiful picture, not a heartrending endeavor.

There is a vast difference between a crushed flower and a crushed heart. I suppose it is a matter of throb.

Mrs. Potter is always interesting, even when she is inadequate. A pretty woman cannot help being, and I suppose the greatest tyrant and the greatest charm are to be seen in a pretty woman whether she is making baby clothes or making faces.

But one thing is certain — she need not be histrionic.

It was to accommodate people who are not that the word *ingenue* was invented.

When we come to analyze Mrs. Potter's beauty, which, after all, is coming to Hecuba, there will be a great difference of opinion.

Certainly there are some measurements by which we can tell if a woman can act. I don't think there are any by which we can determine her beauty. Every woman that ever loved is a beauty to somebody. But here and there I have seen women who are not actresses to any body. I have heard people call Clara Morris beautiful. But I never heard anybody say that Mrs. Potter was an actress. When you talk about Langtry they dodge the question. Langtry once said to me, "You brute, I know I can't act; but you needn't run around telling everybody of it."

How are you going help liking a woman after that?

She was an *ingenue*.

A word here about the difference in mere picturesqueness of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter. One came to us with a studio air. Tadema and Whistler had posed and draped and sketched her. When she put on a white dress she looked as if she had stepped from this frieze of the Parthenon. She had the Grecian largeness — a certain Hellenic freedom of limb and action.

Mrs. Potter brings the air of an evening reception. She makes you feel like rushing out and hiring a dress-coat somewhere.

She has that long narrow waist that has been evoluted by society, but that was unknown in the days of the Milo. She does not move in curves like a sylph. She

shines in points like a crystal. She carries her pretty head as if she were accustomed to walking over the top of things.

Even art lies in her presence on a lower plane. Her hair, which is like a royal bronze or a burnt sienna thicket — in color — is always dressed *a la* Evangeline. It flies as if instinct with a life of its own.

But enough! There is a final pitiful scene in Loyal Love where Inez, imprisoned, broken-hearted, persecuted and deserted, stands like a Roman martyr. Here she conveyed her misery less by her acting than by her apathetic submission to the scene. The story did it.

WHEWELL, WILLIAM, an English scientist and philosopher; born at Lancaster, May 24, 1794; died at Cambridge, March 6, 1866. Of humble parentage, he was educated at Heversham School and at Trinity, Cambridge. From 1828 to 1832 he was Professor of Mineralogy, from 1838 to 1855 of Moral Theology, and from 1841 to his death he was Master of Trinity College. In the learned societies of Great Britain he was active and distinguished; his wonderful variety and amount of knowledge were spoken of by Sir John Herschel as unsurpassed. His great works were *A History of the Inductive Sciences* (1837), and the *Philosophy* of the same (1840); other works were the Bridgewater Treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics* (1833); *Architectural Notes on German Churches* (1835); *Principles of English University Education* (1837); *Liberal Education,* (3 parts, 1845–52); *The Plurality of Worlds* (1853); *Elements of Morality* (1845); *Systematic Morality* (1846);

History of Moral Philosophy in England (1852); *Platonic Dialogues* (1859–61); *Political Economy* (1863), translations from German verse, and English hexameters (1847), besides numerous scientific papers, sermons, etc. A volume of his correspondence was printed in 1876.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

The copiousness with which properties, as to us it seems, merely ornamental, are diffused through the creation, may well excite our wonder. Almost all have felt, as it were, a perplexity, chastened by the sense of beauty, when they have thought of the myriads of fair and gorgeous objects that exist and perish without any eye to witness their glories — the flowers that are born to blush unseen in the wilderness — the gems, so wondrously fashioned, that stud the untrodden caverns — the living things with adornments of yet richer workmanship that, solitary and unknown, glitter and die. Nor is science without food for such feelings. At every step she discloses things and laws pregnant with unobtrusive splendor. She has unravelled the web of light in which all things are involved, and has found its texture even more wonderful and exquisite than she could have thought. This she has done in our own days — and these admirable properties the sunbeams had borne about with them since light was created, contented, as it were, with their unseen glories. What, then, shall we say? These forms, these appearances of pervading beauty, though we know not their end and meaning, still touch all thoughtful minds with a sense of hidden delight, a still and grateful admiration. They come over our meditations like strains and snatches of a sweet and distant symphony — sweet, indeed, but to us distant and broken, and overpowered by the din of more earthly perceptions — taught but at intervals — eluding our attempts to learn it as a whole, but ever and anon returning on our ears, and elevating our thoughts of the fabric of this world. We might, indeed, well believe that this

harmony breathes not for us alone — that it has nearer listeners — more delighted auditors. But even in us it raises no unworthy thoughts — even in us it impresses a conviction, indestructible by harsher voices, that, far beyond all that we can know and conceive, the universe is full of symmetry and order and beauty and life.

WHIPPLE, Edwin Percy, an American critic and essayist; born at Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819; died at Boston, June 16, 1886. He was educated in the High School of Salem, and began to write for newspapers at the age of fourteen. From his fifteenth year he lived in Boston, and at times was editorially connected with the *Globe* and the *Transcript*. His masterly critique on Macaulay made him known, and he soon entered on his career as a prominent lecturer throughout the United States. His published volumes are: *Essays and Reviews* (2 vols., 1848–49); *Literature and Life* (1849); *Character and Characteristic Men* (1866); *Success and its Conditions* (1870); *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1876), and, published after his death, *Recollections of Eminent Men* (1887); *American Literature, and Other Papers* (1887); *Outlooks on Society, Literature and Politics* (1888).

The following selection is from a severe review that enforces prime truths and exhibits the author's power of expression, but overlooks the value of Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words*, first in reminding one of a word *felt* in the memory, but not at the moment recalled, and secondly, in reminding one of synonyms

that may be used when there is a tendency to the repetition of a word — uses that render the book a very desirable addition to handy volumes for occasional reference.

MISUSE OF WORDS.

It is supposed that the development and the discipline of thought are to be conducted apart from the development and discipline of the power of expressing thought. Fill your head with words, and when you get an idea fit it to them — this is the current mode, prolific in famished intellects and starveling expressions. Hence the prevailing lack of intellectual conscientiousness, or closeness of expression to the thing — a palpable interval between them being revealed at the first probe of analysis. Words and things having thus no vital principle of union, being, in fact, attached or tied together, they can be easily detached or unbound, and the expression accordingly bears but the similitude of life.

But it is honorable to human nature that men hate to write unless inspired to write. As soon as rhetoric becomes a mechanical exercise it becomes a joyless drudgery, and drudgery ends in a mental disgust which impairs even the power to drudge. There is consequently a continual tendency to rebel against common-place, even among those engaged in its service. But the passage from this intellectual apathy to intellectual character commonly lies through intellectual anarchy. The literature of facts connected by truisms, and the literature of things connected by principles, are divided by a wide, chaotic domain, appropriated to the literature of desperation; and generally the first token that a writer has become disgusted with the truisms of the understanding is his ostentatious parade of the paradoxes of sensibility. He begins to rave the moment he ceases to repeat.

Now the vital processes of thought and expression are processes of no single faculty or impulse, but of a whole nature, and mere sensibility, or mere understanding, or mere imagination, or mere will, can never of itself produce the effects of that collected, concentrated, personal

power, in which will, intellect, and sensibility are all consolidated in one individuality. The utmost strain and stir of the impulses can but mimic strength, when they are disconnected from character. Passion, in the minds of the anarchists of letters, instead of being poured through the intellect to stimulate intelligence into power, frets and foams into mere passionateness. It does not condense the faculty in which it inheres, but diffuses the faculty to which it coheres. It makes especial claim to force; but the force of simple sensibility is a pretentious force, evincing no general might of nature, no innate, original, self-centred energy. It blusters furiously about its personal vigor, and lays a bullying emphasis on the "ME," but its self-assertion is without self-poise or self-might. The grand object of its tempestuous conceit is to make a little nature, split into fragmentary faculties and impulses, look like a great nature, stirred by strong passions, illumined by positive ideas, and directed to definite ends. And it must be admitted that, so far as the public is concerned, it often succeeds in the deception. Commonplace, though crazed into strange shapes by the *delirium tremens* of sensibility, and uttering itself in strange shrieks and screams, is essentially commonplace still, but it often passes for the fine frenzy and upward, rocket-like rush of impassioned imagination. The writer, therefore, who is enabled, by a felicitous deformity of nature, to indulge in it, contrives to make many sensible people guilty of the blasphemy of calling him a genius; if he have the knack of rhyming, and can set to music his agonies of weakness and ecstasies of imbecility, he is puffed as a great poet, superior to all the restraints of artistic law; and he is allowed to huddle together appetite and aspiration, earth and heaven, man and God, in a truculent fashion peculiarly his own. Hence such "popular" poems as Mr. Bailey's *Festus* and Mr. Robert Montgomery's *Satan*.

The misuse of words in this literature of ungoverned or ungovernable sensibility has become so general as to threaten the validity of all definitions. The connection between sign and thing signified has been so severed that it resembles the logic of that eminent master of

argumentation of whom it was said "that his premises might be afflicted with the confluent small-pox without his conclusion being in any danger of catching it." Objects are distorted, relations disturbed, language put upon the rack to torment it into intensity, and the whole composition seems, like Tennyson's organ, to be "groaning for power," yet the result, both of the mental and verbal bombast, is simply a feverish feebleness, equally effecting thought and style. Big and passionate as are the words, and terrible as has been their execution in competent hands, they resolutely refuse to do the work of dunces and maniacs. The spirits are called, but they decline to come.

Yet this resounding emptiness of diction is not without popularity and influence, though its popularity has no deep roots, and its influence is shallow. Its superficial effectiveness is indicated, not more by the success of the passionate men who fall naturally into it, than by the success of the shrewd men who coldly intimate it. Thus Sheridan, who of all orators had the least sensibility and the most wit and cunning, adopted in many of his speeches a style as bloated as his own face, full of fustian deliberately manufactured, and rant betraying the most painful elaboration. Our own legislative eloquence is singularly rich in speeches whose diction is a happy compound of politic wrath and flimsy fancies, glowing with rage worthy of Counsellor Phillip's philippics, and spangled with flowers that might have been gathered in the garden of Mr. Hervey's *Meditations*. But we should do great injustice to these orators if we supposed them as foolish as they try to make themselves appear in their eloquence; and it is safe to impute more than ordinary reptile sagacity, and more than ordinary skill in party management, to those politicians who indulge in more than ordinary nonsense in their declamations. The incapacity to feel which their bombast evinces proves they are in no danger of being whirled into imprudences by the mad emotions they affect. Such oratory, however, has a brassy taint and ring inexpressibly distasteful both to the physical and intellectual

sense, and its deliberate hypocrisy of feeling is a sure sign of profligacy of mind.

It is only, however, when sensibility is genuine and predominant that it produces that anarchy of the intellect in which the literature of desperation, as contrasted with the literature of inspiration, has its source. The chief characteristic of this literature is absence of restraint. Its law is lawlessness. It is developed according to no interior principle of growth; it adapts itself to no exterior principle of art. In view of this, it is somewhat singular that so large a portion of its products should be characterized by such essential mediocrity, since it might be supposed that an ordinary nature, disordered by passion, and unrestrained by law, with a brain made irritable, if not sensitive, by internal rage, would exhibit some hysteric burst of genius. But a sharp inspection reveals, in a majority of cases, that it is the old commonplace galvanized. Its heat is not that of fire, but of hot water, and no fusing-power is perceptible in its weltering expanse. . . .

Even in those writers in whom this sensibility is connected with some genius, and the elements of whose minds exhibit marks of spontaneous power, we are continually impressed with the impotence of anarchy to create, or combine, or portray. They never present the thing itself about which they rave, but only their feelings about the thing. They project into nature and life the same confusion of objects and relations which exists in their own minds, and stir without satisfying. That misrepresentation is a mental as well as moral offence, and that no intellect is sound unless it be conscientiously close to the truth of things in perception and expression, are maxims which they scorn to allow as checks on their freedom of impulse. But, with all their bluster, they cannot conceal the limitation of their natures in the impudence of their claims.— *Literature and Life.*

WHITCHER, Frances Miriam Berry ("Widow Bedott"), an American humorist; born at Whitesboro, N. Y., November 1, 1811; died there, January 4, 1852. She was the daughter of Lewis Berry, was educated in village-schools, and in 1847 was married to the Rev. Benjamin W. Whitcher, pastor of a Protestant Episcopal Church at Elmira, N. Y., where she resided until 1850. She contributed to magazines and journals, and illustrated some of her works. Her writings were published collectively after her death. These are: *The Widow Bedott Papers,* with an Introduction by Alice B. Neal (1855), and *Widow Spriggins, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches,* edited, with a Memoir, by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whitcher (1867).

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' by the fire — I was knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me "Silly," 'cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you; he had a sollem countenance naterally — and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and cer-

tingly you wouldn't wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why, it is an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadn't seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for five or six years after I shouldn't desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out of health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said ——

But I was a gwine to tell you what my husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"; says I, "What?" I didn't say "What, Hezekier?" for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin'. "Hezekier Bedott," says I, "well, I would give up if I had sich a name;" but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you had this minute o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott. It's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said.

He says to me, says he, "Silly," I says, says I, "What?" If I didn't say "What," when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay particular attention, and I ginerrly did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, didn't know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldn't wish his first enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but *he* didn't. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss slay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickerment,* don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didn't. He only said, said he, "Consarn it." How did we get out, did you ask? Why we might a been sittin' there to this day, fur as *I* know, if there hadn't a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team end they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly" (I could see by the light o' the fire, there didn't happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company). I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, *"We're all Poor critters!"—Widow Bedott Papers.*

WHITE, Andrew Dickson, an American diplomat and educator; born at Homer, N. Y., November 2, 1832. He was graduated from Yale in 1853; traveled in Europe; studied at Sorbonne and College de France from 1853 to 1854; attaché to legation of the United States, St. Petersburg, 1854 to 1855; studied in the University of Berlin, 1855 to 1856; Professor of History and English Literature, University of Michigan, 1857 to 1863; returned to Syracuse and was elected State Senator, in which capacity (1863 to 1867) he introduced reports and bills codifying the school laws, creating a new system of normal schools, establishing a new health board in the city of New York, and incorporating Cornell University at Ithaca. He was chosen first president of that university in 1866; visited Europe to purchase books and apparatus therefor, and make special study of European educational methods. He has in addition to the presidency filled the chair of modern history. He was one of the Commissioners to Santo Domingo in 1871 and a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878. He was Minister to Germany in 1879–1881, and to Russia in 1892–1894. He was a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission and Ambassador to Germany from 1897 to 1903. He was President of the American delegation at The Hague Peace Conference. Mr. White was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution and an officer of the Legion of Honor of France. His principal works are: *The Warfare of Science* (1876); *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* (1897); *Eu-*

ropean Schools of History; The New Germany; Chapters from My Diplomatic Life (1903).

The following selection formed part of the address of Ambassador White at the farewell banquet given to him November 11, 1904. It was a most remarkable occasion, in which the Imperial Government, the diplomatic corps, the Universities, the Royal Academy, and leading representatives of science, literature and art were present. In a certain sense the address of Dr. White was his "farewell testament" to Germany. Previously, in various addresses, he had endeavored to reveal Germany to Americans; he now sought to reveal America to Germans, in the hope of promoting the growth of good relations between the two countries.

A REVELATION OF AMERICA TO GERMANY.

THERE is no function of a foreign representative in any great State more important than bringing the nation from which he comes and the nation to which he goes into a closer understanding of each other. A very eminent thinker once said, "The man I do not like is generally the man I do not know." The same may be said of nations.

Having long labored to acquaint America with Germany, I may the more freely ask permission to do something to acquaint Germany with America.

The first thing to which I would call attention is a fact well known to thinking Americans, but little known to the rest of the world. It is the fact that the people of the United States, while on a superficial view the most materialistic of nations, are, at the same time, among those most powerfully swayed by beliefs, ideals and sentiment. Many of you will be inclined to doubt this; but, from a long experience, I can assure you that those gravely err in any estimate of the history of the United States who leave this fact out of their calculations. In

no country can the action of these two forces — apparently so antagonistic — making, on the one side, for the practical, and, on the other, for the ideal, be seen more vigorously acting and reacting on each other. There are utterances appealing to ideal considerations, in the Declaration of Independence, in Washington's Farewell Address, in Daniel Webster's Reply to Hayne, in President Jackson's Declaration Regarding the Union and in Lincoln's Speech at Gettysburg, which millions on millions of Americans regard as oracles, as inspired commands, compared to which all material advantage is as nothing.

In every one of the great political struggles of the Union thus far this influence of ideals can be clearly seen, and the same thing is true regarding every one of the wars in which the American Republic has been engaged thus far.

A typical example was seen in the great Civil War. From a materialistic point of view, the arguments against any such struggle were infinitely strong. Every one saw them and felt them. Still, the deep sentiment of moral and intellectual aversion toward slavery more and more conquered this materialistic feeling. It seemed for some years that the material interests of the nation might, after all, conquer. We were told that in case of war with the slave power the cotton supply would be lost, and that grass would grow in the streets of our great cities. There was an enormous party, probably a majority, in the Union, who believed this doctrine of materialism and tried to subordinate to it moral consideration and our national ideal. Suddenly all this fabric of materialistic thought was whiffed away in a moment. The cannot-shot fired at the American flag on Fort Sumter at Charleston gave a united sentiment to the American people which swept away all materialistic considerations. This sentiment was not a mere sudden flash of anger; it was a conviction and a devotion as real and as permanent as that which seized Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. This it was which, against all disappointments and defeats, kept up the courage and the energy of the loyal part of the Union during the four terrible years which led to the triumph of nationality and the destruction of slavery.

Much has been said of the keenness of American dollar hunting and the devoutness of American dollar worship. The former I admit; the latter I deny. Keenness in dollar hunting is indeed great; but I know of no country in which money is less worshiped as money. The gift of over seventy millions of dollars last year to colleges, libraries and universities, to say nothing of other vast gifts, abundantly proves that, if the American knows how to chase the mighty dollar, he also knows how to use it.

It may be said that these great gifts by millionaires merely result from a desire to atone for their making such huge fortunes or to erect monuments to their own glory. Doubtless there is at times an alloy of this feeling; but I believe that the great current of their feeling is sound and patriotic, and I believe it for the reason that even larger gifts than theirs, in the aggregate, for every sort of noble purpose, are made by men and women of small means throughout the whole country.

It was my fortune to be President of the American Delegation at the Peace Conference of The Hague. That conference was held at a time when the American people were supposed to be, and indeed were, more occupied with every sort of enterprise, large and small, than ever before; and yet no other nation found time to make such efforts for the creation of a Tribunal of Arbitration and for the establishment of every possible guaranty for peace. The mails and cables were burdened with messages to us from all sorts and conditions of men, in all parts of the American Republic. Some were eloquent; some easily lent themselves to ridicule; some were deeply pathetic. One, I remember, which came from a Protestant Bishop in one of the remotest Southwestern States of the American Union, was one of the most touching utterances I have ever seen. It was simply a circular letter begging his clergy and laity to put up constant prayers that the chances for the peace of the world might be increased by the conference. This circular letter had at least one interesting result. It was shown to the late venerable Chancellor of the German Empire, and it deeply affected him. I have had ample opportunities to compare American materialism with American idealism during my connection with

the Diplomatic Service. The American Embassy in Berlin has had, during many years, to deal with questions of material interests, some very serious, but not one of them stirred a tithe of the widespread, deep feeling which was aroused in 1899 by the hope that something might be done for humanity in the way of increasing the chances for peace among nations.

There is nothing that need surprise one in my statement that the American people really, in their hearts, cherish ideals more precious than material gains. Let me remind you that the great body of the first settlers of the territory now occupied by the American Union came to it in obedience to religious and political ideals, and that, in doing this, they abjured all material considerations. Let me remind you that this immigration in obedience to ideal motives was continued during more than a century There is nothing strange, then, in the fact — for it is a fact —that the American people have inherited and to-day show a devotion strong and unmistakable for other than mere material gains.

And this brings me to another American characteristic. It is absolutely certain that, like the German people, the people of the United States are most sincerely devoted to peace. They seek, above all things, to live at peace with other nations, and to do all in their power to promote peace throughout the world. No one really acquainted with the United States will gainsay this. It would indeed be a mistake to suppose that this devotion to peace would lead to anything like tame submission to wrong; but it certainly is rendering war between the United States and other nations more and more improbable. At various times in our recent history sensation mongers in the press and jingo orators on the stump have striven to provoke belligerent feelings; but the sober second thought has prevailed, and, in every case where arbitration has been possible, there has been an overwhelming insistence upon it by the great mass of American citizens. Probably no nation ever felt a deeper and more universal bitterness toward another than the United States toward Great Britain at the close of our Civil War. I need not recall the causes of that feeling; but the great fact to be

observed is that President Grant, with the American people at his back, turned a deaf ear to demagogs and demagogism, to jingoes and jingoism, and insisted that all the questions at issue should be settled by peaceful arbitration. The result is a matter of history. Again and again has the American people demanded and obtained the peaceful settlement of questions such as, in former days, led so often to war. The case just arbitrated between the United States and Mexico abundantly shows this.

There is yet one other characteristic of American life to which I wish especially to call attention, and that is the constant and increasing respect for Germany in every part of the United States. Such respect surely leads to a widespread desire for nearer acquaintance and friendship. The manifestations of German courage, energy, patience, in the century just ended, have especially contributed to this feeling. Evidences of it meet a thoughtful observer at every turn. One evidence is to be seen in the ever increasing American demand for knowledge of Germany—of her institutions, of her history, of her literature. An American newspaper is considered as sadly lacking in enterprise if it does not frequently give its readers valuable news or descriptive letters from Germany. Such letters, while often finding matter for amusement in differences of custom and opinion, are almost without exception fair in their judgments and kindly in their spirit. Still another evidence of this feeling is to be seen in the remarkable growth of American higher education — scientific, literary and technical — during the last forty years. It is a curious fact that while, down to the middle of the nineteenth century, the ideas regarding education which controlled American institutions of learning were derived almost entirely from Great Britain, since that time, during the whole latter part of that century, the ideas and methods which permeate and give substance to American instruction in every field, whether in literature, in scientific investigation, in theology, in medicine, in technical processes, in the whole range of higher instruction, save in law, have come and are coming from Germany. Singular indeed it seems

that while, to this hour, the outer forms of higher instruction and even collegiate and university architecture continue to be derived mainly from English universities, the whole body of instruction is, by far, most strongly influenced from Germany. It is a most significant fact that, in spite of the wonderful attractions of English university life, hardly more than a handful of American students are ever to be found either at Oxford or Cambridge, while in the German universities and special schools for advanced instruction American students are to be found by hundreds and even thousands. I need hardly point out the effect of this in strengthening the relations between the two countries. Every American student who passes even a single semester in a German university absorbs a respect for the German fatherland, gratitude to its institutions of learning and admiration for its professors. The result of this is that, more and more, German history, German literature and the German language are cultivated aomng the leaders of American thought in every field.

WHITE, GILBERT, an English clergyman and naturalist; born at Selborne, Hampshire, July 18, 1720; died at Oxford, June 20, 1793. He received his education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, and at Oxford. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, and was made one of the senior proctors of the university in 1752. He soon fixed his residence in his native village, where he passed a quiet life in study, especially in close observation of nature. His principal work, *The Natural History of Selborne* (1789; new "edition with notes by Frank Buckland," 1875), is a model of its kind,

of enduring interest; it was soon translated into German. It deals with a great variety of phenomena that came under the author's notice, and is in the form of letters. Thomas Brown's edition (1875) contains *Observations on Various Parts of Nature* and *The Naturalist's Calendar,* first published after the author's death. In 1876 appeared a volume of White's unpublished letters.

THE HOUSE-MARTEN.

SELBORNE, *November 20, 1773.*

DEAR SIR: In obedience to your injunctions, I sit down to give you some account of the house-marten, or marlet; and, if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the British *hirundines* — the swallow, the swift, and the bank-marten.

A few house-martens begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the *hirundines* in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the marten begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws, to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall, without any projecting ledge under it, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining

its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and, thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but, by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (informed at first, perhaps, by this little bird), raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist, lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed an hemispheric nest, with a small aperture toward the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then, nothing is more common than for a house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labor is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain, martens will breed on for several years together in the same nest, when it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of weather. The shell, or crust, of the nest is a sort of rustic work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bed of moss, interwoven with wool. . . .

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young

are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering, on sunny mornings and evenings, round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and, therefore, we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes altogether; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These, approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those that breed in a ready finished house get the start, in hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labors in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials, they plaster them on their chins, moving their heads with a quick, vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes, in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martens usually build to a northeast or northwest aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests: but instances are also remembered where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot, stifled inn-yard against a wall facing to the south.

Birds in general are wise in their choice of situation; but, in this neighborhood, every summer, is seen a strong proof to the contrary, at a house without eaves, in an exposed district, where sometimes martens build year by year in the corners of windows. But as the corners of these windows (which face to the southeast and southwest) are too shallow, the nests are washed down every hard rain; and yet these birds drudge on to no purpose, from summer to summer, without changing their aspect or house. It is a piteous sight to see them laboring when

half their nest is washed away, and bringing dirt "*generis lapsi scycire ruinas.*" Thus is instinct a most wonderfully unequal faculty; in some instances so much above reason, in other respects so far below it! Martens love to frequent towers, especially if there are great lakes and rivers at hand; nay, they even affect the close air of London. And I have not only seen them nesting in the Borough, but even in the Strand and Fleet Street; but then it was obvious, from the dinginess of their aspect, that their feathers partook of the filth of that sooty atmosphere. Martens are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns, and quick-glancing evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly, they make use of a placid, easy motion, in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping along together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all swallow-kind: in 1772, they had nestlings on to October 21st, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines, the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods: till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them, I mean, in vast flocks together, about the beginning of October; but have appeared of late years, in considerable flight, in this neighborhood, for one day or two, as late as November the third or sixth, after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They, therefore, withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived, indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where there they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, or somewhere; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.— *Natural History of Selborne.*

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, an English poet; born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785; died at Cambridge, October 19, 1806. He was the son of a butcher, and assisted in his father's shop until the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, but was soon afterward placed in an attorney's office, where he applied his leisure hours to study, acquiring some knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. Before he was sixteen he had gained several prizes offered by periodicals, and in 1803 he published a small volume of poems, with the hope, he says, that its publication would enable him "to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honorable station in the scale of society." A sizarship was obtained for him at St. John's College, Cambridge, and friends furnished funds sufficient for his maintenance while preparing himself for the Church. His *Remains* were edited by Southey, with a touching *Memoir,* and a memorial tablet, with a medallion portrait by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge. Kirke White's poems were, with the exception of a few stanzas, written before his twentieth year, and previous to his entering the University. *Clifton Grove,* the longest of his poems, is somewhat after the manner of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.* He left uncompleted a more ambitious effort — *The Christian.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the sight was dark;
The ocean yawned; and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem.
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored — my perils o'er —
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds!

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark the victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale.
Unnoticed and alone
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storm
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk of life
She rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved,

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

SONNET.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

BRITAIN A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

Where now is Britain?— Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.—— Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude — Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before — espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.— To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

THE CHRISTIAD.

(Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.)

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyric which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

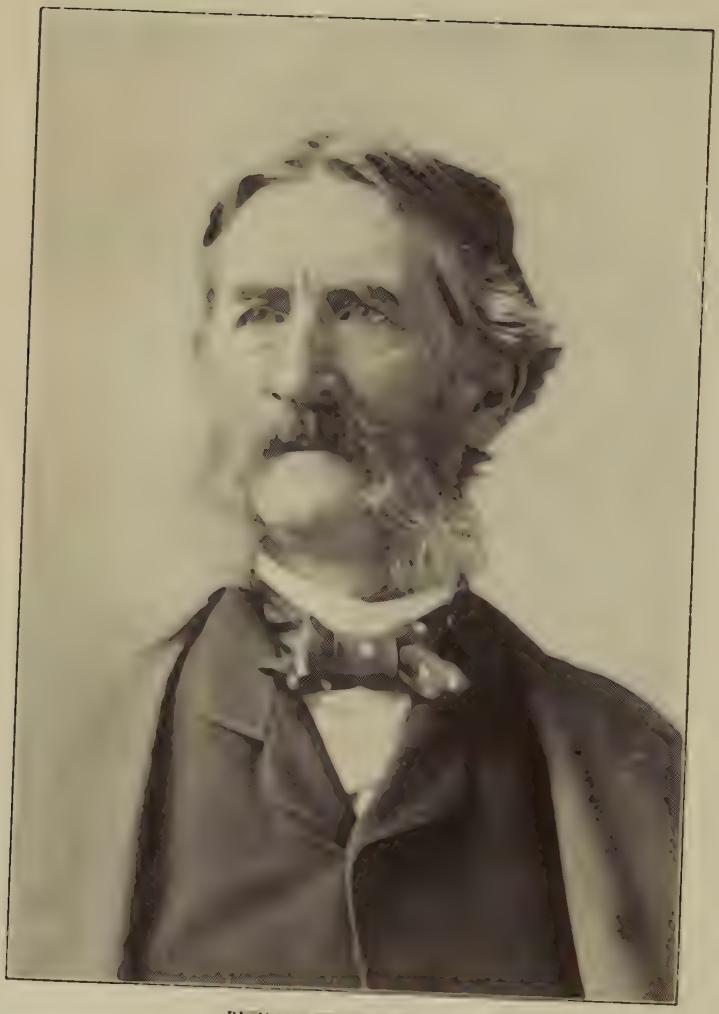
And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,

One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveler in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO, an English clergyman and poet; born at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775; died at Liverpool, England, May 20, 1841. He edited in England, in the interests of Spanish independence, a monthly journal, *El Español* (1810–1814); also *Las Variedades* (1822–1825); and the London *Review* (1829). He evolved from a Catholic priest through the Church of England into a Unitarian minister. Some of his publications are: *Letters from Spain, by Leucadio Doblado* (1822); *Practical and Internal Evidence Against Catholicism* (1825); *The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery* (1825); *Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* (2 vols. 1833). Coleridge pronounced his *Night and Death* the finest sonnet in the English language.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name.
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!



RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

WHITE, RICHARD GRANT, an American essayist and critic; born at New York, May 22, 1821; died there, April 8, 1885. He was graduated from the University of the City of New York; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. But he previously had turned his attention to literature, and never entered upon legal practice. Before he had reached his majority he published anonymously a fine sonnet upon Washington, which came to be attributed to more than one poet of note — among whom were Wordsworth and Landor. Without being ostensibly the editor of any periodical, he was editorially connected with several newspapers and magazines. For more than twenty years — ending in 1878 — he held positions in the United States Revenue Service at New York. His works, while covering a wide range of topics, relate mainly to general philology, and especially to Shakespeare and his writings. His most important works are *Handbook of Christian Art* (1853); *Shakespeare's Scholar* (1854); *Three Parts of Henry VI.* (1859); *National Hymns* (1861); *Life and Genius of Shakespeare* (1865); *The New Gospel of Peace* (1866); *Words and Their Uses* (1870); *Every-day English* (1880); *England Without and Within* (1881); *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*

(1884); *Studies in Shakespeare* (1885), and *History of Italian Opera in New York.*

WASHINGTON: PATER PATRIÆ.

High over all whom might or mind made great,
  Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
  Exalted not by politicians' arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master Fate
And skill to rule a young, divided state,
  Greater by what was not than what was done,
  Alone on History's height stands Washington;

And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate.
  For only he, of men, on earth was sent
In all the might of mind's integrity;
  Ne'er as in him truth, strength, and wisdom blent;
And that his glory might eternal be,
  A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation his posterity.

SHAKESPEARE'S CREATIVE GENIUS.

Shakespeare used the skeletons of former life that had drifted down to him upon the stream of time, and were cast at his feet a heap of mere dead matter. But he clothed them with flesh and blood, and breathed into their nostrils; and they lived and moved with a life that was individual and self-existent after he had once thrown it off from his own exuberant intellectual vitality. He made his plays no galleries of portraits of his contemporaries, carefully seeking his models through the social scale, from king to beggar. His teeming brain bred lowlier beggars and kinglier kings than all Europe could have furnished as subjects for his portraiture. He found in his own consciousness ideals, the like of which, for beauty or deformity, neither he nor any other man had ever looked upon. In his heart were the motives, the passions of all humanity; in his mind the capability, if not the actuality, of all human thought. Nature, in forming him, alone of all the poets, had laid that touch

upon his soul which enabled him to live at will throughout all time, among all peoples.

Capable thus, in his complete and symmetrical nature, of feeling with and thinking for all mankind, he found in an isolated and momentary phase of his own existence the law which governed the life of those to whom that single phase was their whole sphere. From the germ within himself he produced the perfect individual as it had been or might have been developed. The eternal laws of human life were his servants by his heaven-bestowed prerogative, and he was yet their instrument. Conformed to them because instinct with them, obedient to yet swaying them, he used their subtle and unerring powers to work out from seemingly trivial and independent truths the vast problems of humanity; and, standing ever within the limits of his own experience, he read and reproduced the inner life of those on the loftiest heights or in the lowest depths of being, with the certainty of the physiologist who from the study of his own organization re-creates the monsters of the ante-human world, or of the astronomer who, not moving from his narrow study, announced the place, form, movement, and condition of a planet then hid from earthly eyes in the abyss of space.

Shakespeare thus suffered not even a temporary absorption of his personages; he lost not the least consciousness of selfhood, or the creator's power over the clay he was moulding. He was at no time a murderer in his heart because he drew Macbeth, or mad because he made King Lear. We see that, although he thinks with the brain and feels with the soul of each of his personages by turns, he has the power of deliberate introspection during this strange metempsychosis, and of standing outside of his transmuted self, and regarding these forms which his mind takes on as we do; in a word, of being at the same time actor and spectator.—*Life and Genius of Shakespeare.*

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD, an American novelist; born at Grand Rapids, Mich., March 12, 1873. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1895, and studied law at the Columbia Law School in 1896–7. His novels include *The Westerners* (1901); *The Claim Jumpers* (1901); *The Blazed Trail* (1902); *Conjuror's House* (1903); *The Forest* (1903); *The Mountains* (1905).

ON THE CATCHING OF A CERTAIN FISH.*

WE settled down peacefully on the River, and the weather, after so much enmity, was kind to us. Likewise did the flies disappear from the woods utterly.

Each morning we arose as the Red Gods willed; generally early, when the sun was just gilding the peaks to the westward; but not too early, before the white veil had left the River. Billy, with woodsman's contempt for economy, hewed great logs and burned them nobly in the cooking of trout, oatmeal, pancakes, and the like. We had constructed ourselves tables and benches between green trees, and there we ate. And great was the eating, beyond the official capacity of the human stomach. There offered little things to do delicious little things just on the hither side of idleness. A rod wrapping needed more waxed silk, a favorite fly required attention to prevent dissolution; the pistol was to be cleaned; a flag-pole seemed desirable; a trifle more of balsam could do no harm; clothes might stand drying, blankets airing. We accomplished these things leisurely, pausing for the telling of stories, for the puffing of pipes, for the sheer joy of contemplations. Deerskin slipper moccasins and flapping trousers attested our *dishabille*. And then somehow it was noon, and Billy again at the Dutch oven and the broiler.

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Trout we ate, and always more trout. Big fellows broiled with strips of bacon craftily sewn in and out of the pink flesh; medium fellows cut into steaks; little fellows fried crisp in corn-meal; big, medium, and little fellows mingled in component of the famous North Country *bouillon*, whose other ingredients are partridges and tomatoes and potatoes and onions and salt pork and flour, in combination delicious beyond belief. Nor ever did we tire of them, three times a day, printed statement to the contrary notwithstanding. And besides were many crafty dishes over whose construction the major portion of morning idleness was spent.

Now, at two o'clock, we groaned temporary little groans, and crawled, shrinking, into our river clothes, which we dared not to hang too near the fire for fear of the disintegrating scorch, and drew on soggy, hob-nailed shoes, with holes cut in the bottom, and plunged with howls of disgust into the upper riffles. Then the cautious leg-straddled passage of the swift current, during which we forgot forever — which eternity alone circles the bliss of an afternoon on the River — the chill of the water, and so came to the trail.

Now, at the Idiot's Delight, Dick and I parted company. By three o'clock I came again to the River, far up, half-way to the Big Falls. Deuce watched me gravely. With the first click of the reel he retired to the brush away from the backcast, there to remain until the pool was fished, and we could continue our journey.

In the swift leaping water, at the smooth back of the eddy, in the white foam, under the dark cliff shadow, here, there, everywhere, the bright flies drop softly like strange snowflakes. The game is as interesting as pistol-shooting. To hit the mark, that is enough. And then a swirl of water and a broad, lazy tail wakes you to the fact that other matters are yours. Verily the fish of the North Country are mighty beyond all others.

Over the river rests the sheen of light, over the hills rests the sheen of romance. The land is enchanted Birds dip and sway, advance and retreat, leaves toss their hands in greeting, or bend and whisper one to the other; splashes of sun fall heavy as metal through the

yielding screens of branches; little breezes wander hesitatingly here and there, to sink like spent kites on the nearest bar of sun-warmed shingles; the stream shouts and gurgles, murmurs, hushes, lies still and secret as though to warn you to discretion, breaks away with a shriek of hilarity when your discretion has been assured. There is in you a great leisure, as though the day would never end. There is in you a great keenness. One part of you is vibrantly alive. Your wrist muscles contract almost automatically at the swirl of a rise, and the hum of life along the gossamer of your line gains its communication with every nerve in your body. The question of gear and method you attack clear-minded. What fly? Montreal, Parmachenee Bells, Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Professor, Brown Hackle, Cowdung — these grand lures for the North Country trout receive each its due test and attention. And on the tail snell what fisherman has not the Gamble — the unusual, obscure, multinamed fly which may, in the occultism of his taste, attract the Big Fellows? Besides, there remains always the handling. Does your trout to-day fancy the skittering of his food, or the withdrawal in three jerks, or the inch-deep sinking of the fly? Does he want it across current or up current? will he rise with a snap, or is he going to come slowly, or is he going to play? These be problems interesting, insistent to be solved, with the ready test within the reach of your skill.

But that alertness is only the one side of your mood. No matter how difficult the selection, how strenuous the fight, there is in you a large feeling that might almost be described as Buddhistic. Time has nothing to do with your problems. The world has quietly run down, and has been embalmed with all its sweetness of light and color and sound in a warm lethe bath of sun. This afternoon is going to last forever. You note and enjoy and savor the little pleasures, unhurried by the thought that anything else, whether of pleasure or duty, is to follow.

And so for long, delicious æons. The River flows on, ever on; the hills watch, watch always; the birds sing;

the sun shines grateful across your shoulders; the big trout and the little rise in predestined order and make their predestined fight and go their predestined way either to liberty or the creel; the pools and the rapids and the riffles slip by up-stream as though they had been withdrawn rather than as though you had advanced.

Then suddenly the day has dropped its wings. The earth moves forward with a jar. Things are to be accomplished; things are being accomplished. The River is hurrying down to the Lake; the birds have business of their own to attend to, an' it please you; the hills are waiting for something that has not yet happened, but they are ready. Startled, you look up. The afternoon has finished. Your last step has taken you over the edge of the shadow cast by the setting sun across the range of hills.

For the first time you look about you to see where you are. It has not mattered before. Now you know that shortly it will be dark. Still remain below you four pools. A great haste seizes you.

"If I take my rod apart, and strike through the woods," you argue, "I can make the Narrows, and I am sure there is a big trout there."

Why the Narrows should be any more likely to contain a big trout than any of the three other pools, you would not be able to explain. In half an hour it will be dark. You hurry. In the forest it is already twilight, but by now you know the forest well. Preoccupied, feverish with your great idea, you hasten on. The birds, silent all in the brooding of night, rise ghostly to right and left. Shadows steal away like hostile spies among the tree-trunks. The silver of last daylight gleams ahead of you through the brush. You know it for the Narrows, whither the instinct of your eagerness has led you as accurately as a compass through the forest.

Fervently, as though this were of world's affairs the most important, you congratulate yourself on being in time. Your rod seems to joint itself. In a moment the cast drops like a breath on the molten silver. Nothing. Another try a trifle lower down. Nothing. A little wandering breeze spoils your fourth attempt, carry-

ing the leader far to the left. Curses, deep and fervent. The daylight is fading, draining away. A fifth cast falls forty feet out. Slowly you drag the flies across the current, reluctant to recover until the latest possible moment. And so, when your rod is foolishly upright, your line slack, and your flies motionless, there rolls slowly up and over the trout of trouts. You see a broad side, the whirl of a fan tail that looks to you to be at least six inches across — and the current slides on, silverlike, smooth, indifferent to the wild leap of your heart.

Like a crazy man, you shorten your line. Six seconds later your flies fall skillfully just up-stream from where last you saw that wonderful tail.

But six seconds may be a long, long period of time. You have feared and hoped and speculated and realized — feared that the leviathan has pricked himself, and so will not rise again; hoped that his appearance merely indicated curiosity which he will desire further to satisfy; speculated on whether your skill can drop the fly exactly on that spot, as it must be dropped; and realized that, whatever be the truth as to all those fears and hopes and speculations, this is irrevocably your last chance.

For an instant you allow the flies to drift down-stream, to be floated here and there by idle little eddies, to be sucked down and spat out of tiny suction-holes. Then cautiously you draw them across the surface of the waters. *Thump — thump — thump* — your heart slows up with disappointment. Then, mysteriously, like the stirring of the waters by some invisible hand, the molten silver is broken in its smoothness. The Royal Coachman quietly disappears. With all the brakes shrieking on your desire to shut your eyes and heave a mighty heave, you depress your butt and strike.

Then in the twilight the battle. No leisure is here, only quivering, intense, agonized anxiety. The affair transcends the moment. Purposes and necessities of untold ages have concentrated, so that somehow back of your consciousness rest hosts of disembodied hopes, tendencies, evolutionary progressions, all breathless lest you

prove unequal to the struggle for which they have been so long preparing. Responsibility, vast, vague, formless, is yours. Only the fact that you are wholly occupied with the exigence of the moment prevents your understanding of what it is, but it hovers dark and depressing behind your possible failure. You must win. This is no fish; it is opportunity itself, and once gone it will never return. The mysticism of lower dusk in the forest, of upper afterglow on the hills, of the chill of evening waters and winds, of the glint of strange phantoms under the darkness of cliffs, of the whisperings and shoutings of Things you are too busy to identify out in the gray of North Country awe — all these menace you with indeterminate dread. Knee-deep, waist-deep, swift water, slack water, down-stream, up-stream, with red eyes straining into the dimness, with every muscle taut and every nerve quivering, you follow the ripping of your line. You have consecrated yourself to the uttermost. The minutes stalk by you gigantic. You are a stable pin-point in whirling phantasms. And you are very little, very small, very inadequate among these titans of circumstance.

Thrice he breaks water, a white and ghostly apparition from the deep. Your heart stops with your reel, and only resumes its office when again the line sings safely. The darkness falls, and with it, like the mysterious strength of Sir Gareth's opponent, falls the power of your adversary. His rushes shorten. The blown world of your uncertainty shrinks to the normal. From the haze of your consciousness, as through a fog, loom the old familiar forest, and the hills, and the River. Slowly you creep from that strange and enchanted land. The sullen trout yields. In all gentleness you float him within reach of your net. Quietly, breathlessly, you walk ashore, and over the beach, and an unnecessary hundred feet from the water, lest he retain still a flop. Then you lay him upon the stones and lift up your heart in rejoicing.

How you get to camp you never clearly know. Exultation lifts your feet. Wings, wings, O ye Red Gods, wings to carry the body whither the spirit hath already

soared, and stooped, and circled back in impatience to see why still the body lingers! Ordinarily you can cross the riffles above the Half-Way Pool only with caution and prayer and a stout staff craftily employed. This night you can — and do — splash across hand-free as recklessly as you would wade a little brook. There is no stumble in you, for you have done a great deed, and the Red Gods are smiling.

Through the trees glows a light, and in the center of that light are leaping flames, and in the circle of that light stand, rough hewn in orange, the tent and the table and the waiting figures of your companions. You stop short, and swallow hard, and saunter into camp as one indifferent.

Carelessly you toss aside your creel — into the darkest corner, as though it were unimportant — nonchalantly you lean your rod against the slant of your tent, wearily you seat yourself and begin to draw off your drenched garments. Billy bends toward the fire. Dick gets you your dry clothes. Nobody says anything, for everybody is hungry. No one asks you any questions, for on the River you get in almost any time of night.

Finally, as you are hanging your wet things near the fire, you inquire casually over your shoulder:

"Dick, have any luck?"

Dick tells you. You listen with apparent interest. He has caught a three-pounder. He describes the spot and the method and the struggle. He is very much pleased. You pity him.

The three of you eat supper, lots of supper. Billy arises first, filling his pipe. He hangs water over the fire for the dishwashing. You and Dick sit hunched on a log, blissfully happy in the moments of digestion, ruminative, watching the blaze. The tobacco-smoke eddies and sucks upward to join the wood-smoke. Billy moves here and there in the fulfillment of his simple tasks, casting his shadow wavering and gigantic against the firelit trees. By and by he has finished. He gathers up the straps of Dick's creel, and turns to the shadow for your own. He is going to clean the fish. It is

the moment you have watched for. You shroud yourself in profound indifference.

"Sacré!" shrieks Billy.

You do not even turn your head.

"Jumping jiraffes! why, it's a whale!" cries Dick.

You roll a blasé eye in their direction, as though such puerile enthusiasm wearies you.

"Yes, it's quite a little fish," you concede.

They swarm down upon you demanding particulars. These you accord laconically, a word at a time, in answer to direct questions, between puffs of smoke.

"At the Narrows. Royal Coachman. Just before I came in. Pretty fair fight. Just at the edge of the eddy," and so on. But your soul glories.

The tape-line is brought out. Twenty-nine inches it records. Holy smoke, what a fish! Your air implies that you will probably catch three more just like him on the morrow. Dick and Billy make tracings of him on the birch bark. You retain your lofty calm; but inside you are little quivers of rapture. And when you awake, late in the night, you are conscious first of all that you are happy, happy, happy, all through; and only when the drowse drains away do you remember why.—*The Outlook.*

WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN, an American journalist and essayist; born at Emporia, Kan., in 1868. He was educated at the University of Kansas, and in 1890 became editor of the Eldorado *Republican.* In 1894 he purchased the Emporia *Gazette,* in which journal he published in 1896, an editorial "What is the Matter with Kansas," which was reprinted and read throughout the country. His books include *The Real Issue* (1896); *The Court of Boyville* (1899); *Stratagems and Spoils* (1901).

KANSAS: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

Kansas was marked out on the desert about a generation ago. The word "aid" appeared on the first page of her history, in connection with the "Emigrant Aid Society." The people of the State have received aid ever since. For a while it came in boxes, during the early battles with grasshoppers and drouths: later it arrived in the shape of loan companies, mortgage companies, trust companies. Growth has been forced in the State. A great commonwealth — and it is indeed truly marvelous — has been builded on these prairies by the Kansas people with other people's money. The trouble with Kansas is not that she has forgotten what a great community she has established, but that it has been established with other people's money. Hence the popularity of the slogan, "the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner." That, by the way, is no new theory. It is as old as debt; and the proposition has appealed to the man in debt ever since the first borrower. Seldom, however, has the theorem found an entire community in debt, as it found Kansas. The wonder is not that Kansas was won by the guileful paradox,— for weakness is a very human attribute, — but that so many people should have been found in one community, whose condition was such that the philosophy of the dishonest debtor would move them all alike. In other communities there were debtors. They voted just as the Kansas debtor voted. But Kansas is a young State. She has found little time to pay her debts. She has been busily engaged in making them. The difference between Ohio and Kansas, for instance, does not lie in the kinds of men that inhabit each State, but in the fact that Ohio has had fifty years' start of Kansas in increasing the number of creditors,— the savers, the men on the right side of the ledger. Ohio had as many gentlemen who voted for the rights of the user as Kansas had. When Kansas thrift has been working and saving as many years as Ohio thrift, Kansas may have as virtuous a point of view as Ohio has to-day.

However, there is neither sense nor charity in palliating

the transgression of the debtor who refuses to pay his debt by pointing out the fact that the offence is common. It may benefit the Kansas Populist to remember that the guillotine was established in France by people who desired a release from the eternal payment of moneys for which they received no return; while the Kansas man — who flaunted the legend "Hang the Plutocrats!" — was seeking a release from the payment of money which he had received, which he had enjoyed, and which he had spent. The Kansas man is not unique. A considerable minority of the people of every State in the Union voted with the majority in Kansas. And because that minority is still rather uncomfortably in evidence all through the States it may be worth while to try to get a glimpse of the world from the standpoint of — to denominate him plainly — the American socialist.

And nowhere else is the American socialist so earnest, so outspoken, and so unhampered by scruples as in Kansas. That is because the Kansas man is an American, with no guiding motive, save his desire to kick. When the American does get off the track, he goes farther than anyone. His good sense, however, always brings him back; but while he is away from the reservation, he is a very bad Indian. There are indications that the ghost-dancing in Kansas is done; yet the State remains an excellent field wherein to study existing conditions of American socialism. For in this State men — average men, plain everyday Americans — are living in a social and economic atmosphere rarely to be met with.

Kansas was settled by men who went there for two reasons: First, to maintain a principle. This indicated that they were men of ideals. Second, to make their everlasting fortunes. The people of this generation who live in the Middle, Eastern, and Southern States were born where they live. They were satisfied to let well enough alone. But the men and women who went West, who now populate Kansas and the Western States, were men and women of marked force of character. They had ambition and will-power enough to pick up and leave their former environments. Now it is impossible in any community that everyone can be rich. Some must fall

by the way-side; and when many are debtors, as the Kansas people, by force of circumstances, were, the percentage that fail must necessarily be large. In Kansas, and in the West, the man whose life's ambition was thwarted, who, by the edict of nature, was doomed to failure, still had force enough left to complain; to seek some way out of the inevitable misfortune that had overtaken him. A child of the tenement, an hereditary coward, a beggar by association, a menial by education, may be ground lower and lower by the great machine of commerce; but here was a man who had grit and ambition and character enough to cross a continent, who had sufficient intelligence to appreciate the comforts and to long for the luxuries that American civilization uses as rewards of merit. When this man gets tangled up in the machine, the inexorable play of its cogs maddens him. In his anger he has not tried so seriously to get out of the grinding burrs as to break the machine.

The Kansan, in this struggle, has attracted general attention. The world, knowing that the nature of things will not be changed for the Kansas man, any more than for the man who wraps his talent in a napkin, has marvelled at the fantastic fight, and has said, "What a very peculiar man!" He is not a peculiar man. He has merely lost his temper; and he is strong. He is an American off on the wrong tack. Wherever this American is found battling against the natural order, — the order which makes every man responsible for his own success and blamable for his own failure; wherever a man is found seeking aid, other than that of his own two hands and the devices of his own brain, to escape destruction in the industrial mill; wherever a man is found asking his fellow-men to make him, by legislation, the mental or the financial equal of another man, — there is the exponent of the new socialism. The contention with the new socialism is the chief political affair before the American people to-day. And it is a question as vital in Massachusetts as it is in Kansas.

The term "new socialism" may be misleading; for it is the old socialism, — old as the envy of Cain, whose gift was not acceptable. But it is the old socialism under

new conditions — conditions exemplified with unusual brilliancy in Kansas. There the average man is the product of the school-house and the printing-press. Indeed it is the very universality of education and enlightenment — which we in Kansas brag of — that brings all this picturesque discontent. For generations the socialist dreamers have said the race would be entirely happy, if men only had equality of opportunity; if every man started out in the world with the same mental equipment that another man enjoyed. In Kansas this condition virtually exists. Yet the mental habit of a considerable number of the people is but a garment of sackcloth. Viewed casually this seems to be a hopeless situation. To the outsider Kansas seems to be a great commonwealth, peopled with strong, ambitious, intelligent men and women, a majority of whom are sitting among the potsherds, and throwing ashes into the air, that is vibrant with lamentations because there are no truffles for dinner. When this description appears as a fairly truthful picture of Kansas, it is natural that the home-seeker and the investor should avoid the State.

The most unfortunate phase of the situation is that the average Eastern observer does not see how conditions in Kansas may be changed. Nevertheless, they may be changed, and are changing.

In extreme Western Kansas, crops are uncertain, and the man on the farm, like *Uncle Remus's* rabbit, is "done bleedged to climb." There the farmer must work ten days in the week and sleep only on holidays. Life is a serious business with the farmer on the highlands; and because he has a hard, rough time of it, the casual observer in the East thinks the Western Kansas man is a Populist. The truth is that Western Kansas is more surely a Republican stronghold than any other portion of the State. That is Jerry Simpson's district. Mr. Simpson's vote in the Far-Western counties was smaller this time than it had ever been before. He was elected through Republican defection in the fertile valley of the Arkansas, and in the city of Witchita — the second city in population in the State. Take the Populist vote of this city from Mr. Simpson, and he would still be marshal of Medicine Lodge. And

hereby hangs a moral. People who are seriously at work have not time to dawdle away in dreams of Utopia. Put Kansas to work, — at reasonably profitable work, — and the Populist statesmen will be in search of an employment bureau.

WHITEING, RICHARD, an English journalist and novelist; born at London, July 27, 1840. He was educated privately and began his career in journalism in 1866 on the London *Morning Star*. Later he joined the staff of the *Daily News*, resigning in 1899. His works include *The Democracy* (1876); *The Island* (1888); *No. 5 John St.* (1899); *The Life of Paris* (1900); *The Yellow Van* (1903).

IN PARIS.

London was now quite out of the question: Paris compelled me to be so busy with itself. I had not seen it for years, and had never gone below the surface. The tomb of Napoleon, and the view from the Arch (see Guide) were about the measure of my experience. This time I found a guide of another kind, and he gave me a glimpse of the real show.

He put me down at the Flute, a delightful club, where they try to amuse themselves all the year round. When they are not fiddling, at select evening concerts, they are showing their pictures; and when they are not showing their pictures, they are holding an assault-at-arms — the Flute is a great school of fence — or reviewing the year in a fancy piece, written, mounted, and played by their own men, in their own theatre. My Mentor gave me a month — as he facetiously put it — at another club, the choicest thing here. Through an acquaintance at the Jockey, I found a boxseat on a coach for the private race meeting at La Marche — very pretty, very

select; no coming in your thousands, as at the Grand Prix, but just a snug thing between you and me, and a few others, of entirely the right sort. The women looked sweet and fresh as a bed of primroses; the course was like a tennis lawn; we lunched *al fresco,* and no one threw bones on the grass. Far, far away the yell of the bookmaker, and the smell of town. I never enjoyed anything more.

I was presented all round, and was engaged for a reception that night, at the house of one of the chaperones.

"You will see the best salon in Paris," said A.

"And what is a salon?"

"Well, I don't know; they say nobody knows but themselves. Perhaps a crowd of clever people trying to kill the worm of ennui. Nothing like that at home, where the beast is as sacred as the cow at Benares."

It was *grand monde* tinctured with literature — that was the social blend. We went to a delightfully old-fashioned house, one of the few left, and saluted a delightfully old-fashioned person — a Marquise, I believe, to complete the harmony of association — who looked like an original of some Moreau le Jeune. Her hair was silver — perfect Louis XV., without the powder puff; she had quick piercing eyes, black amid all this whiteness, and there was a suspicion of hoop in her skirts. She was the queen of a little court, and very condescending. The courtiers acted up to their part by elegant flatteries. They told little stories *at* her to exemplify her wit and spirit, and capped quotations from her last book, in stage asides. The book was just out, and we had learned it by heart that morning, as the inevitable topic of the small hours. It was a dainty *article de Paris;* all her ripe experiences of life distilled in maxim, after the manner of M. de la Rochefoucauld. Every other maxim was about love; they are sometimes too young, but never too old for that vital theme. There was a certain disinterested grandeur in the attitude of the Marquise. "I too have played the grand game," she seemed to say, "and now I umpire the match."

"'One of the consolations of old age for a woman,'

said a quoting courtier to his neighbours, 'is to dare follow her inclinations without peril of love, and show herself a devoted friend, without encouraging dangerous hopes.' Is it possible to speak with more *finesse?*"

"I overheard you," said the Marquise gaily, "but you weaken the compliment by talking so loud. I am not old enough to be deaf."

"For my part," said the other, "I want to know how the Marquise found you all out so well, *vous autres.* Listen to this: 'Habit has as much power over the nature of men as the unknown over the mind of women.' That is my pearl from the chaplet. It is so true."

"And so finely said!"

"Ah, all you care about is the workmanship," said our hostess. "But I tell you, I have lived all that."

A General came by, with a charming woman on his arm. He was, in some sort, a counterpart of the elderly muse — silvery hair, a raven brow, and sparkling eyes.

"The butcher of the Commune," whispered A. to me. "His column made the fewest prisoners."

"They are beginning to be troublesome again, General," I heard the lady say. "That dreadful meeting yesterday! Did you see the account?"

"We are ready for them, Madame; and with the old argument, mitraille; I assure you they only pretend to like it: it hurts."

There was a story about everybody — not always a good one; but their worst stories were told in their best way. With us, there is so much ingenuity of subterfuge in the other direction. We might do as well, if we dared. They dare, because the women insist on it, and the sovereign obligation is to keep the women amused — the best women, and best is brightest here. It is a great assault of arms for the gallery, and, if you have a good place, it is pleasanter to be in the gallery than in the ring. The exertion is terrible; some of the most noted performers, I believe, lie abed all next day. You have to justify by gifts, as well as by graces; and the gifts are not always there. Beautiful statues are left on their pedestals: the word tells.

Still, I don't think they make the best of their women. There is, perhaps, a finer use. They try to make the most of them, certainly. The women shape the whole civilisation, and they are just now labouring with much energy at the decline and fall. I have always wondered why they do not include a representation of this commanding interest in the government — *Le Ministere de la Femme*. It would soon rule the whole cabinet, for the incumbent would be sure to know the business of most of the other departments — War, Commerce, Interior, Foreign Affairs.

It is too good for every day — life on the top of a twelfth cake, and some of the figures no more to be visited by sun and rain and the winds of Heaven than if they were cast in sugar. I heard one of them taking the law from another, on the authority of a gazette of fashion, as to the right way of getting up on a winter's morning. There are two ways, it seems. "An hour before you turn out, *ma chere,* the maid is to light your fire, and put up the screen. Silver lined with pink silk is pretty; it throws a sort of rosy morning light into the room. Mind you have your chocolate on a warmer! And do you know how to warm your toast-rack? A little live charcoal sprinkled with vanilla; it makes the air so sweet. Raoul gave me such a love of a toast-rack (*un amour*) the other day. They are making them in gold now. Don't jump up at once, mind — snooze. What do you wear for a *deshabille?* I like satin lined with swansdown, and velvet fastenings; buttons are so horribly cold. Line your slippers with swansdown, too; I hate a cold slipper. B-r-r-r! Madame d'Argenson warms her bath-room with little gusts of rose vapour, pumped through a hole in the wall; it is an idea. Do you know how to get warm? Never get cold. Floss silk for your stockings, if you please. I won't even *see* cold. I have my blinds embroidered with a rising sun, and the maid brings in fresh flowers with the chocolate. It makes summer in the room. *Excusez du peu.* Then, if you want to know how happy you are, just lift the blind, and peep out, and see the people dancing on the pavement to keep themselves warm. But you'll see

enough of that when you drive, if you like to look at such things. I don't. They are making little things in enamel, for muff warmers, now; tiny apples filled with hot water — not big ones, or you'll spoil the shape of your hands. Besides, big ones would make your fingers red; you only want to make them rosy, *pas trop n'en faut.*

"What kind of gloves do you sleep in? I prefer a plush lining to the kid. Some say swansdown. I think it's *too* warm. Remember there is the coverlet. Stick to plush, you can't do better, from head to foot. I have seen the nightcap fastened with a little cosy turtle-dove, just under the left ear — if you lie on that side. And make her bring you a light *creme de Sabaillon* when you turn in. You know, two fresh eggs, and a small glass of Madeira. B-r-r-r! how I hate the cold."

A padded person of the sterner sex, who was one of the council, propounded a still more original scheme. "*Chere Comtesse,* why all these precautions, when you might so easily get out of the way? I travel in search of perpetual summer, and find it. My man begins to move south, as soon as the cold threatens here, and the moment he finds settled sunshine, he telegraphs me to come on. I never go till Nature is ready, and, when I reach one place, he starts for another, so I always have sunshine in reserve. We keep steadily flying south till the turn of the weather, and then we make north again for the Paris May. I was only caught twice by rain last year, and once by sleet, and then I threatened to discharge him if it happened again. *Chere Comtesse,* life is too precious: do not waste it in these trials. Will you have a cup of tea?"

"He is very wretched, for all his make-believe," said Mentor, "he is going to marry; and he is in a torment of prospective jealousy. It is the funniest case in the world. The young person is faultless; all our young persons are, you know. He pays the proper visits, always in evening-dress — it is our way — and talks to her about the picture-gallery of the Louvre, and the Advent sermons, for just three-quarters of an hour by the clock with her mother on guard all the time. This is court-

ship. When she marries, she will acquire the privilege of watching others in the same way, and of being herself unwatched; and there the retribution comes in. He is not in the least jealous now; he only knows he is going to be. There are complications, you see. He is not only about to marry the young person, he is very fond of her, which is perhaps inexcusable at his time of life. In the days of his age he remembers his youth, and — *il n'a pas confiance.* He is meditating some domestic ukase about visitors, and positively wants to include his mother-in-law in the family circle. 'The duenna, or the cheap defence of households,' is, I believe, the idea. All this, of course, implies no suspicion of the lady, but only a most horrible retrospective suspicion of himself. 'Do to others as you would not be done by,' has been the rule of his joyous life; and — *il n'a pas confiance.* We used to call him 'Proverbs.' His choicest conversational effect was a detestable little saying about the folly of acquiring the material of happiness for yourself, when you might always command the stories of your friends. He never quotes his proverb now. I would rewrite the story of Don Juan from his case, with this torment for the Nemesis. Let Juan marry and settle on this prospect of eternal anguish, and leave old rawhead the Commandant, and his horse, for the nursery tales."

To a lazy man like myself there is but one drawback in this city; you are rather expected to make love to your neighbour's wife. The nuisance is even greater than in London. They are not exactly rude to you, if you don't but they mark their sense of your behaviour in a thousand delicate ways. It is considered disrespectful to the lady of the house.

We went to the Opera, and, of course, he led me behind the scenes. It is certainly magnificent. The most self-indulgent monarchs have never enjoyed half so much luxury as these essentially combining people get on the joint-stock principle. They are true democrats, and, as their institutions develop, the poorest will have his *parc aux cerfs.* There is no selfishness in the *foyer de la danse;* all the subscribers are brothers, all equal, all free,

as in a temple of faith. *Ces dames* make no distinctions of persons. It was touching to see Army, Navy, Commerce, Senate, and Bar — Bench, I believe, as well — paying homage at these gauze-curtained shrines. Radical and Conservative leaders, wealthy Jews, the epigrammatic General I had just met, sparks from the club, and some hideous heads of age that ought to have been under nightcaps, were all at their devotions, visiting one shrine after another, sometimes with offerings. *Mesdames* were occasionally wayward and severe, but I am loath to believe that they are cruel divinities, and I am confirmed in this by those who know them best. It was a brilliant scene, the green room itself a blaze of decoration, in ceiling, chandeliers and walls; portraits of great dancers and composers on the panels; grand pictorial compositions above, the War dance, the Country dance, the Love dance, the Bacchic dance; below, a curious patchwork of black coat and white skirt, with here and there a sylph pirouetting for practice, on a floor that slopes like the stage — a fleece cloud driven by the wind — or holding on for support to an iron bar cased with velvet, and pointing with satin-shod toe to another and a brighter world. Here, as I have said, Valour reposes after the toils of war, and Legislation after the fatigues of debate. Art sketching in the corner is represented by that solitary, who has a passion for problems, and who is haunted by the desire to transfer this poetry of motion to canvas, and to make the work tremble with life as you gaze. Great soul and genius, the only single-minded one in all this throng — hail!

WHITING, LILIAN, an American poet and essayist; born at Niagara Falls, N. Y., October 3, 1857. She was literary editor of the Boston *Traveler* from 1880 to 1890, and editor of the Boston *Budget* from 1890 to 1894. She then traveled in Europe. Her publications include *The World Beautiful* (3 vols., 1894–6–8); *From Dreamland Sent; After Her Death; The Story of a Summer; A Study of the Life and Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (1899); *Kate Field: a Record* (1899); *The World Beautiful in Books* (1901); *Boston Days* (1902); *The Life Radiant* (1903); *The Outlook Beautiful* (1904); *The Florence of Landor* (1905).

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

(From the German of Uhland.)

Three horsemen halted the inn before,
Three horsemen entered the oaken door,
And loudly called for the welcome cheer
That was wont to greet the traveler here.

"Good woman," they cried as the hostess came,
A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,
"Good woman, how is your wine and beer?
And how is your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,
But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horsemen fell,
Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell;
And silently one by one they crept
To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low
Over a forehead pure as snow,

And the little hands were idly pressed,
Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay
On thee, sweet child," and one turned away.
"I would have loved thee," the second said,
"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."
"I love thee ever, I love thee now,"
The last one cried as he kissed her brow.

"In the heaven to come our souls shall wed,
I have loved thee living, I love thee dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door
Three horsemen passed to return no more.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

When days are dark and all I ask denied,
When the resounding storms around me rage,
There falls upon me, fair as dream of dawn,
Thy heaven-won peace, lent for mine anchorage.
If love the rose, and I the thorn may wear,
If thou the gladness, I the sorrow share —
Then e'en the bitterness were sweet to taste;
Then e'en the wilderness of want and waste
I fain would tread, content to bear my part
In the world's burdens; since for thee, sweetheart,
The Christ's sweet peace, wherein thou shalt abide,
While I without thee keep this autumn-tide.
Nor shall I fail to feel its radiance rare —
Thy joy, beloved, guards me everywhere! — *Leslie's Monthly.*

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

The life of the spirit is not to be considered as merely identical with devotional attitudes or with religious exercises. It is a life and not a litany; a conviction deeper even than a creed. If the life of the spirit could only be lived during stated periods of worship, or specific

acts of charity or self-sacrifice, it would be inevitably a thing apart from the daily, hourly life of the world of busy and burdened men and women. But it is the life that is possible in every pursuit, every storm and stress, in every situation. It is the life that is still richer and more abundant in the press of daily demands, for there is the very theatre of its action, the very fibre of its reality. A religious recluse may find his personal luxury in giving himself up to personal devotion, to religious ecstasies; but the teacher in a school beset with exacting demands; the lawyer in his office, with crime, with injustice, with tissues of falsehood confronting him in the difficult problems of his work; the superintendent of organized labor with unreasonable demands or complaints ringing in the air about him; the laborer himself, suffering from defective conditions, from rank injustice, tortured by the privations and suffering of those dearer to him than himself; the saleswoman at the counter, facing again a long day's task made unduly hard by the thoughtlessness and selfishness of many of her customers, — how shall they live this life of the spirit? What is the life of the spirit? It is joy, peace, and love. Can the man or women in hard, sad, and exacting conditions live the life of joy, peace, and love? Here we face our problem.

If the life of the spirit is simply a devotional luxury, possible only to the life of leisure or to the life of a voluntary recluse, then it is not feasible for the average life. We find ourselves here in a world whose demands tax every energy; the spirit is housed in a physical body which must be duly cared for in order that it serve well as the instrument through which to work: and in the struggle for the primary needs of food, shelter, and clothing many of us are submerged; again, there is the struggle to carry on large enterprises, or to effect great achievements: and again the demands of the visible, the tangible, engulf the worker. How is he to lift up his heart and live the life of the spirit?

First, it may be by a clear and definite realization as to the nature and purposes of that life. It is not an exotic life. It is not a life to be anticipated in some in-

definite future. It is the immediate concern of the hour. It is the key to all this problem of conflict, of limitations, of denials, of defeats. It is the clue that faithfully followed leads directly to successful achievement, to peace, to love, to joy in the Holy Spirit. Right thinking makes right living, and a true conception of the nature and purposes of existence determines the processes of thought.

The first truth to realize is that we are, here and now, spiritual beings inhabiting a spiritual world governed by spiritual laws. Man is primarily a spiritual being, and only secondarily a physical being. That is merely the incidental, the temporary condition by means of which he is enabled to bring his spiritual energies into direct relation with physical objects. Indeed, all that we call the physical world is rather a manifestation of the spiritual world than it is a different kind of world of its own. As the click of the telegraph that conveys the message is a manifestation of electricity rather than any specific power of its own, so the building of a railroad across the continent, the carrying of the cable under three thousand miles of ocean, the marvellous feats of civil engineering that bridge rivers and construct the appliances of a higher civilization, the work of a great manufactory, the organization or the individual work in any scope or direction, whether it be art or architecture, ministry or manufacturers, charity or commerce, — all are simply the manifestations, on the physical and visible plane, of the spiritual energies of the spiritual beings who, clothed in temporary physical bodies, inhabit this world for a limited period of time. The life of the spirit is as truly the life for the busy worker, in the conflict of exacting demands, as it is for priest, prelate, or poet.

Now when one stands off a little, so to speak, and considers this panorama of the world we are in as something apart from his real self, as the merchant may survey his store, or the writer his manuscript; when one can attain that angle of vision by means of which he clearly perceives that his real self dwells in an unseen world and is allied to its forces: that this real self is in close and direct relation to the divine life of which it can receive to the utmost degree of its own capacity for

reception, and that increasing the receptivity to this divine life it increases its power over circumstances and moves on from higher to higher conditions, — once realizing this, all the panorama of life assumes an entirely different aspect. The man feels something like a prince in disguise encountering temporary hardship, trial, or misunderstanding, that in no way affect his real identity or his subsequent dominion over temporary trial. The very moment that man recognizes and asserts his divine birthright he assumes a new attitude in the changing world of appearances — the "flowing conditions of life," as Emerson well phrases them. A moment's reflection will reveal to anyone the vivid truth of this characterization. Five years ago on Oct. 14 of 1891, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts. Apparently, here were settled conditions for perhaps a quarter of a century to come, for the diocese of which he was the spiritual head, and that larger realm in which he was recognized as a great spiritual teacher and leader. Yet in fifteen months this majestic figure, standing for all that makes for righteousness, for divine love and illumination, was withdrawn into the unseen world. A few months more and the places that had known him were filled by others, — by men true and wise, but whose taking up of the work of the parish and the episcopate, the two fields in which Dr. Brooks had consecutively worked, inevitably brought a new aspect into those "flowing conditions of life." Nothing here is permanent. The worker manifests himself in some phrase and passes on into that other condition unseen to mortal eyes.

The inevitable inference of reason, as well as the revelation of faith, is this: that the limited term of years on this plane of consciousness is an experimental phrase; that in the life just beyond this — which is probably limited and proceeds to the next stage by an event as determining as is death in this life — that in this life just beyond, events and affairs and experiences become still more vivid, more important, more deeply significant than they are here, as the experiences of mature life are more vivid and more significant than those of childhood. To be fitted for entering this life beyond requires all kinds

of discipline, and it is the end, not the means, which is to be considered. If a man is selfish, shall he not be grateful and glad for that discipline, however severe and torturing at the moment, that shall kill selfishness in him? For until this is done, a barrier which he cannot pass interposes between him and that life of the spirit which is peace and joy. If a man is proud and harsh, because his outlook is too narrow for him to realize his relation to the universe, his pride must be transmuted into the divine grace of humility, his harshness must be transformed, by spiritual alchemy, into sweetness of spirit before he can live in joy and peace. Should not these transforming processes be welcomed, even as the patient welcomes the dentist's chair the surgeon's knife, as the means to a desired result?

It is not the place here to revert to social economies. I do not refer to the limitations, the privations, the tortures of the ignorant, the helpless, the underpaid, as presenting a direct instance of divine discipline. I know too well how profound a truth is expressed by Rev. George D. Herron, D. D., when he says in that marvellous sermon of his on "Unconsecrated Service:"

Much of what we call Christianity is no less than an aristocratic and shameless pauperism, thriving on the wealth of sacrifice inherited from the past, resting in high-priced pews and fashionable residences, cunningly squeezing a luxurious living out of humanity, and superciliously labelling as charity the appeals made to serve the humanity that supports it.

One does not say that the prince has achieved a character which renders comforts and pleasures its just reward, and that the pauper requires cold, hunger, suffering of every form in order to evolve and develop higher qualities. Such views would be as idiotic as they are ignominious.

Our standards of value are somewhat wrong. The one supreme purpose of the soul's sojourn in this world is to develop its spiritual powers in this complex plane of manifestation. Whatever circumstances and conditions conduce to this end are fortunate circumstances and conditions, no matter how difficult or how uncomforta-

ble they are. Whatever circumstances hinder this development are unfortunate ones, no matter how alluring they may appear to the senses.

Let us suppose two youths sent to Paris for special study, and that on achieving a perfect mastery of the subject pursued, very definite and desirable positions await both. The one pursues his work. He may go to his daily lessons through storms and cold, perhaps insufficiently clad, perhaps hungry; he may pur ue his object under the most painful and adverse conditions; nevertheless he acquires the knowledge, and returns well fitted to assume and carry on an important, an interesting, and an enjoyable work. He enters now on the more real phase of his life. Associations widen and friends and interests multiply. One stage leads naturally to another, and he finds life full of increasing satisfaction. The other youth has simply enjoyed himself. He has lived luxuriously and given his time to amusements and entertainments. He returns, not better instructed than when he left, not more fit to engage in the specific work. Which, then, has had the fortunate life abroad — the one who returns enriched and prepared to enter into high achievements, or the one who has given his time to mere luxury and pleasure and returns as barren as he set forth?

The analogy may not be wholly untrue to that of the soul's period in this world which should be the time for development and for achieving those qualities which are fitted to enter into the higher experience of the life to come. These qualities are those of zeal, patience, persistence, of intellectual grasp, of moral balance, or spiritual aspiration. They are the culture of sweetness of spirit, of sympathy, of untiring helpfulness and unselfish interests. The culture of these qualities is that which promotes the life of the spirit. It is, therefore, the life that may be lived here and now.

There can be little question that the higher self, one's real self, dwells perpetually in the unseen and in a more direct communion with the divine forces. To the degree in which we can realize this higher self, establish an identity with it, to that degree can it manifest its powers on this physical plane of life. This is what

is sometimes called the subliminal self, whose powers, when unlocked by the hypnotic trance or by some sudden and supreme occurrence, reveal so marvellous and unsuspected a store of energy or of knowledge or power. To live constantly the life of the spirit instead of the life of the senses is to live in receptivity to this higher self and its remarkable powers. It is to so live that one may avail himself to an increasing extent of this illumination and force.

So to live is richness of life; so to live is to find perpetual, joy, peace, and love; it is to radiate happiness. One may miss pleasures — and pleasure; but happiness is the divine atmosphere, and we may live in it if we will. Pleasure appeals to the senses alone; but happiness appeals to the spirit. Those who own the ample sea do not set undue value on pearls; those who live in a shower of rubies do not lament because a single one has missed their grasp.

Between the two worlds of the Seen and the Unseen, there may be perpetual telepathic communion. Telepathy is the language of the spirit, but its purpose is not restricted to the life after death. Spirit to spirit approaches here, whether in or out of the physical body, and he who now lives the life of the spirit, in its radiant energy, its peace, joy, and love, shall find himself privileged with direct and conscious communion with his friends in the unseen world. He will find himself in the current of achievement, in the midst of constantly enlarging opportunities for usefulness; and so shall life overcome the fret and jar of transient anxieties and live on the divine plane even while here. As Emerson truly says: "Our painful labors are unnecessary; there is a better way." To this better way is all humanity moving, and there is approaching a new life of finer achievement, of exaltation, and of gladness. Happiness is the normal state of the spirit as health is the normal state of the body. The life of the spirit is love and peace — the life of radiant energy and abounding joy.— *The Arena.*

WHITMAN, Walt, an American poet; born at West Hills, N. Y., May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. He was educated at the public schools of Brooklyn and New York, and subsequently followed various occupations; among which were those of printer, teacher, carpenter, and journalist, making in the meantime extended tours in the United States and Canada. During the greater part of the civil war he served as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals; and at its close was appointed a Government clerk at Washington. His first notable work, *Leaves of Grass,* was published in 1855. It was subsequently much enlarged by successive additions, up to 1881, when he pronounced it "now finished to the end of its opportunities and powers." Besides this, he wrote many poems for periodicals, some of which have been collected into volumes, among which are *Drum-Taps* (1865); *Two Rivulets* (1873); *Specimen Days and Collect* (1883); *November Boughs* (1885); *Sands at Seventy* (1888); *Good-bye, My Fancy* (1892), and *Autobiographia* (1892), his personal history gleaned from his prose writings. He also published in 1870 a volume of prose essays, entitled *Democratic Vistas,* which was republished in 1888, with a new Preface. His *Complete Poems and Prose* appeared in one volume in the same year. Mr. Whitman's poems are marked by numerous idiosyncrasies in regard to the choice of topics, and to rhythmical form, which have furnished occasion for much criticism, favorable and unfavorable.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul.
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there, every one, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night,

Press close, bare-bosom'd night — press close, magnetic, nourishing night!
Night of South winds — night of the large, few stars!
Still, nodding night — mad, naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset — earth of the mountains misty-topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!

Far-swooping, elbow'd earth — rich, apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love — therefore to you I give love!
Oh, unspeakable, passionate love.

THE PÆAN OF JOY.

Now, trumpeter! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul! — renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief — give me some vision of the future;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.
O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory — man disenthralled — the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God from universal Man — all joy!
A reborn race appears — a perfect world — all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health — all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals, filled with joy!
War, sorrowing, suffering gone — the rank earth purged — nothing but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy — the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

THE REALITIES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Great is Life, real and mystical, wherever and whoever —
Great is Death — sure as Life holds all parts together, Death holds all parts together;
Death has just as much purpose as Life has:
Do you enjoy what Life confers?
You shall enjoy what Death confers.

I do not understand the realities of Death, but I know
that they are great:
I do not understand the least reality of Life — how then
can I understand the realities of Death?

UPON DEATH.

O Death!
Oh, the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumb-
ing a few moments, for reasons!
Oh, that of myself, discharging my excrementitious body,
to be burned, or reduced to powder, or buried,
My real body doubtless left to me for other spheres,
My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to the
purifications, further offices, eternal uses of the
earth!

IMMORTALITY.

Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the earth
is solid and liquid;
You are he or she for whom the sun and the moon hang
in the sky;
For none more than you are the present and the past;
For none more than you is immortality!
Each man to himself, and each woman to herself, is the
word of the past and present, and the word of im-
mortality:
No one can acquire for another — not one!
No one can grow for another — not one!

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanic singing his as it should be, blithe and
strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or
beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or
leaves off work,

The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat,
the deck-hand singing on the steam-boat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with melodious mouths their strong, melodious songs.

OLD IRELAND.

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient, sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd, seated on the ground,
Her old, white hair drooping, dishevel'd, round her shoulders,
At her feet, fallen, an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she, too, long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground, with forehead between your knees,
Oh, you need not sit there veil'd in your old, white hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave.
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
The Lord is not dead, He is risen again, young and strong, in another country,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave.
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE, AND NIGHT.

Youth, large, lusty, loving — youth full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day, full-blown and splendid — day of the immense sun — action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep, and restoring darkness.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL?

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips nor eyes are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou — all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O soul.

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)
I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses.
Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd, sadden'd, far-off star
Appearing and disappearing.
(Some parturition, rather, some solemn, immortal birth;
On the frontiers, to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR BIRD.

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee).
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast).
Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With reappearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also reappearest.
Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untired and onward, through space's realms gyrating,

At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

TO THOSE WHO'VE FAIL'D.

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers — to over-ardent travellers — to pilots on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition — I'd rear a laurel-covered monument,
High, high above the rest — to all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at length I cry),
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

HEROIC DEATHS.

The final use of the greatest men of a Nation is, after all, not with reference to their deeds in themselves, or their direct bearing on their times or lands. The final use of a heroic-eminent life — especially of a heroic-eminent death — is its indirect filtering into the nation and the race, and to give, often at many removes, but unerringly, age after age, color and fibre to the personalism of the youth and maturity of that age, and of mankind. Then there is a cement to the whole people, subtler, more underlying than anything in written constitution, or courts or armies — namely, the cement of a death identified thoroughly with that people, at its head,

and for its sake. Strange, (is it not?) that battles, martyrs, agonies, blood, even assassination, should so condense — perhaps only really, lastingly condense — a Nationality.

I repeat it — the grand deaths of the race — the dramatic deaths of every nationality — are its most important inheritance value — in some respects beyond its literature and art — (as the hero is beyond his finest portrait, and the battle itself beyond its choicest song or epic).— *The Death of Abraham Lincoln.*

WHITNEY, Adeline Dutton Train, an American novelist; born at Boston, Mass., September 15, 1824. After receiving her education in Boston, she was married to Seth D. Whitney in 1843. She has contributed to magazines, and is the author of *Footsteps on the Seas,* a poem (1857); *Mother Goose for Grown Folks* (1860; revised ed., 1882); *Boys at Chequasset* (1862); *Faith Gartney's Girlhood* (1863); *The Gayworthys* (1865); *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life* (1866); *Patience Strong's Outings* (1868); *Hitherto* (1869); *We Girls* (1870); *Real Folks* (1871); *Pansies,* poems (1872); *The Other Girls* (1873); *Sights and Insights* (1876); *Just How: a Key to the Cook Books* (1878); *Odd or Even* (1880); *Bonnyborough* (1885); *Homespun Yarns* (1886); *Holly-Tides* (1886); *Daffodils* (1887); *Bird Talk* (1887); *Ascutney Street* (1890); *A Golden Gossip* (1892); *White Memories: Three Poems* (1893); and *Friendly Letters to Girl Friends* (1897).

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own:
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night.
Thy greater heave hath grander light.
To-day is close; the hours are small,
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

—*Pansies.*

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

Full many a project that never was hatched
Falls down, and gets shattered beyond being patched;
And luckily, too! for if all came to chickens,
Then things without feathers might go to the dickens.

If each restless unit that moves among men
Might climb to a place with the privileged "ten,"
Pray tell us where all the commotion would stop!
Must the whole pan of milk, forsooth, rise to the top?

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,
And grasped the great helm, who would stand by the ropes?
Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,
Who would wash up the dishes, and polish the shoes?

Suppose every aspirant writing a book
Contrived to get published, by hook or by crook;
Geologists then of a later creation
Would be startled, I fancy, to find a formation
Proving how the poor world did most woefully sink
Beneath mountains of paper, and oceans of ink!
Or even suppose all the women were married;
By whom would superfluous babies be carried?
Where would be the good aunts that should knit all the
stockings?
Or nurses, to do up the singings and rockings?
Wise spinsters, to lay down their wonderful rules,
And with theories rare to enlighten the fools,—
Or to look after orphans, and primary schools?

No! Failure's a part of the infinite plan;
Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can;
And as one and another drops out of the race,
Each stumbles at last to his suitable place.

So the great scheme works on,—though, like eggs from
the wall,
Little single designs to such ruin may fall,
That not all the world's might, of its horses or men,
Could set their crushed hopes at the summit again.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring wind blows o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places:
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee.

THE BIG SHOE.

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do:
To some she gave broth,
And to some she gave bread,
And some she whipped soundly,
And sent them to bed."

Do you find out the likeness?
A portly old Dame,—
The mother of millions,—
Britannia by name:
And — howe'er it may strike you
In reading the song —
Not stinted in space
For bestowing the throng;
Since the sun can himself
Hardly manage to go,
In a day and a night,
From the heel to the toe.

On the arch of the instep
She builds up her throne,
And, with seas rolling under,
She sits there alone;
With her heel at the foot
Of the Himmalehs planted,
And her toe in the icebergs,
Unchilled and undaunted.

Yet though justly of all
Her fine family proud,
'Tis no light undertaking
To rule such a crowd;
Not to mention the trouble
Of seeing them fed,
And dispensing with justice
The broth and the bread.
Some will seize upon one,
Some are left with the other,

And so the whole household
Gets into a pother.

But the rigid old Dame
Has a summary way
Of her own, when she finds
There is mischief to pay.
She just takes up the rod,
As she lays down the spoon,
And makes their rebellious backs
Tingle right soon:
Then she bids them, while yet
The sore smarting they feel,
To lie down and go to sleep,
Under her heel!

Only once was she posed,—
When the little boy Sam,
Who had always before
Been as meek as a lamb,
Refused to take tea,
As his mother had bid,
And returned saucy answers,
Because he was chid.

Not content even then,
He cut loose from the throne,
And set about making
A shoe of his own;
Which succeeded so well,
And was filled up so fast,
That the world, in amazement,
Confessed at the last —
Looking on at the work
With a gasp and a stare —
That 'twas hard to tell which
Would be best of the pair.

Side by side they are standing
Together to-day;
Side by side may they keep

Their strong foothold for aye:
And beneath the broad sea,
Whose blue depths intervene,
May the finishing string
Lie unbroken between!

HALLOWEEN.

We hung wedding-rings — we had mother's, and Miss Elizabeth had brought over Madame Pennington's — by hairs, and held them inside tumblers; and they vibrated with our quickening pulses and swung and swung, until they rung out fairy chimes of destiny against the sides. We floated needles in a great basin of water, and gave them names, and watched them turn and swim and draw together — some point to point, some heads and points, some joined cosily side to side, while some drifted to the margin and clung there all alone, and some got tears in their eyes, or an interfering jostle, and went down. We melted lead and poured it into water, and it took strange shapes, of spears and masts and stars; and some all went to money; and one was a queer little bottle and pills, and one was pencils and artists' tubes, and — really — a little palette with a hole in it.

And then came the chestnut roasting, before the bright red coals. Each girl put down a pair; and I dare say most of them put down some little secret, girlish thought with it. The ripest nuts burned steadiest and surest, of course; but how could we tell these until we tried? Some little crack, or unseen worm-hole, would keep one still, while its companion would pop off, away from it; some would take flight together, and land in like manner, without ever parting company; these were to go some long way off; some never moved from where they began, but burned up, stupidly, peaceably, side by side. Some snapped into the fire. Some went off into corners. Some glowed beautifully, and some burned black, and some got covered up with ashes.

Barbara's pair were ominously still for a time, when all at once the larger gave a sort of unwilling lurch,

without popping, and rolled off a little way, right toward the blaze.

"Gone to a warmer climate," whispered Leslie, like a tease. And then crack! the warmer climate, or something else, sent it back again, with a real bound, just as Barbara's gave a gentle little snap, and they both dropped quietly down against the fender together. . . .

Who would be bold enough to try the looking-glass? To go out alone with it into the dark field, walking backward, saying the rhyme to the stars which if there had been a moon ought by right to have been said to her:—

"Round and round, O stars so fair!
Ye travel, and search out everywhere.
I pray you, sweet stars, now show to me,
This night, who my future husband shall be!"

Somehow we put it upon Leslie. She was the oldest; we made that the reason.

"I wouldn't do it for anything!" said Sarah Hobart. "I heard of a girl who tried it once, and saw a shroud!"

But Leslie was full of fun that evening, and ready to do anything. She took the little mirror that Ruth brought her from upstairs, put on a shawl, and we all went to the front door with her, to see her off.

"Round the piazza, and down the bank," said Barbara, "and backward all the way."

So Leslie backed out of the door, and we shut it upon her. The instant after, we heard a great laugh. Off the piazza, she had stepped backward against two gentlemen coming in. Doctor Ingleside was one, coming to get his supper; the other was a friend of his, just arrived in Z —— "Doctor John Hautayne," he said, introducing him by his full name.—*We Girls: a Home Story.*

WHITNEY, William Dwight, an American philologist; born at Northampton, Mass., February 9, 1827; died at New Haven, Conn., June 7, 1894. He was graduated from Williams College in 1845, and studied three years in Germany. From 1854, he was professor of Sanskrit and comparative philology in Yale College. As a Sanskrit scholar he had a European reputation. His numerous learned papers and books, especially on the Vedas, need not to be named here. Many of the papers are included in *Oriental and Linguistic Studies,* three series (1872–5). Some of his metrical translations of the Vedas occur in these. Other works by him are: *Language and the Study of Language* (1867); *On the Material and Form in Language* (1872); *Darwinism and Language* (1874); *Life and Growth of Language* (1875); *Logical Consistency in Views of Language* (1880); *Mixture in Language* (1881); *French Grammar* (1886); and *Max Müller's Science of Language* (1893). His text-books, Sanskrit, German, French, and English, are well known. He was the editor-in-chief of the *Century Dictionary.*

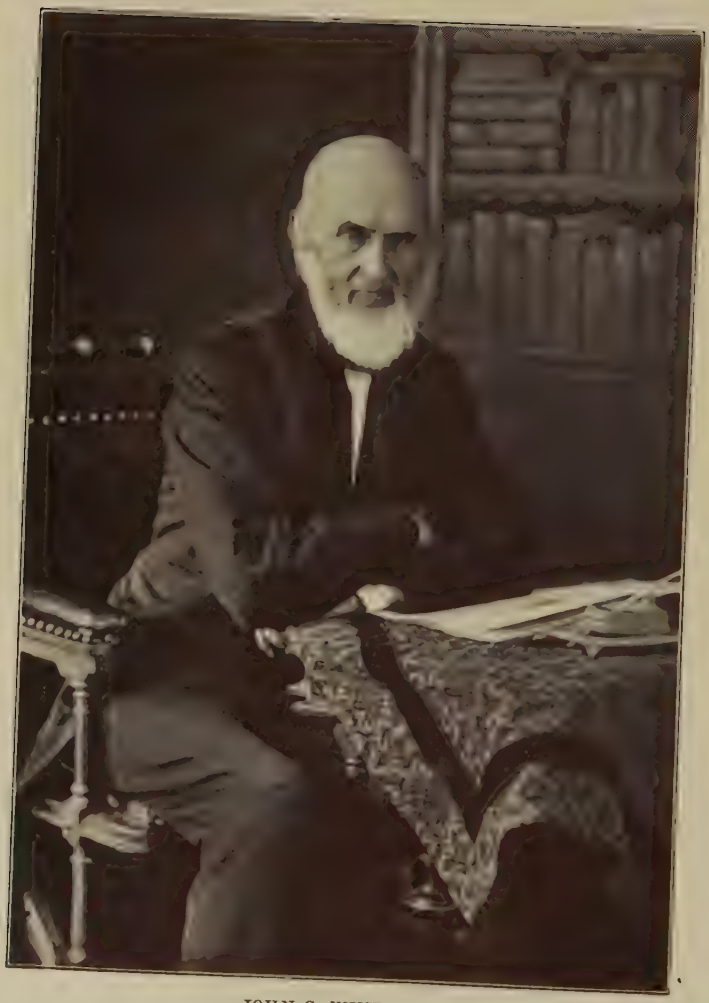
THE ZOROASTRIAN RELIGION.

By the testimony of its own scriptures [the Avesta], the Iranian religion is with the fullest right styled the Zoroastrian: Zoroaster is acknowledged as its founder throughout the whole of the sacred writings; these are hardly more than a record of the revelations claimed to have been made to him by the supreme divinity. It is not, then, a religion which has grown up in the mind of a whole people, as the expression of their conceptions of things supernatural; it has received its form in the mind of an individual; it has been inculcated and taught

by a single sage and thinker. Yet such a religion is not wont to be an entirely new creation.

We are able, by the aid of the Indian Vedas, to trace out with some distinctness the form of the original Aryan faith, held before the separation of the Indian and Persian nations. It was an almost pure nature-religion, a worship of the powers conceived to be the producers of all the various phenomena of the sensible creation; and, of course, a polytheism, as must be the first religion of any people who without higher light are striving to solve for themselves the problem of the universe. But even in the earliest Vedic religion appears a tendency toward an ethical and monotheistic development, evidenced especially by the lofty and ennobling attributes and authority ascribed to the god Varuna: and this tendency, afterward unfortunately checked and rendered inoperative in the Indian branch of the race, seems to have gone on in Persia to an entire transformation of the natural religion into an ethical, of the polytheism into a monotheism; a transformation effected especially by the teachings of the religious reformer Zoroaster. It is far from improbable that Varuna himself is the god out of whom the Iranians made their supreme divinity; the ancient name, however, appears nowhere in their religious records; they have given him a new title, *Ahura-Mazdâ*, "Spiritual Mighty-one," or "Wise-one" (*Aura-Mazdâ* of the Inscriptions; *Oromasdes* and *Ormuzd* of the classics and modern Persians). The name itself indicates the origin of the conception to which it is given; a popular religion does not so entitle its creations, if, indeed, it brings forth any of so elevated and spiritual a character. Ahura Mazdâ is a purely spiritual conception; he is clothed with no external form or human attributes; he is the creator and ruler of the universe, the author of all good; he is the only being to whom the name of God can with propriety be applied in the Iranian religion. Other beings, of subordinate rank and inferior dignity, are in some measure associated with him in the exercise of his authority; such are Mithra, an ancient sun-god, the almost inseparable companion of Varuna in the Vedic invocations, and the seven Amshaspands

(*Amesha-Çpenta,* "Immortal Holy-ones"), whose identity with the Adityas of the Veda has been conjectured; they appear here, however, with new titles, expressive of moral attributes. The other gods of the original Aryan faith, although they have retained their ancient name of *daeva* (Sanskrit *deva*), have lost their individuality and dignity, and have been degraded into the demons. . . . At their head, and the chief embodiment of the spirit which inspires them, is *Angura-Mainyus* (*Arimanius, Ahriman*), the "Sinful-minded," or "Malevolent"; his name is one given him as antithesis to the frequent epithet of Ahura-Mazdâ, *Çpento-Mainyus,* "holy-minded," or "benevolent." This side of the religion came to receive, however, a peculiar development, which finally converted the religion itself into dualism. Such was not its character at the period represented by the Avesta; then the demons were simply the embodiment of whatever evil influences existed in the universe, of all that man has to hate, and fear, and seek protection against. This was the Persian or Zoroastrian solution of the great problem of the origin of evil. There was wickedness, impurity, unhappiness, in the world; but this could not be the work of the holy and benevolent Creator Ahura-Mazdâ; the malevolence of Angura-Mainyus and his infernal legions must have produced it. Later, however, a reasoning and systematizing philosophy inquires: how came there to be such a malevolent being in the fair world of a benevolent Creator? can he have been produced by him? and why, if an inferior and subject power, is he not annihilated, or his power to harm taken away? and then arises the doctrine that the powers of good and of evil are independent and equal, ever warring with one another, neither able wholly to subdue its adversary. This latter phase of belief is known to have appeared very early in the history of the Zoroastrian religion; the philosophers aided in its development by setting up an undefined being, *Zervanakerene,* "time unbounded," from which were made to originate the two hostile principles, and for which they sought to find a place among the original tenets of their religion by a misinterpretation of certain passages in the sacred texts.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Such being the constitution of the universe, such the powers by which it was governed, the revelation was made by the benevolent Creator to his chosen servant for the purpose of instructing mankind with reference to their condition, and of teaching them how to aid the good, how to avoid and overcome the evil. The general features of the method by which this end was to be attained are worthy of all praise and approval. It was by seduously maintaining purity, in thought, word, and deed; by truthfulness, temperance, chastity; by prayer and homage to Ahura-Mazdâ and the other benevolent powers; by the performance of good works, by the destruction of noxious creatures; by everything that could contribute to the welfare and happiness of the human race. No cringing and deprecatory worship of the powers of evil was enjoined; toward them the attitude of the worshipper of Mazda was to be one of uncompromising hostility; by the power of a pure and righteous walk he was to confound and frustrate their malevolent attempts against his peace. . . . Fire was kept constantly burning in an enclosed space; not in a temple, for idols and temples have been alike unknown throughout the whole course of Persian history; and before it, as in a spot consecrated by the special presence of the divinity, were performed the chief rites of worship. . . . An object of worship, properly so called, it never was.— *Oriental and Linguistic Studies, 1st Series.*

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, an American poet; born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. Of Quaker parentage, he always remained a member of the Society of Friends. Up to his eighteenth year he worked on a farm; then attended an academy for two years, writing occasional

verses for the local newspaper, and in 1829 became editor of the *American Manufacturer,* at Boston. In 1830 he became editor of the *Connecticut Mirror,* at Hartford, and wrote a memoir of John G. C. Brainard, his predecessor. In 1836 he was elected Secretary of the newly formed American Anti-Slavery Society, and became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman,* at Philadelphia. In 1840 he took up his permanent residence at Amesbury, Mass.

Whittier's poems appeared from time to time in separate volumes, sometimes made up mainly of pieces previously published in periodicals. The principal of the longer poems are: *Legends of New England* (1831); *Mogg Megone* (1836); *The Bridal of Pennacook* (1837); *In War Time* (1864); *Snow-Bound* (1865); *The Tent on the Beach* (1867); *Among the Hills* (1868); *The Vision of Echard and Other Poems* (1877). The smaller poems, something like four hundred in number, constituting the greater portion of the whole, have been arranged by the author under several heads, among which are: "Legendary," "Voices of Freedom," "Voices of Labor," "Home Ballads," "Poems and Lyrics," and "Miscellaneous." Several volumes made up of his various prose writings have been published. The principal of these are: *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches* (1850), and *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies,* of a late date. The later productions of Whittier include *The King's Missive* (1881); *Bay of Seven Islands* (1883); *Poems of Nature* (1886); *St. Gregory's Guest* (1886); *At Sundown* (1892).

The first collected edition of Whittier's poems was

published in 1857. It includes forty stanzas addressed to an infant, who had been named after him. In this poem, of which only a portion is here given, the poet gives a picture of himself as he had come to be at the age of fifty.

MY NAMESAKE.*

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend —
A Green-leaf on your own Green-banks —
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides
The sobered brow and lessening hair;
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine
Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Still shall that name, as now, recall
The young leaf wet with morning dew,
The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to praise
Or censure both the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him good,
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two;
He reconciled as best he could
Old faiths and fancies new.

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes;
And, if his words were harsh at times,

* Whittier's Poems, by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

He spared his fellow-men; his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise; but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground,
Of suffering and of sin.

"He had his share of care and pain;
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heirloom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

"Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way;
And cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains plash and play.

"On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

"He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days:
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways.

"The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul that waits
For more than man can teach.

"The cant of party, school and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn.
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on Satire's horn.

"But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shrines,
In the long distance fair and dim;
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn.

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart, Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar-stairs,
He faltered like the publican;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.

"For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through the cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ.

"And listening, with his forehead bowed,
Heard the divine compassions fill
The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

"The words he spake, the thoughts he penned
Are mortal as his thoughts and brain;
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain."

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of my friends! For thee I crave
What riches never brought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old;
God make thee beautiful within;
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!

Imagination held in check
To serve, not rule, thy poisèd mind;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all —
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;
Life made by duty epical,
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And, green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God, forever live!

During the ensuing twenty years were written not a few of Whittier's best poems. A volume containing some of the latest of these was published in 1877, concluding with the following retrospect of his past life of threescore years and ten:

AT EVENTIDE.

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play
Of gain and loss, of waking and of dream,
Against Life's solemn background needs must seem
At this late hour. Yet not unthankfully
I call to mind the fountains by the way,
The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the spray,
Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of giving
And of receiving the great boon of living
In grand, historic years when Liberty
Had need of word and work; quick sympathies
For all who fail and suffer; song's relief;
Nature's uncloying loveliness; and, chief,
The kind, restraining hand of Providence;
The inward witness; the assuming sense
Of an Eternal Good which overlies
The sorrow of the world; Love which outlives
All sin and wrong; Compassion which forgives

To the uttermost; and Justice, whose clear eyes
Through lapse and failure look to the intent,
And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

Whittier's day did not close with the eventide of threescore years; there was a serene twilight of more than a half score of years. His career as a poet lasted for more than sixty years, beginning with the publication of his *Legends of New England,* in 1831.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Pride of New England! Soul of our fathers!
Think we all craven-like, when the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be over us lowering,
Where's the New-Englander shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy around us are lying; —
Free were the sleepers all, living and dying.

Back with the Southerner's paddocks and scourges!
Go — let him fetter down ocean's free surges!
Go — let him silence winds, clouds, and waters: —
Never New England's own free sons and daughters!
Free as our rivers are oceanward going —
Free as the breezes are over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then, haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness — manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be: Freedom forever!
Truce with oppressions — never, oh, never!
By our own birthright-gift, granted of Heaven —
Freedom for heart and lip, be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth, whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does, sterner and stronger.
Still be the tones of truth louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South with the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right, freedom forever!
Truce with oppression — never, oh, never!

ICHABOD!

So fallen! So lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forever more!

Revile him not — the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage.
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humblest sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains:
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;

When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The Man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie, as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.
We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine.

We're flowing from our native hills,
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is with us as we go.
Upbearing, like the Ark of God,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
Against the fraud of Man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun.
We'll tread the prairie, as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea;
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.— 1859.

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's
pay;

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striv'n to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stairs put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eyes grew tender, and the old, harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child.

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means reclaimed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the Borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice!

Never more may you, Blue Ridge, the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear;
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.

She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not
harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.
And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers,
Like jewels on her arms.
What mean the gladness of the plain,
The joy of eve and morn;
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.
She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.
She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!
Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
Ring Peace and Freedom in.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall —

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten:

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset-light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

THE PEACE-AUTUMN: 1865.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid;
For Peace that sits at Plenty's quest
Beneath the homestead shade!
Bring pipe and gun, the sword's red scourge,
The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge
To ploughshares for our plains.
Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers;
All winds that blow, all streams that flow,
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours;
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.
There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue;

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy;
The passion of our mighty grief,
And our exceeding joy!
A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield
To feed our battle-years!
A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun;
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one!

SHUT IN.

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed, where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,

The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,
The dear home-faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn!
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Snow Bound.*

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed, hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill.
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WICLIF, JOHN DE, an English reformer; born at Spreswell, near Richmond, Yorkshire, about 1330; died at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, December 31, 1384. His name, variously written Wycliffe, Wicklif, etc., is Wiclif in official documents of his time. At the age of fifteen he entered Oxford, then in its glory, with at one time the astonishing number of 30,000 students. About 1360, he became Master of Balliol College; and for a while was royal chaplain. His life was full of work and stirring events, in his support of the King against Papal claims, his publishing the principles of the Reformation (anterior to other reformers), opposing the ecclesiastical corruptions, sending forth preachers to the people, and giving to the people the Bible in their own tongue — the translation by him and his helpers, from the Latin Vulgate, having been finished about the time of his death. He was repeatedly arraigned for heresy, and, finally prohibited from teaching in the university, retired to his rectory of Lutterworth. His buried remains, by order of the rival

pope, Clement VII., were disinterred, burned, and the ashes cast into the Swift, a branch of the Avon River. In the following selection from his polemical writings the ancient spelling is modernized:

THE SCRIPTURES.

I have learned by experience the truth of what you say (with reference to my appeal to the Scriptures). The chief cause, beyond doubt, of the existing state of things is our want of faith in Holy Scripture. We do not sincerely believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, or we should abide by the authority of His Word, in particular that of the Evangelists, as of infinitely greater weight than any other. Inasmuch as it is the will of the Holy Spirit that our attention should not be dispersed over a large number of objects, but concentrated on one sufficient source of instruction, it is His pleasure that the books of the Old and New Law should be *read* and *studied,* and that men should not be taken up with other books, which, true as they may be, and containing even Scripture truth, as they may by implication are not to be confided in without caution and limitation. Hence St. Austin often enjoins on his readers not to place any faith in his word or writings, except in so far as they have their foundation in the Scriptures, wherein, as he often sayeth, all truth, either directly or implicitly, is contained. Of course we should judge in this manner with reference to the writings of other holy doctors, and much more with reference to the writings of the Roman Church, and of her doctors in these later times. If we follow this rule, the Scriptures will be held in due respect. . . .

We ought to believe in the authority of no man, unless he say the Word of God. It is impossible that any word or deed of the Christian should be of equal authority with Holy Scripture. The right understanding of Holy Scripture is being taught to us by the Holy Ghost just as the Scriptures were opened to the Apostles by Christ. But while Holy Scripture includes

in itself all truth, partly mediately, partly immediately, reason is indispensable to the right understanding. . . .

The whole Scripture is *one word of God;* also the whole Law of Christ is *one perfect word* proceeding from the mouth of God; it is, therefore, not permitted to sever the Holy Scripture, but to allege it in its integrity according to the sense of the author. . . .

If God's word is the life of the world, and every word of God is the life of the human soul, how may any Antichrist, for dread of God, take it away from us that be Christian men, and thus suffer the people to die for hunger in heresy and blasphemy of men's laws, that corrupteth and slayeth the soul? . . .

The fiend seeketh many ways to mar men in belief and to stop them by saying that no books are belief. For if thou speakest of the Bible, then Antichrist's clerks say, How provest thou that it is Holy Writ more than another written book? Therefore men must use caution, and ask the question whether Christ left His Gospel here in order to comfort His Church. And if they say that He did, ask them which are these Gospels? These we call Holy Writ. But as Christian men should speak plainly to Antichrist, we say that Holy Writ is commonly taken in three manners. On the first manner Christ Himself is called in the Gospel Holy Writ. On the second manner Holy Writ is called the Truth, and this truth may not fail. On the third manner Holy Writ is the name given to the books that are written and made of ink and parchment. And this speech is not so proper as the first and second. But we take by belief that the second Writ, the truth written in the Book of Life, is Holy Writ, and God says it. This we know by belief, and this one belief makes us certain that these truths are Holy Writ. Thus though Holy Writ, on the third manner, be burnt or cast in the sea, Holy Writ on the second manner, may not fail, as Christ saveth.— BUDDENSIEG'S *John Wiclif's Life and Writings.*

WIELAND, CHRISTOPH MARTIN, a German poet; born at Oberholzheim, Swabia, September 5, 1733; died at Weimar, January 20, 1813. He composed German and Latin verses in his twelfth year; six years later he published *Ten Moral Letters*, and a poem, *Anti-Ovid*. After study at Tübingen, his epic on Arminius brought him into association with Bodmer of Zurich. He translated twenty-two of Shakespeare's plays (1762–66). In 1769 he became Professor of Philosophy at Erfurt; and later preceptor of the Grand-Duke Charles Augustus, with title of Councillor. His collected works are voluminous, consisting of poems, novels and satires in verse and prose. The *Geschichte der Abderiten* (1774) has been translated into English as *The Republic of Fools* (1861). His principal poetic work was an epic, *Oberon* (1780), a canto of which, with an ethical defence of Wieland, is in Longfellow's *Poetry of Europe*. The following selections, from W. Taylor's translation (1829), are curiously suggestive in form, though not in poetic genius, of Tennyson's later *Idylls of the King*. *Geron* (Gyron) *the Courteous* was the favorite romance of Francis I. of France. The motto on Geron's sword was, "Loyalty surpasses all, as falsity disgraces all."

GERON THE COURTEOUS.

A purpled canopy o'erhung the seat
Of Arthur and his queen; an ivory stool
Was placed between them for the worthy Branor.
When these were seated, others took their places,
In order due, beside the spacious board.
Now twenty youths in pewter dishes brought

The steaming food, and twenty others waited
At the rich side-board, where from silver ewers
Streamed ale, mead, wine; and trumpets shook the hall,
As often as the two-eared cup went round. . . .
King Arthur took the old man's hand, and said:
"Until to-day my eyes have ne'er beheld,
Sir Branor, one so stout and merciful:
God help me, but I should have liked to know
The fathers who begot such sons as these."
Him the old knight replied to in this wise:
"Sire King, I've lived a hundred years and more;
Many a good man upon his nurse's lap
I've seen, and many a better helped to bury.
As yet there is no lack of doughty knights,
Or lovely ladies worthy of their service;
But men like those of yore I see not now,
So full of manhood, firmness, frankness, sense,
To honor, right, and truth, so tied and steadfast,
With hand and heart, and countenance, so open,
So without guile, as were King Meliad,
Hector the Brown, and Danayn the Red,
And my friend Geron, still surnamed the Courteous."

. . . . . .

Branor continued thus: "At that time lived
In Brittany a noble knight, surnamed
Danayn the Red, who dwelt at Malouen;
Geron the Courteous was his constant comrade
And dearest friend; together they had sworn
The bond to die for one another, and
Their fast affection was become a proverb.
The dame of Malouen, the wife of Danayn,
Was in all Brittany the fairest woman. . . .
They travelled for adventures to the courts
Of princes — where at tournaments and skurries
Fame could be earned; and when they were come back
To Malouen, Sir Geron kept his way,
Renewed the silent covenant with his eyes,
So that who saw him always would have fancied
The lovely dame of Malouen to him
Was nothing more than any other woman.

Unluckily, the lovely lady's heart
Was not so guarded as his own. She thought
At the first glance that Geron was the man,
Above all other men, to whom a lady
Could not refuse the recompense of her love.

And lo! it somehow happened,
That, just as Geron was approaching her,
He brushed against the low wall of the well,
Where he had piled his weapons on each other,
And the good sword slid down into the water.
Now, when he heard the splash, he quickly leaves
The lovely lady, runs to save the sword,
And draws it out, and wipes it dry;
And, as he looked along it narrowly
To see if 'twas uninjured, his eye caught
The golden letters on the blade inscribed
By Hector's order. As he read, he trembled.
He reads again; it was as had the words
Never before impressed him. All the spell
At once was broke.
He stands with the good sword
Bare in his hand, and sinks into himself:
"Where am I? God in Heaven! what a deed
I was come here to do!" And his knees tottered
Now at the thought. The sword still in his hand,
He on the margin of the well sat down,
His back toward the lady, full of sorrow,
And sinking from one sad thought to another.
Now when the lady, who so late ago
Beheld him blithe and gay, thus suddenly
Perceived him falling in strange melancholy,
She was alarmed, and knew not what to think,
And came to him with gentle, timid step,
And said, "What ails you, sir; what are you planning?"
Geron, unheeding her, still bent his eyes
Steadfast upon his sword, and made no answer.
She waited long, and, as he gave her none,
She stepped still nearer, and with tenderest voice
Again repeated, "My dear sir, what ails you?"
He, deeply sighing, answered, "What I ail —

May God in heaven have mercy on my soul!
Against my brother Danayn I have sinned,
And am not worthy now to live." He spoke
And once again began to eye his sword,
Then said, with broken voice: "Thou trusty blade,
Into whose hands art thou now fallen? He
Was quite another man who used to wield thee.
No faithless thought e'er came across his heart
In his whole life. Forgive me: I no more
Can now deserve to wear thee. I'll avenge
Both thee and him, who once hoped better of me
When to my keeping he intrusted thee."
And now he raised his arm; and, ere the lady,
Helpless from terror, could attempt to hinder,
He ran his body through and through, then drew
The weapon out, and would have given himself
Another stab, but that the dame of Malouen,
With all the force of love and of despair
Fell on his arm.
"Good knight, for God's sake spare
Your precious life; slay not yourself, and me,
So cruelly for nothing."
"Lady," said he,
"Leave me my will. I don't deserve to live,
And wish to perish, rather than be false."
The lady sobbed aloud, and clung around him,
While this was passing Danayn returned. . . .
And as he passed this forest, near the well
A shriek of woe assailed him, and he turned
His horse, to seek the cause — when lo! he saw,
Stretched in his blood, Sir Geron, bleeding still;
And by him kneeled alone, in speechless anguish,
Wringing her hands, the lady. Danayn,
Instead of asking questions, from his horse
Sprang, and proceeded to assist his friend.
Geron refuses to accept relief —
He will not live — and to his friend accuses
Himself most bitterly, hides nothing from him
But his wife's weakness, takes upon himself
The load of all his guilt, and, when he thus
Had ended his confession, he held out

His hand, and said, "Now then forgive me, brother,
If you are able. But, oh, let me die,
And do not hate my memory; for repentance
Did come before the deed. My faithlessness
Was only in my heart. Be my heart's blood
The fit atonement."
Noble Danayn
Conjures him, by their holy friendship, still
To live — and swears to him, that more than ever
He now esteems and loves him. Overcome
By such affection, Geron then consents
For his dear friend to live.
—TAYLOR'S *Historical Survey of German Poetry.*

WILBERFORCE, SAMUEL, an English clergyman; born at Broomfield House, Clapham, September 7, 1805; died at Dorking, July 19, 1873. He was one of the most accomplished and influential debaters in the House of Lords. Educated at Oxford, he was successively rector of Brightstone, Archdeacon of Surrey and chaplain to Prince Albert, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Oxford, and the same of Winchester. Among his writings are: *Eucharista* (1839); *Rocky Island and Other Parables* (1840); *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America* (1844); *Times of Secession* and *Times of Revival* (1863); several volumes of *Sermons* and *Essays* (1874).

"The scope," says the London *Saturday Review*, "of Bishop Wilberforce's public life as a churchman, though probably never so precisely formulated by himself, was to exhibit among the people of England the Church of England as an institution about which

there could be no dispute, but which, existing as it did in the unquestionable order of things, had to be improved and made the best of, for the sake, not only of itself, but of the nation within which it ministered. In every detail a keen reformer, he recommended his projects of reform not by the defects, but by the theoretic perfection of the institution which he was laboring to improve."

USE AND MISUSE OF SYMBOLS.

We find, then, the Early Church developing naturally its invisible vitality in certain outward forms and symbols. These when examined closely prove to be singularly simple and full of life; to be fit for all times and countries; to point all attention from themselves to the truths of which they are the shadow. They seem of themselves to proclaim, even aloud, that they were the offspring of a vigorous, healthy, loving, believing age, when — not without the direct guiding of the One Spirit — true faith and hearty love breathed out their own power into such holy forms. But as the Church lives on, the growth of outward symbols still continues; and as they multiply, a general change comes over them; still for a season they proceed from loving hearts, and from imaginative spirits, stirred to their lowest depths by the breath of mighty truths; but they are less simple; less meet for universal adaptation; fitting rather certain persons, certain modes of life, or certain nations, than man in his simplicity. Yet another change may in a while be felt: and soon the outward symbol bears the stamp of this mingled parentage — nay, in very many symbols the shadows of the error mark the fixed, external portrait more deeply than the lines of truth. This age is to be known by the abundance and the splendor of its outward symbols; by their tendency to set forth themselves rather than the truths for which they ought to witness to draw to themselves admiring eyes, even from the very truths of which they still pro-

fess to speak. They become indeed idols (εἰδωλα), instead of media for revealing God. Full of peril is such a time, when holy aspirations are so wedded to the earth; fuller still is that which follows; for error, ever productive after its kind, here by the doubtful symbol propagates itself and men are drawn away from Christ by that which professes to declare Him.

But to this period succeeds another which contents itself with maintaining and employing these creations of preceding ages. And this it may do until all is lost; until the Divine Gift of the living Spirit is overlaid by these cumbrous embodiments of mingled truth and error; until formality and utter death settle over all things. Or it may be that at such a time, God's great mercy raises up some champions of His truth who shall boldly break in upon the charmed circle, dissolve at once the foul enchantment, and restore all the misshaped and monstrous images around them to the simplicity of their primeval forms.

And what, after such a time, is the attempt to recreate the outward forms of earlier, and it may be, darker days? What is it in any case but ignorantly to go against the universal law of being; and it may be, to bring back forms which have been at once the consequence and cause of former wanderings?

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say —
Set thou thy seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER, an American poet; born at Johnstown Centre, Wis., about 1845. She was educated at the University of Wisconsin. At an early age she began to write for newspapers and periodicals. She has published *Drops of Water* (1872); *Maurine* (1875); *Shells* (1883); *Poems of Passion* (1883); *Mal Maulée,* a novel (1885); *Poems of Pleasure* (1888); *A Double Life,* a novel (1891); *How Salvator Won,* a poem for recitation (1891); *Sweet Danger,* a novel (1892); *The Beautiful Land of Nod* (1892); *Men, Women and Emotion,* forty-five chapters of advice to married folks (1893); *Song of the Sandwich,* a comic poem (1893); *Was it Suicide?* a collection of stories (1896); *A Woman of the World* (1904).

LOVE'S COMING.

She had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms, and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with a stealthy tread,
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun,
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride;
In the sweet, dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;
She found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife;
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,
And a peace which crowned her life.

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

One has a song that is free and strong,
But the music he writes is minor;
And the sad, sad strain is replete with pain,
And the singer becomes a repiner.

And he thinks God gave him a dirge-like ray,
Nor knows that the words are cheery:
And the song seems lonely and solemn — only
Because the music is dreary.

And the song of another has through the words
An under current of sadness;
But he sets it to music of ringing chords,
And makes it a pæan of gladness.

So whether our songs are sad or not,
We can give the world more pleasure,
And better ourselves, by setting the words
To a glad, triumphant measure.

GHOSTS.

There are ghosts in the room,
As I sit here alone, from the dark corners there
They come out of the gloom.
And they stand at my side, and they lean on my chair.

There's the ghost of a hope
That lighted my days with a fanciful glow.
In her hand is the rope
That strangled her life out. Hope was slain long ago.

But her ghost comes to-night
With its skeleton face, and expressionless eyes,
And it stands in the light,
And mocks me, and jeers me with sobs and with sighs.

There's the ghost of a joy,
A frail, fragile thing, and I prized it too much,
And the hands that destroy
Clasped it close, and it died at the withering touch.

There's the ghost of a love,
Born with joy, reared with Hope, died in pain and unrest,
But he towers above
All the others — this ghost: yet a ghost at the best.

I am weary, and fain
Would forget all these dead: but the gibbering host
Make the struggle in vain.
In each shadowy corner, there lurketh a ghost.

WILDE, Oscar O'Flahertie Wills, an Irish poet, dramatist and novelist; born at Dublin, October 16, 1856; died at Paris, November 30, 1900. He was the son of Sir William Wilde, a man of great personal influence in Ireland during his life, an eminent ophthalmic and aural surgeon, possessing a European reputation in his profession and as an archæologist and man of letters. In 1853 Sir William was made Surgeon-Oculist in Ireland to the Queen, but though his abilities and usefulness in his profession were very great, his love was for the study of archæology. Mr. Wilde was constantly with his father and mother, always among grown-up persons, and, at eight years old, had heard every subject discussed and every creed defended and demolished at his father's dinner table, where were to be found not only the brilliant genius of Ireland, but also celebrities of Europe and America that visited Dublin. He went to no public school, but had tutors at home, and was given that finest of all educators, the best literature of the day. As a boy, also, Mr. Wilde traveled a great deal in France and Germany; he cared little for German literature, excepting only Heine and Goethe, but became passionately fond of the French characters and writings, which are pervaded by an enthusiasm having some kinship with that peculiar to the Irish nation. Before going to Oxford, Mr. Wilde went to Trinity College, Dublin, for a year, and there won the gold medal for Greek and a scholarship. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1874, where also he obtained the first scholarship. During the four years he was there, he took two first classes and took the Newdigate

OSCAR WILDE.

Prize with his poem on Ravenna. Ruskin's lectures had fired him with the desire to go to Italy, a land which he had not then visited. He went to Florence, and there found a new inspiration and a new passion. He came back to Oxford with a mind full of memories of Italy and its gorgeous art, and a soul steeped in the splendour of a religion which is preached through colour and in glow. Then it was that he began to write personal poetry. After a visit to Greece, Mr. Wilde took his degree in 1878. He afterwards lived in London (with frequent visits to Italy), and devoted himself to poetry. He first originated the Æsthetic movement, and in 1881 he went on a lecturing tour in America. In 1892 his first play was acted in London, and proved a brilliant success.

His works include: *Poems* (1880); *Vera* (1882); *The Happy Prince* (1888); *Dorian Gray, The Portrait of Mr. W. H., Intentions; The House of Pomegranates; The Sphinx; Lord Arthur Savile's Crime; The Duchess of Padua* (1891); *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892); *A Woman of No Importance* (1893); *Salome; An Ideal Husband; The Importance of Being in Earnest* (1895); *A Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1897); *De Profundus* (1905).

The poems of Oscar Wilde are bizarre and affected in style, and frequently damaged by an evident straining after effect, yet they manifest a decided and original genius: The comparison with the career of Benjamin Disraeli, whose eccentricities of attire and manner in his early days were quite as marked and extravagant as those of Wilde, will suggest itself. It is not likely that Wilde was another Disraeli, or that the tendency of his ambition was in the same direction, but

that there might have been the possession of decided talent, and even genius is proved by many examples.

THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY.

Like burnt-out torches by a sick man's bed,
Gaunt cypress trees stand round the sun-bleached stone;
Here doth the little night-owl make her throne,
And the slight lizard show his jewelled head.
And where the chaliced poppies flame to red,
In the still chamber of yon pyramid
Surely some Old-World sphinx lurks darkly hid;
Grim warder of this pleasance of the dead.
Ah, sweet indeed to rest within the womb
Of Earth, great mother of eternal sleep,
But sweeter far for thee a restless tomb
In the blue cavern of an echoing deep,
Or where the tall ships founder in the gloom
Against the rocks of some wave-shattered steep.

E TENEBRIS.

Come down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy hand,
For I am drowning in a stormier sea
Than Simon on thy lake of Galilee:
The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,
My heart is as some famine-murdered land,
Whence all good things have perished utterly,
And well I know my soul in Hell must lie
If I this night before God's throne should stand.
"He sleeps perchance, or rideth to the chase,
Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name
From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height."
Nay, peace, I shall behold before the night,
The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,
The wounded hands, the weary human face.

VITA NUOVA.

I stood by the unvintageable sea
  Till the wet waves drenched face and hair with spray,
  The long red fires of the dying day
Burned in the west; the wind piped drearily;
And to the land the clamorous gulls did flee:
  "Alas!" I cried, "my life is full of pain,
  And who can garner fruit or golden grain,
From these waste fields which travail ceaselessly!"
  My nets gaped wide with many a break and flaw
  Nathless I threw them as my final cast
  Into the sea and waited for the end.
When lo! a sudden glory! and I saw
  The argent splendor of white limbs ascend,
  And in that joy forgot my tortured past.

IMPRESSION DU MATIN.

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold
  Changed to a Harmony in gray:
  A barge with ocher-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down
  The bridges, till the houses' walls
  Seemed changed to shadows, and S. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang
  Of waking life; the streets were stirred
  With country wagons: and a bird
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,
  The daylight kissing her wan hair,
  Loitered beneath the gas lamps' flare,
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

MAGDALEN WALKS.

The little white clouds are racing over the sky,
  And the fields are strewn with the gold of the flower of March,
  The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasseled larch
Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

A delicate odor is borne on the wings of the morning breeze,
  The odor of leaves, and of grass, and of newly upturned earth,
  The birds are singing for joy of the Spring's glad birth,
Hopping from branch to branch on the rocking trees.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of Spring,
  And the rosebud breaks into pink on the climbing brier,
  And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.

And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering some tale of love
  Till it rustles with laughter and tosses its mantle of green
  And the gloom of the wych-elm's hollow is lit with the iris sheen
Of the burnished rainbow throat and the silver breast of a dove.

See! the lark starts up from his bed in the meadow there,
  Breaking the gossamer threads and the nets of dew,
  And flashing a-down the river, a flame of blue!
The kingfisher flies like an arrow, and wounds the air.

ATHANASIA.

To that gaunt House of Art which lacks for naught
  Of all the great things men have saved from Time,

The withered body of a girl was brought
  Dead ere the world's glad youth had touched its prime,
And seen by lonely Arabs lying hid
In the dim womb of some black pyramid.

But when they had unloosed the linen band
  Which swathed the Egyptian's body,— lo! was found
Closed in the wasted hollow of her hand
A little seed, which sown in English ground
Did wondrous snow of starry blossoms bear,
And spread rich odors through our springtide air. ,

With such strange arts this flower did allure
  That all forgotten was the asphodel,
And the brown bee, the lily's paramour,
Forsook the cup where he was wont to dwell,
For not a thing of earth it seemed to be,
But stolen from some heavenly Arcady.

In vain the sad narcissus, wan and white
  At its own beauty, hung across the stream,
The purple dragon-fly had no delight
  With its gold dust to make his wings a-gleam,
Ah! no delight the jasmine-bloom to kiss,
Or brush the rain-pearls from the eucharis.

For love of it the passionate nightingale
  Forgot the hills of Thrace, the cruel king
And the pale dove no longer cared to sail
  Through the wet woods at time of blossoming,
But round this flower of Egypt sought to float,
With silvered wing and amethystine throat.

While the hot sun blazed in his tower of blue
  A cooling wind crept from the land of snows,
And the warm south with tender tears of dew
  Drenched its white leaves when Hesperus uprose
Amid those sea-green meadows of the sky
On which the scarlet bars of sunset lie.

But when o'er wastes of lily-haunted field
The tired birds had stayed their amorous tune,
And broad and glittering like an argent shield
High in the sapphire heavens hung the moon,
Did no strange dream or evil memory make
Each tremulous petal of its blossoms shake?

Ah no! to this bright flower a thousand years
Seemed but the lingering of a summer's day,
It never knew the tide of cankering fears
Which turn a boy's gold hair to withered gray,
The dread desire of death it never knew,
Or how all folk that they were born must rue.

For we to death with pipe and dancing go,
Nor would we pass the ivory gate again,
As some sad river wearied of its flow
Through the dull plains, the haunts of common men,
Leaps lover-like into the terrible sea!
And counts it gain to die so gloriously.

We mar our lordly strength in barren strife
With the world's legions led by clamorous care,
It never feels decay but gathers life
From the pure sunlight and the supreme air,
We live beneath Time's wasting sovereignty,
It is the child of all eternity.

SERENADE.

The western wind is blowing fair
Across the dark Ægean sea,
And at the secret marble stair
My Tyrian galley waits for thee.
Come down! the purple sail is spread,
The watchman sleeps within the town,
O leave thy lily-flowered bed,
O Lady mine come down, come down!

She will not come, I know her well,
Of lover's vows she hath no care,

And little good a man can tell
  Of one so cruel and so fair.
True love is but a woman's toy,
  They never know the lover's pain,
And I who loved as loves a boy
  Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot tell me true
  Is that the sheen of golden hair?
Or is it but the tangled dew
  That binds the passion-flowers there?
Good sailor come and tell me now
  Is that my lady's lily hand?
Or is it but the gleaming prow,
  Or is it but the silver sand?

No! no! 'tis not the tangled dew,
  'Tis not the silver-fretted sand,
It is my own dear Lady true
  With golden hair and lily hand!
O noble pilot steer for Troy,
Good sailor ply the laboring oar,
 This is the Queen of life and joy
  Whom we must bear from Grecian shore!

The waning sky grows faint and blue,
  It wants an hour still of day,
Aboard! aboard! my gallant crew,
  O Lady mine away! away!
O noble pilot steer for Troy,
  Good sailor ply the laboring oar,
O loved as only loves a boy!
  O loved for ever evermore!

ENDYMION.

The apple trees are hung with gold,
  And birds are loud in Arcady,
The sheep lie bleating in the fold,
The wild goat runs across the wold,
But yesterday his love he told,

I know he will come back to me.
O rising moon! O Lady moon!
Be you my lover's sentinel,
You cannot chose but know him well,
For he is shod with purple shoon,
You cannot choose but know my love,
For he a shepherd's crook doth bear,
And he is soft as any dove,
And brown and curly is his hair.

The turtle now has ceased to call
Upon her crimson-footed groom,
The gray wolf prowls about the stall,
The lily's singing seneschal
Sleeps in the lily-bell, and all
The violet hills are lost in gloom.
O risen moon! O holy moon!
Stand on the top of Helice,
And if my own true love you see,
Ah! if you see the purple shoon,
The hazel crook, the lad's brown hair,
The goat-skin wrapped about his arm,
Tell him that I am waiting where
The rushlight glimmers in the Farm.
The falling dew is cold and chill,
And no bird sings in Arcady,
The little fauns have left the hill,
Even the tired daffodil
Has closed its gilded doors, and still
My lover comes not back to me.
False moon! False moon! O waning moon!
Where is my own true lover gone,
Where are the lips vermilion,
The shepherd's crook, the purple shoon?
Why spread that silver pavilion,
Why wear that veil of drifting mist?
Ah! thou hast young Endymion,
Thou hast the lips that should be kissed!

LA BELLA DONNA DELLA MIA MENTE

My limbs are wasted with a flame,
My feet are sore with traveling,
For calling on my Lady's name
My lips have now forgot to sing.

O Linnet in the wild-rose brake
Strain for my Love thy melody,
O Lark sing louder for love's sake,
My gentle Lady passeth by.

She is too fair for any man
To see or hold his heart's delight,
Fairer than Queen or courtezan
Or moon-lit water in the night.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,
(Green leaves upon her golden hair!)
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves
Of autumn corn are not more fair.

Her little lips, more made to kiss
Than to cry bitterly for pain,
Are tremulous as brook-water is,
Or roses after evening rain.

Her neck is like white melilote
Flushing for pleasure of the sun,
The throbbing of the linnet's throat
Is not so sweet to look upon.

As a pomegranate, cut in twain,
White-seeded, is her crimson mouth,
Her cheeks are as the fading stain
Where the peach reddens to the south.

O twining hands! O delicate
White body made for love and pain!

O House of love! O desolate
Pale flower beaten by the rain!

WILKINSON, WILLIAM CLEAVER, an American essayist and critic; born at Westford, Vt., October 19, 1833. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1857, and at the Rochester, N. Y., Theological School in 1859, when he entered the Baptist ministry. In 1872 he became Professor of Homiletics in the theological department of Rochester University. His published volumes are, besides Greek and Latin text-books, *The Dance of Modern Society* (1869); *A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters* (1874), containing admirable critiques on George Eliot, Bryant, Erasmus, etc., and trenchant reviews of Lowell's prose and poetry; *Webster: an Ode* (1882); *Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer,* an examination of *The Light of Asia* (1885), *The Baptist Principle* (1886); *The Epic of Saul* (1891); *The Epic of Paul* (1898); and *The Epic of Moses* (1903), and several text-books on Greek, Latin, and German literature for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

THE BUSINESS OF POETRY.

Mr. Longfellow comes nearest, among our American literary men, to being exclusively a poet. But Mr. Longfellow gave twenty years of his prime to the duties of an arduous college professorship, and we have good testimony that he did not shirk those duties as is the privilege of genius and of fame. The fact remains, that in the United States division of labor has not yet reached

the point of allowing our poets to devote themselves exclusively to poetry. The newness of our civilization continues to exact of us all a roundabout *savoir faire* hostile to the highest perfection of those exclusive and meditative habits which alone enable the poet to secrete, in fruitful tranquillity, the precious substance of his verse, and silently and slowly crystallize it into supreme and ideal forms. We remember, some years ago, meeting a solid English tradesman, as he looked, driving his solid English horse, before a two-wheeled wagon, at a ringing trot around and down a sloping curve of the solid English road, on the Isle of Wight, in the neighborhood of Mr. Tennyson's residence. The ruddy roast beef of the man's complexion, his brown-stout corpulence, and the perfect worldliness of his whole appearance, whimsically suggested Mr. Tennyson's poetry to us under the circumstances. We could not resist the temptation to stop him, and enjoy the sensation of inquiring the way to Mr. Tennyson's house of such a man. "If, now, you could tell me his business?" responded he. Tennyson's business! We were well-nigh dumfounded. We came near being in the case of Mr. John Smith, that absent-minded man who could not recall his own name on challenge at the post-office window. We recovered our presence of mind, however, and told our friend he "made verses," we believed. "Ah, yes; the Queen's poet — Tennyson — that's the name. Yes; he makes verses — you're right — that's his business; and very clever at it he is, too, they say." This was the Old World. It could hardly have been the New.

And yet poetry, certainly as much as any other vocation of genius, is jealous of a divided devotion. Nothing short of the whole man, for his whole life, will satisfy her extortionate claim. It will not even do, generally, for the poet to indulge himself in coquetting with prose. The "poet's garland and singing-robes" are not an investiture to be lightly donned and doffed at will. To wear them most gracefully one must wear them habitually.

The difference between poetry and prose is an essential difference. It can hardly be defined, but it may be

illustrated. Poetry differs from prose, in part, as running differs from walking. There is motion in both running and walking; but in running the motion is continuous, while in walking the motion is a series of advances, separated by intervals, less or more appreciable, of rest. Poetry runs — prose walks. Again, poetry differs from prose as singing differs from talking. The difference between singing and talking is not that singing is musical and talking not musical. The difference is that singing is musical in one way, and talking musical, if musical, in another. Poetry sings — prose talks. Each has a rhythm; but the rhythm of each is its own.

But there is yet a finer distinction between poetry and prose than has thus been illustrated — a finer one, we mean, this side of the finest one of all, which is far too fine to be expressed in any "matter-moulded forms of speech." There is a certain curiously subtle idiom of expression belonging to poetry, and another equally subtle idiom of expression belonging to prose. These two idioms of expression are as palpably distinct from each other as are the several idioms of different languages. They defy definition; they elude analysis. They do not depend on choice of words, they do not depend on collocation of words, although they depend partly on both these things. A man whose talent was that of prose-writer might make faultless verse from a vocabulary chosen out of the purest poetry of the language, and there should not be one poetical line in his work from beginning to end. On the other hand, there is hardly an intractable word in the language that a true poet could not weave into his verse without harm to the poetic effect. In the main, the diction of a true poet and the diction of a good prose writer will be identical. The order of the poet will not vary violently from the order of the prose-writer. Their subject may be the same, and even the mode of conception, and the figures of speech. All these points of coincidence between poetry and prose may exist; they generally do exist, and, notwithstanding them all, the inviolate idiom of poetic expression and the inviolate idiom of prose

expression remain uninterchangeably distinct.—*A Free Lance.*

WILLARD, Emma Hart, an American educator, historian and poet; born at New Berlin, Conn., February 23, 1787; died at Troy, N. Y., April 15, 1870. She was educated in the Academy in Hartford, Conn., and at sixteen began to teach. She was principal of various schools in Vermont and New York until 1821, at which time she founded the Troy Female Seminary. In 1809, while in charge of a school in Middlebury, she was married to Dr. John Willard, United States Marshal for Vermont. She wrote many popular school books and lectured extensively on questions of educational interest. She was an active advocate of the improved education of women, and succeeded in securing grants from the State of New York for the furtherance of her aims; the city of Troy also gave her a building in which to found a girls' school. She was the author of *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,* and much other verse. Among her educational works are *History of the United States* (1828); *Universal History in Perspective* (1837); *Chronographer of English History* (1845), and *Astronomography, or Astronomical Geography.* In 1825 her husband died, and in 1838 she was married to Dr. Christopher C. Yates, from whom she was divorced in 1843. In 1846 she made an 8,000-mile tour of the West and South, lecturing to teachers.

Mrs. Willard was the pioneer in the movement in

this country for the better education of women. Her energy, enthusiasm, and strong intellect exerted a powerful effect upon the public. She lived to see, due largely to her own efforts, a complete reversal of the general ideas regarding the training of women.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled, heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll —
I feel Thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

GREECE.

Greece has been not only physically but morally wounded. The vile system of the Arabian deceiver has surrounded her on almost every hand. What circumstance

could occur so likely to make way for the destruction of that abominable superstition, as to impart dignity,— the elevation of moral and intellectual worth, to women beyond its reach but within its observation? and is it to be expected that they might derive from American women as well as from any other the frame work of such a character? If this can be made to appear; then will be shown an added obligation in us, to send to the daughters of fallen Greece, the blessings of such an education.

TO-DAY.

The human mind will wander to future times. Even the votary of pleasure, who tells us to "pluck the fresh flowret ere it close," though he thinks his motto is present enjoyment, yet unconsciously he mingles a bitter foreboding which destroys the very essence of joy. "Let us *haste* (he says) for the flowret *will* soon wither — the roses soon fade. Let music sound — and let us laugh loud, that we need not think of death. Ay, turn away from that open grave. Speak not of the approach of the pestilential cholera. Quick! quick! let us gather the roses, lest the next moment they are blighted for ever!" Is this the spirit of happiness? Is it for this, that we should exchange that desire of doing good, and that willingness to communicate, which flows from a pious heart, as a fresh stream from a rolling fountain? Is it for this, that we are to hold fast for ourselves and our families all that we have or can acquire? Forbid it, gracious Saviour! Thou that didst divest thyself of heaven's glory, and for those who loved thee not wore the garb of poverty and reproach, forbid that those who call themselves by thy name of infinite benevolence and wisdom, should thus be guilty of selfishness and folly! what if the good we undertake be for the distant and the future? when our souls are free, no longer bound to a clod that gravitates to the earth, these things *will* be neither *distant* nor *future*. In the regions where immortal spirits hold blessed communion, we may meet with those, who perchance are led thither by means to which we have been instrumental; and with them look down with joy upon the good which

is maturing upon earth — the souls that are ripening for heaven.

WHAT TO TEACH.

What is the best of all possible things to be taught? MORAL GOODNESS. That respects GOD and man; God first, and man second. To infuse into the mind of a child, therefore love and fear towards God — the perfect — in wisdom, goodness, justice and power,— the Creator, Benefactor, and Saviour, the secret Witness and the Judge — this is of all teaching the very best. But it cannot be accomplished, merely in set times and by set phrases; it should mingle in all the teacher's desires and actions. The child imbibes it when he sees that the instructor feels and acts on it himself. When the youth is untruthful, when he wounds his companion in body — in mind — in character or in property, then show him that his offence is against God; that you are God's ministers to enforce his laws, and must do your duty. Be thus mindful in all sincerity, judge correctly, adopt no subterfuge — pretend not to think the child is better than he is, but deal plainly and truly, though lovingly with him; then his moral approbation will go with you, though it should be against himself, and even if circumstances require you to punish him. The voice of conscience residing in his heart is as the voice of God; and if you invariably interpret that voice with correctness and truth, the child will submit and obey you naturally and affectionately. But if your government is unjust or capricious, if you punish one day, what you pass over or approve another, the dissatisfied child will naturally rebel.

Next to moral goodness is HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *soundness of body and of mind.* This like the former is not what can be taught at set times, and in set phrases; but it must never be lost sight of. It must regulate the measure and the kind of exercise required of the child, both bodily and mental, as well as his diet, air and accommodations. The regular routine of school duties consists in teaching acts for the practice of future life; or sciences in which the useful or ornamental arts find their first principles; and great skill is required of the teacher

in assigning to each pupil an order of studies suitable to his age, and then selecting such books and modes of teaching as shall make a little time go far.

CARE OF HEALTH.— TO YOUNG LADIES.

When I am speaking to young girls (the Lord bless and keep them), I am in my proper element. Why should it be otherwise? I have had five thousand under my charge, and spent thirty years of my life devoted to their service; and the general reader will excuse me if I add some further advice to them, which the light of this theory will show to be good. If it is so, others may have its benefit as well as they, but it is most natural to me to address myself to them.

Would you, my dear young ladies, do the will of God on earth by being useful to your fellow-beings? Take care of health. Would you enjoy life? Take care of health; for without it, existence is, for every purpose of enjoyment, worse than a blank. No matter how much wealth or how many luxuries you can command, there is no enjoyment without health. To an aching head what is a downy pillow with silken curtains floating above? What is the cushioned landau and the gardened landscape to her whose disordered lungs can no longer receive the inspirations of an ordinary atmosphere? And what are books, music, and paintings to her whose nervous sufferings give disease to her senses, and agony to her frame?

Would you smooth for your tender parents the pillow of declining life? Take care of health. And does the "prophetic pencil" sometimes trace the form of one whose name perhaps is now unknown, who shall hereafter devote to you a manly and generous heart, and marriage sanction the bond? Would you be a blessing to such a one? then now take care of your health: or if you hesitate, let imagination go still further. Fancy yourself feeble as with untimely age, clad in vestments of sorrow, and leaving a childless home to walk forth with him to the church-yard, there to weep over your buried offspring.

Study then to know your frame that you may, before it

is too late, pursue such a course as will secure to you a sound and vigorous constitution.

OF THE FORCE THAT MOVES THE BLOOD.

When the circulation is our life, it behoves us to consider well its causes, that we may aid reason to instinct in its healthful preservation. That the blood travels through the system by its own volition, none believe; but that it is an inert mass which will only move as it is moved. What then are the forces which move inert bodies? Are there any which may not be resolved into one of these three, impulse, gravitation, and heat; of which the latter has the greater range in point of degree, being in the expansion of a fluid from warm to warmer, the most gentle of all imaginable forces, while in other states it is the most powerful of any known to man. It is then to one or more of these forces that we must look for the motive powers which produce the circulation. And the human circulation has peculiar difficulties to encounter. Man does not enjoy his noble erect position, without some countervailing disadvantages. The long upright column of his blood spreading at its base, presents no trifling force to be moved. And this force is to be overcome by means so gentle that the mind, the dweller in this house of clay, shall not be disturbed by its operations. Again: the parts of the body are to be used by the mind as instruments, and ten thousand different motions are to be performed at its bidding. What but Almighty Wisdom could have effected these several objects? And is it not most reasonable to suppose that this wisdom would assign for these purposes not any one of the forces which move matter, but combine them all? Gravitation by itself cannot produce a circulation by any machinery. Impulse alone could not carry on a circulation without existing in such an excessive degree that it must disturb the mind and endanger the body. But heat, the antagonist force of gravitation, by the lessening or increasing of the maximum and minimum difference, can operate more or less forcibly as occasion requires, and at the same time so gently and so quietly, that the mind shall take no cognizance of its

operation as a moving force. It can be so placed that by its expansive force it shall lift gravitation when that obstructs the way, and by its transmission leave to it the course, when its presence as a force would become hurtful. Why, then, should we hesitate to conclude that this is the principal force employed, since we know it exists in the human system? And if it is the principal agent which does actually perform this great work, then if the quantity afforded be small, so much the more perfect the machine, for so much the less will it be likely either to endanger the body or disturb the mind, and so much the more praise is due to the Mighty Artificer.

WILLARD, Frances Elizabeth, an American temperance reformer; born at Churchville, N. Y., September 28, 1839; died at New York, February 17, 1898. After graduation from the Northwestern Female College Evanston, Ill., in 1859, she became Professor of Natural Science there, and in 1866 principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. After traveling in Europe she was made Professor of Æsthetics at the Northwestern University, and Dean of the Woman's College, where she developed a system of self-government. In 1874 she identified herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was president from 1879. She organized the Home Protection movement, and founded many temperance societies. In addition to pamphlets and magazine articles, Miss Willard was the author of *Ninetcen Beautiful Years* (1863); *Woman and Temperance* (1883); *How to Win* (1886); *Woman in the Pulpit* (1888); *Glimpses of Fifty Years* (1889); *A Great Mother* (1894).

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

An æolian harp is in my study window as I write. It seems to me the fittest emblem of him who has gone to live elsewhere and left our world in some sense lonely.

The compass of its diapason is vast as the scope of his mind; its tenderness deep as his heart; its pathos thrilling as his sympathy; its aspiration triumphant as his faith. Like him, it is attuned to every faintest breath of the great world-life; and like his, its voice searches out the innermost places of the human spirit. Jean Paul says of the æolian harp, that it is, like nature, "passive before a divine breath," and in him who has gone from us there was this elemental receptivity of God. Other natures have doubtless developed that God-consciousness which is the sum of all perfections to a degree as wonderful as Mr. Beecher did, but what other, in our time, at least, has been *en rapport* so perfectly with those about him that they could share with him this blissful consciousness to a degree as great? John Henry Newman says, "To God must be ascribed the *radiation* of genius." No great character of whom I can think illustrates that most unique and felicitous phrase so clearly as Henry Ward Beecher. He was the great, radiating spirit of our nation and our age. For fifty years his face shone, his tones vibrated, his pen was electric with the sense of a divine presence, not for his home only, not for his church or his nation, but for Christendom. He radiated all that he absorbed, and his capacious nature was the reservoir of all that is best in books, art, and life. But as fuel turns to fire, and oil to light, so, in the laboratory of his brain, the raw materials of history, poetry, and science were wrought over into radiant and radiating forces which warmed and illumined human souls. Plymouth Church was the most home-like place that could be named; its pulpit a glowing fireside ever ready to cheer the despondent and warm those hearts the world had chilled. No man ever spoke so often or wrote so much whose classic, historic, and poetical allusions were so few; but the potency of

every good thing ever learned by him, who was an insatiable student of nature and an omnivorous reader of books, was all wrought, in the alembic of his memory, into new forms and combinations. He intersphered so perfectly with the minds and hearts about him, that he seemed to them a veritable possession.

The interpenetrative character of his mind has not been matched, for the reason that he was that doubly dowered phenomenon — a great brain mated to a heart as great. This royal gift of sympathy enabled him to make all lives his own; hence, he so understood as to have charity for all. . . . For this reason he was born a patriot, a philanthropist, and a reformer. We read of "epoch-making books," but here was an epoch-making character.— *Glimpses of Fifty Years.*

WILLIAMS, Roger, a Welsh-American reformer, founder of the colony of Rhode Island; born in Wales in 1606; died at Providence, R. I., in March, 1684. He entered the University of Oxford in 1624, mastered not only Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but the French and Dutch languages, and took orders in the Anglican Church; but having embraced extreme Puritan views, he emigrated to New England in 1631. He became a minister at Salem, from which he was driven in 1635 for setting forth "new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates." Finding it expedient to leave the limits of the Plymouth colony, he crossed Narragansett Bay, and established a settlement, to which he gave the name of Providence. In 1643 he went to England in order to procure a charter for the new colony. During the voyage he wrote a curious

Key into the Language of America. While in England he wrote his *Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience* (1644). To this the Rev. John Cotton replied in his *Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb* (1647). Williams rejoined in his *Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash It White* (1652). Besides the foregoing, Williams was the author of several other works — among them *A Letter to the People of Rhode Island* (1655), in which, as president of the colony, he sets forth his own views as to the rightful jurisdiction of the civil magistrate in several important respects.

In his *American Literature,* Moses Coit Tyler speaks thus of the celebrated *Letter to the People of Providence*: "The supreme intellectual merit of this composition is in those qualities that never obtrude themselves upon notice — ease, lucidity, completeness. Here we have the final result of ages of intellectual effort presented without effort — a long process of abstract reasoning made transparent and irresistible in a picture. With a wisdom that is both just and peaceable, it fixes, for all time, the barriers against tyranny on the one side, against lawlessness on the other. It has the moral and literary harmonies of a classic. As such, it deserves to be forever memorable in our American prose."

THE PROVINCE OF THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE.

There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of a commonwealth, or a human combination or society. It hath fallen out that both Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship; upon which supposal I affirm that all the liberty

of conscience that I ever pleaded for turns upon these two hinges: That none of the Papists or Protestants, Jews or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practise any.

I further add, that I never denied that, notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course; yea, and also to command that justice, peace, and sobriety be kept and practised, both among the seamen and all the passengers. If any of the seamen refuse to perform their services, or passengers to pay their freight; if any refuse to help, in person or purse, toward the common charge or defence; if any refuse to obey the common laws and orders of the ship concerning their peace or preservation; if any shall mutiny and rise up against their commanders and officers; if any should preach or write that there ought to be no commanders or officers, because all are equal in "Christ"— therefore no masters nor officers, no laws, nor orders, nor corrections, nor punishments; I say I never denied but in such cases, whatever is pretended, the commander or commanders may judge, resist, compel, and punish such transgressors, according to their deserts and merits. This, if seriously and honestly minded, may, if it so please the Father of Lights, let in some light to such as willingly shut not their eyes. I remain, studious of your common peace and liberty, Roger Williams.— *Letter to the People of Providence.*

Toward the close of his life, Roger Williams was involved in a controversy with some leaders of the Quakers, and in 1676 he published a large quarto volume embodying his version of a series of stormy debates held with them. Among the notable Quakers were George *Fox* and Edward *Burrowes,* whose names gave ready occasion for a punning title:

THE FOX AND HIS BURROWES.

George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes, or an Offer of Disputation on fourteen Proposalls made this last Summer, 1672 (so call'd), unto G. Fox then present on Rhode Island, in New England, by R. W. As also how (G. Fox slyly departing) the Disputation went on, being managed three Dayes at Newport on Rhode Island, and one Day at Providence, between John Stubbs, John Burnet, and William Edmundson, on the one Part, and R. W., on the other. In which many Quotations out of G. Fox and Ed. Burrowes Book in Folio are alleged. With an Appendix, of some Scores of G. F., his simple lame answers to his Opposites in that Book quoted and replied to, by R. W. of Providence in N. E.

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, an American poet and essayist, born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1806; died at Idlewild-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., January 20, 1867. While a student at Yale College, where he was graduated in 1827, he wrote several poems, mainly of a religious character, which gained for him no little reputation. For several years after leaving college he was engaged in literary work, finally forming a connection with the New York *Mirror,* to which he contributed a series of letters under the title of *Pencillings by the Way,* describing his observations in Europe, whither he went in 1833. Returning to the United States he took up his residence at a pretty little estate which he purchased in the valley of the Susquehanna, and named "Glenmary," for his wife, whom he had married in England. Here he wrote his *Letters from Under a Bridge,* which contains his best prose. After

N. P. WILLIS.

five years he was compelled to offer Glenmary for sale. He then, in conjunction with Dr. Porter, established the *Corsair*, a weekly journal of literature. During a second stay in England he published *Loiterings of Travel*, produced two plays, *Bianca Visconti* and *Tortesa the Usurer*, and wrote the descriptive matter for an illustrated work, *The Scenery of the United States*. The publication of the *Corsair* was abandoned, and Willis aided George P. Morris in establishing the *Evening Mirror*, a daily newspaper. His health broke down, and he again went abroad, having been made an *attaché* of the American Legation at Berlin. He now proposed to make Germany his permanent residence; but finding the climate unfavorable to him, he returned to New York. The *Evening Mirror* was given up, and the weekly *Home Journal* took its place.. He took up his residence at Idlewild-on-the-Hudson, near Newburgh, where he died on his sixty-first birthday.

The prose writings of Willis consist mainly of letters and other articles furnished to periodicals. They include *Pencillings by the Way; Letters From Under a Bridge; Rural Letters; People I Have Met; Life Here and There; Hurry-graphs; A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean; Fun-jottings; A Health Trip to the Tropics; Out-doors at Idlewild; Famous Persons and Places; The Rag Bag; Paul Fane*, a novel; *The Canvalescent* — the last being written in 1859. His *Poems*, most of them being short pieces of varying character, have been published collectively.

THE MISERERE.

The procession crept slowly up to the church, and I left them kneeling at the tomb of St. Peter, and went

to the side chapel, to listen to the *miserere*. The choir here is said to be inferior to that in the Sistine chapel, but the circumstances more than make up for the difference, which, after all, it takes a nice ear to detect. I could not but congratulate myself, as I sat down on the base of a pillar, in the vast aisle, without the chapel where the choir were chanting, with the twilight gathering in the lofty arches, and the candles of the various processions creeping to the consecrated sepulchre from the distant parts of the church.

It was so different in that crowded and suffocating chapel of the Vatican, where, fine as was the music, I vowed positively never to subject myself to such annoyance again.

It had become almost dark, when the last candle but one was extinguished in the symbolical pyramid, and the first almost painful note of the *miserere* wailed out into the vast church of St. Peter. For the next half hour, the kneeling listeners around the door of the chapel seemed spellbound in their motionless attitudes.

The darkness thickened, the hundred lamps at the far-off sepulchre of the saint looked like a galaxy of twinkling points of fire, almost lost in the distance, and from the now perfectly obscured choir poured, in ever-varying volume, the dirge-like music, in notes inconceivably plaintive and affecting.

The power, the mingled mournfulness and sweetness, the impassioned fulness, at one moment, and the lost, shrieking wildness of one solitary voice at another, carry away the soul like a whirlwind. I never have been so moved by anything. It is not in the scope of language to convey an idea of another of the effect of the *miserere*.

It was not till several minutes after the music had ceased, that the dark figures rose up from the floor about me.

As we approached the door of the church, the full moon, about three hours risen, poured broadly under the arches of the portico, inundating the whole front of the lofty dome with a flood of light such as falls only in Italy.

There seemed to be no atmosphere between. Day-

light is scarce more intense. The immense square, with its slender obelisk and embracing crescents of colonnade, lay spread out as definitely to the eye as at noon, and the two famous fountains shot up their clear waters to the sky, the moonlight streaming through the spray, and every drop as visible and bright as a diamond.— *Pencillings by the Way.*

TWO WOMEN.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail.
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air

Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven,
By man is cursed alway!

TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoop to my window, beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love:
I watch thy coming and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people, this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race
Dost look unscared on the human face;
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the "gentle Dove"
Has become a name of Truth and Love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word;
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance: thou art set apart
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air;
And I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come then, ever, when the daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low, sweet music out.
I hear and see
Lessons of Heaven, sweet bird, in thee.

WILSON, ALEXANDER, a Scottish-American ornithologist and poet; born at Paisley, Scotland July 6, 1766; died at Philadelphia, August 23, 1813. He was a weaver by trade, cultivated poetry, came to America in 1794, and taught school in several places in Pennsylvania. By association with William Bartram he became interested in ornithology, and traveled much to collect birds. He was a competent pioneer in this work, and from 1808 he put forth his volumes of *American Ornithology,* himself drawing the faithful pictures. In 1814 the work was completed in nine volumes. It was issued in two volumes, after his death, and, with a continuation by C. L. Bonaparte, in four volumes in 1833. He published volumes of *Poems* at Paisley (1790 and 1791), and, in 1792, a poem, *Watty and Meg,* which was ascribed to Burns. His excursion to Western New York he described in a poem, *The Foresters.*

In the *Ornithology* of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:

THE BALD EAGLE.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a vary high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the etherial heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and weachful cranes intent and wading;

clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, leveling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recontres the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

By way of preface, "to invoke the clemency of the reader," Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighboring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild-flowers, of a great many different colours; and, presenting them to his mother, said: "Look,

my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?" The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on wings of ecstacy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

A VILLAGE SCOLD.

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer.
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan —
"Mungo! is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew — like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

"Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggie followed,
Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin',
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clapped wi' her hands, and stampin',
Lost her bauchel* i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye —
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!"

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet —
Maggy's tongue gade like a bell —
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' aften to himsel:

"Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me."

— *From Watty and Meg.*

* Old shoes.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the bluebird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh, then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:
Oh, then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their blossoms:
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs, where they riot and welter;
His songs and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is — in summer a shelter.

AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleams in his train,
Now searching the furrows — now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet, simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow-ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is given,
Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through the bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

WILSON, AUGUSTA JANE EVANS, an American novelist; born at Columbus, Ga., May 8, 1833. Her earlier novels were published under her maiden name of Evans. In 1868 she was married to L. M. Wilson, of Mobile, Ala., where she has since resided. Her novels include *Inez* (1856); *Beulah* (1859); *Macaria* (1864); *St. Elmo* (1866);

Vashti (1869); *Infelice* (1875); and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* (1889); *A Speckled Bird* (1902).

Mrs. Wilson's books have been very popular with romantic young women in and out of boarding-schools for many a day. Her heroines are often marvels of learning, yet full of romance and ready to succumb to the fascinations of heroes generally superbly handsome, daring, and accomplished, who are weighted down with "pasts" full of romantic mystery and unhappiness. But Mrs. Wilson does not write trash, withal; her style, if a little strained and, again, heavy, is, on the whole, good; her depiction of Southern plantation life in *ante-bellum* days is vividly correct, and her gentlemen and gentlewomen are such in the true sense of the words. The excerpt printed below illustrates the surroundings in which she loves to place her heroes, and explains the good-natured banter from reviewers who fully appreciate the sterling value of her work.

THE LIBRARY AND THE "HERO."

When the echo of her retreating steps died away, St. Elmo threw his cigar out of the window, and walked up and down the quaint and elegant rooms, whose costly *bizarrerie* would more appropriately have adorned a villa of Parthenope or Lucanian Sybaris than a country-house in *soi-disant* "Republican" America. The floor, covered in winter with velvet carpet, was of white and black marble, now bare and polished as a mirror, reflecting the figure of the owner as he crossed it. Oval ormolu tables, buhl chairs, and oaken and marqueterie cabinets, loaded with cameos, intaglios, Abraxoids, whose "erudition" would have filled Mnesarchus with envy, and challenged the admiration of the Samian lapidary who engraved the ring of Polycrates — these and numberless articles of *virtu* testified to the universality of

what St. Elmo called his "world scrapings" and to the reckless extravagance and archaistic taste of the collector. . . . On a *verd-antique* table stood an exquisite white glass lamp, shaped like a vase and richly ornamented with Arabic inscriptions in ultramarine-blue — a precious relic of some ruined Laura in the Nitrian desert, by the aid of whose rays the hoary hermits whom St. Macarius ruled had broken the midnight gloom, chanting "*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison,*" fourteen hundred years before St. Elmo's birth. Several handsome rosewood cases were filled with rare books — two in Pali — centuries old; and moth-eaten and valuable manuscript — some in parchment, some in boards — recalled the days of astrology and alchemy and the sombre mysteries of Rosicrucianism. . . . But expensive and rare as were these treasures, there was one other object for which the master would have given everything else in this museum of curiosities, and the secret of which no eyes but his own had yet explored. On a sculptured slab that had once formed a portion of the architrave of the Cave Temple at Elephanta was a splendid marble miniature, four feet high, of that miracle of Saracenic architecture, the Taj Mahal, at Agra. The elaborate carving resembled lace-work, and the beauty of the airy dome and slender, glittering minarets of this mimic tomb of Noor-Mahal could find no parallel, save in the superb and matchless original.

Filled though it was with sparkling *bijouterie* that would have graced the Barberini or Strozzi cabinets, the glitter of the room was cold and cheerless. No rosy memoirs of early, happy manhood lingered here; no dewy gleams of the merry morning of life, when hope painted a peopled and smiling world; no magic trifles that prattled of the spring-time of a heart that, in wandering to and fro through the earth, had fed itself with dust and ashes, acrid and bitter; had studiously collected only the melancholy symbols of mouldering ruin, desolation, and death, and which found its best type in the Taj Mahal, that glistened so mockingly as the gaslight flickered on it.— *St. Elmo.*

WILSON, JAMES GRANT, a Scottish-American biographer; born at Edinburgh, April 28, 1832. He became a colonel, afterward a general, in the Civil War, and subsequently settled in New York. Besides addresses and articles, he has published *Biographical Sketches of Illinois Officers* (1862); *Love in Letters* (1867); *Life of U. S. Grant* (1868); *Life of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (1869); *Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers* (1874); *Poets and Poetry of Scotland* (1876); *Centennial History of the Diocese of New York* (1886); *Bryant and His Friends* (1886); *Commodore Isaac Hull and the Frigate Constitution* (1889); *The Memorial History of New York City* (1891–93); *The Presidents of the United States* (1894); and *Thackeray in the United States* (1903). In collaboration with Mr. John Fiske he edited *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography* (6 vols., 1886–89).

THE "CROAKERS."

The amusing series of verses known as *The Croakers,* first published in 1819, were the joint production of the attached friends and literary partners, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake — the "Damon and Pythias" of American poets. The origin of these sprightly *jeux d'esprit,* as eagerly looked for each evening as were the war-bulletins of a later day, may not be without interest to the authors' troops of admirers. Halleck and Drake were spending a Sunday morning with Dr. William Langstaff, an eccentric apothecary and an accomplished mineralogist, with whom they were both intimate (the two last mentioned were previously fellow-students in the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romayne), when Drake, for his own and his friends' amusement, wrote several burlesque stanzas *To Ennui,*

Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. The young poets decided to send their productions, with others of a similar character, to William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*. If he published them, they would write more; if not, they would offer them to M. M. Noah, of the *National Advocate;* and, if he declined their poetical progeny, they would light their pipes with them. Drake accordingly sent Coleman three pieces of his own, signed "CROAKER," a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith's comedy of *The Good-Natured Man*. To their astonishment, a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines *To Ennui* appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession; those written by Mr. Halleck being sometimes signed "Croaker Junior," while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of "Croaker and Co."

The remark made by Coleman had excited public attention, and "THE CROAKERS" soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, book-stores, coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends contributed other pieces; and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Halleck and Drake accordingly, one evening, went together to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor, the editor soon entered, the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and, the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said—"I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker Junior." Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment, at length exclaiming: "I had no idea that we had such talent in America!" Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, was disposed to give to

Drake all the credit; but, as it chanced that Coleman alluded in particularly glowing terms to one of the Croakers that was wholly his, he was forced to be silent, and the delighted editor continued in a strain of compliment and eulogy that put them both to the blush. Before taking their leave, the poets bound Coleman over to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending him the MSS., and of receiving the proofs, in a manner that would avoid the least possibility of the secret of their connection with "THE CROAKERS" being discovered. The poems were copied from the originals by Langstaff, that their handwriting should not divulge the secret, and were either sent through the mail, or taken to the *Evening Post* office by Benjamin R. Winthrop. . . .

Hundreds of imitations of "THE CROAKERS" were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general answer, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. On one occasion Coleman showed Halleck fifteen he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a solitary exception, were consigned to the waste-basket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of excitement; and it was observed by one of the editors, "that so great was the wincing and shrinking at 'THE CROAKERS,' that every person was on tenter-hooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement."—*Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

WILSON, JOHN ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH"), a Scottish essayist, poet and novelist; born at Paisley, May 18, 1785; died at Edinburgh, April 3, 1854. He was the son of a prosperous manufacturer; was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree

in 1807, having the preceding year won the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "The Study of Greek and Roman Architecture." Soon afterward he married and purchased the pretty estate of Elleray, on the shore of Lake Windermere, where he resided for several years. He was noted for his imposing stature, physical strength, and fondness for athletic exercises. Pecuniary reverses came upon him, and he was compelled to look about for means of earning a livelihood. He went to Edinburgh, and entered himself as a member of the Scottish bar; and in 1820 was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In the meantime William Blackwood had in 1817 established at Edinburgh the magazine which bears his name. Wilson was from the first its leading spirit, though Blackwood was its actual editor. For the somewhat mythical editor the name of "Christopher North" was adopted, and this name came to be applied to Wilson, and was in a manner adopted by him. Wilson's connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* continued from October, 1817, till September, 1852, when appeared his last contribution, *Christopher Under Canvas.* His health failing in 1851, the Government granted him a literary pension of £300.

Among his *Blackwood* articles are the series entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and *Recreations of Christopher North.* A collection of his *Works,* edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, has been made (1855–58). Besides the various *Blackwood* papers, the principal works of Wilson are *The Isle of Palms and Other Poems* (1812); *The City of the Plague and Other Poems* (1816); *Lights and Shadows of*

Scottish Life (1822); *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* (1823); *The Foresters* (1824).

In *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* the heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction.

THE 'FLITTING' OR REMOVAL OF THE LYNDSAYS.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last — a dim, dull, dreary and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbor had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart — Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the

innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin-redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. "There," said she, "is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'." The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbors, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the "God bless you, Alice — God bless you, Margaret, and the lave," and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford to expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot-travelers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better — others with woebegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. . . .

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbors — persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people — came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: "Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye o' your gudeman since he gaed off wi' that limmer? Dool ye wi' her and a' siclike." Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing,

and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, uncermoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down — the room decently arranged — one and all of the neighbors said "Gude-night," and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor:

> Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
> Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

A SNOW STORM.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse — and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which, in the bouyant strength of youth, I forced my

way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigor into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labors of the barn — the mending of farm-gear by the fireside — the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime — the skilful mother, making 'auld claes look amaist as weel's the new"— the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks around the singing maiden — the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by — the unexpected visit of neighbors, on need or friendship — or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those of religious worship, that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland — of the sound of Psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted — and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on

the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half-an-hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipit it with fire — and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

LUCY FORESTER.

Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led to no places of danger, nor are infants themselves incautious when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the low woods, and singing she re-appeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

The creature would be away for hours, and no fear be felt on her account by any one at home; whether she had gone, with her basket under her arm, to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, had wandered off to the braes, to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

During her absence, the house was silent but happy, and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting at the

close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door, but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Within two hours, a hundred persons were traversing the hills in all directions, even at a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all the night through, searched every nook, every stony and rocky place, every piece of taller heather, every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead, but no Lucy was there.

Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating among the hills, intent to seize upon some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day,— and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

"She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael, to a man near him, into whose face he could not look, "a cruel, cruel death to one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

At last, a man who had left the search, and gone in a direction toward the high-road, came running with something in his arms toward the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, apparently exhausted almost to dying, on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid.

It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn around her neck. "Murdered! murdered!" was the one word, whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was, perhaps, seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isabel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice that was hard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent; no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Beside, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as the world is — ay! desperately wicked — there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gypsy beggar?"

The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bedside. All her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door.

Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

"Something like a trace of her has been discovered; a woman, with a child, that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said

Isabel; "she will have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet, but not solitary, glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope in your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Every body is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her limping along after the gypsy at Galla-Brigg; but, having no suspicion, he did not take a second look at her,— but one look is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forester."

Aunt Isabel, by this time, had bread and cheese and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine on the table. "You have been a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne; take some refreshment;" and Michael asked a blessing.

Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No, no, Mr. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off; and I myself, for it is I myself that found her, will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents."

Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sank gently back on her pillow; Aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look, toward the door.

Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their own child, by herself, with

tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIPS.

Oh! blame not boys for so soon forgetting one another in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word. Call it rather a reconcilement to doom and destiny in thus obeying a benign law of nature that soon streams sunshine over the shadow of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still — thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead — perish not; lying sometimes in slumber, sometimes in sleep. It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our main business — our prime joys and our prime sorrows — ought to be, must be, with the living. Duty demands it; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects; with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows.

So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that Spring has sprinkled over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often that corner of the kirkyard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies. In our dreams we saw him, most often all alive as ever, sometimes a phantom away from that grave. If the morning light was frequently hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was dead, it more frequently cheered and gladdened us with resignation, and sent us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rang with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river or along the lock; once more following the flight of the falcon along the woods, eying the eagle on the echo-cliff. . . .

Days passed by without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey; pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently, just as if he had never been. But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight toward us — his very figure — we could not be deceived. But the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden; the grief-worn spectre melted into mist. The strength that formerly had come from his counsels now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies; and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and saw the faces of the mountaineers on their way to their work, or coming and going to the house of God.— *Recreations of Christopher North.*

WILSON, ROBERT BURNS, an American poet; born in Pennsylvania in 1850. His early work gave evidence of his ability as a true poet. In 1880, his longest poem, *Constance — A Spring-Time Memory,* appeared in the Chicago *Current. When Evening Cometh On,"* published in *Harper's Magazine,* shows Mr. Wilson at his best. This poem may be characterized as a sort of brief nature epic. With his grandly sounding lines, full of a majestic grace, he places before us in clearest outline one scene after another as the shadows of evening fall, all of which he invests with the deepest human interest. Here is one of the secrets of the poet's power. Mere description of the most striking scenes, however faithful, becomes monotonous unless we perceive in it some bearing upon human interests. The opening stanza, by no means selected as the best, shows the

clear, bold lines in which the author can limn scenes from nature:

"When evening cometh on,
Slower and statelier in the mellowing sky
The fane? like purple-shadowed clouds arise;
Cooler and balmier doth the soft wind sigh;
Lovelier, lonelier to our wondering eyes
The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly
Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries
His thrilling, sweet farewell; the twilight bands
Of misty silence cross the far-off lands
When evening cometh on."

Mr. Wilson's collected verses appeared in 1895 under the title *Life and Love.*

NEVER, MY LOVED ONE, NEVER.

"Never, my loved one, never!
Never my head shall lie
At peace, at rest
On thy sweet breast;
Sorrowful life have I.

Never, my loved one, never!
My heart shall cease to sigh;
Vain is my prayer
As the empty air;
Sorrowful heart have I.

Never, my loved one, never!
Never my soul's sad cry
Thy dream shall break
And my eyelids wake
To find thee asleep near by.

Never, my loved one, never!
Closed are the gates on high;

No hope, no sign,
And the cold stars shine
In the mocking midnight sky."

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle breaks
And the ships sweep out to sea,
When the foe is neared, when the decks are cleared,
And the colors flying free,
When the squadrons meet, when it's fleet to fleet
And front to front with Spain,
From ship to ship, from lip to lip,
Pass on the quick refrain,
" Remember, remember the Maine! "

When the flag shall sign, " Advance in line,
Train ships on an even keel,"
When the guns shall flash and the shot shall crash
And bound on the ringing steel,
When the rattling blasts from the armored masts
Are hurling their deadliest rain,
Yet their voices loud, through the blinding cloud,
Cry ever the fierce refrain,
" Remember, remember the Maine! "

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be
Fate's chaos of smoke and flame,
But across that hell every shot shall tell,
Not a gun can miss its aim,
Not a blow shall fall on the crumbling mail,
And the waves that engulf the slain
Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks
With the thundering, dread refrain,
" Remember, remember the Maine! "

—*New York Herald.*

WILSON, THOMAS WOODROW, an American historian; born at Staunton, Va., December 28, 1856. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1879; he studied law and practiced as an attorney at Atlanta, Ga., for two years. From 1883 to 1885 he studied history and politics at Johns Hopkins University, and taught history at Bryn Mawr College, 1885–86, serving there as Professor of History and Political Science, 1886–88. After a year as professor of the same studies at Wesleyan University he accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton (1890). He was elected President of the University in 1902. Among his works are *Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics* (1885); *The State* (1889); *Division and Reunion, 1829–89* (one of the Epochs of American History series, 1893); *An Old Master and Other Political Essays* (1893); *George Washington* (1896); *Mere Literature and Other Essays* (1896); *A History of the American People* (1902).

A CALENDAR OF GREAT AMERICANS.

Before a calendar of great Americans can be made out, a valid canon of Americanism must first be established. Not every great man born and bred in America was a great "American." Some of the notable men born among us were simply great Englishmen; others had in all the habits of their thought and life the strong flavor of a peculiar region, and were great New Englanders or great Southerners; others, masters in the fields of science or of pure thought, showed nothing either distinctively national or characteristically provincial, and were simply great men; while a few displayed old cross-strains of blood or breeding. The great Englishmen

WOODROW WILSON.

bred in America, like Hamilton and Madison; the great provincials, like John Adams and Calhoun; the authors of such thought as might have been native to any clime, like Asa Gray and Emerson; and the men of mixed breed, like Jefferson and Benton — must be excluded from our present list. We must pick out men who have created or exemplified a distinctively American standard and type of greatness.

To make such a selection is not to create an artificial standard of greatness, or to claim that greatness is in any case hallowed or exalted merely because it is American. It is simply to recognize a peculiar stamp of character, a special make-up of mind and faculties, as the specific product of our national life, not displacing or eclipsing talents of a different kind, but supplementing them, and so adding to the world's variety. There is an American type of men, and those who have exhibited this type with a certain unmistakable distinction and perfection have been great "Americans." It has required the utmost variety of character and energy to establish a great nation, with a polity at once free and firm, upon this continent, and no sound type of manliness could here have been dispensed with in the effort. We could no more have done without our great Englishmen, to keep the past steadily in mind and make every change conservative of principle, than we could have done without the men whose whole impulse was forward, whose whole genius was for origination, natural masters of the art of subduing a wilderness.

. . . . . .

We shall not in the future have to take one type of Americanism at a time. The frontier is gone: it has reached the Pacific. The country grows rapidly homogeneous. With the same pace it grows various, and multiform in all its life. The man of the single or local type cannot any longer deal in the great manner with any national problem. The great men of our future must be of the composite type of greatness: sound-hearted, hopeful, confident of the validity of liberty, tenacious of the deeper principles of American institutions, but with

the old rashness schooled and sobered, and instinct tempered by instruction. They must be wise with an adult, not with an adolescent wisdom. Some day we shall be of one mind, our ideals fixed, our purposes harmonized, our nationality complete and consentaneous: then will come our great literature and our greatest men.

AN OLD MASTER.

Why is it that no one has ever written an essay on the art of academic lecturing and its many notable triumphs? In some quarters new educational canons have spoken an emphatic condemnation of the college lecture, and it would seem to be high time to consider its value, as illustrative of an art about to be lost, if not as exemplary of forces to be retained, even if modified. Here are some of the questions which thrust themselves forward in the topic: Are not our college class-rooms, in being robbed of the old-time lecture, and getting instead a science-brief of *data* and bibliography, being deprived also of that literary atmosphere which once pervaded them? We are unquestionably gaining in thoroughness; but are we gaining in thoughtfulness? We are giving to many youths an insight, it may be profound, into specialties; but are we giving any of them a broad outlook?

There was too often a paralysis of dulness in the old lecture, or, rather, in the old lecturer; and written lectures, like history and fashion in dress, have an inveterate tendency to repeat themselves; but, on the contrary, there was often a wealth of power in the studied discourse of strong men. Men bent upon instructing and inspiring — and there were many such — had to master that central secret of literature and spoken utterance,— the secret of style. Their only instrument of conquest was the sword of penetrating speech. Some of the subtlest and most lasting effects of genuine oratory have gone forth from secluded lecture-desks into the hearts of quiet groups of students; and it would seem to be good policy to endure much indifferent lecturing — watchful trustees might reduce it to a minimum — for the sake of leaving places open for the men who have in them the inestimable force

of chastened eloquence. For one man who can impart an undying impulse there are several score, presupposing the requisite training, who can impart a method; and here is the well-understood ground for the cumulating disfavor of college lecturing and the rapid substitution of "laboratory drill": but will not higher education be cut off from communion with the highest of all forces — the force of personal inspiration in the field of great themes of thought — if you interdict the literary method in the classroom?

I am not inclined, however, to consume very many words in insisting on this point, for I believe that educators are now dealing more frankly with themselves than ever before, and that so obvious a point will by no means escape full recognition before reforming methods of college and university instruction take their final shape. But I also believe that it is very well to be thinking about the matter meanwhile, in order that this force may be getting ready to come fully militant into the final battle for territory. The best way of compassing this end would seem to be the studying of the old masters of the art of learned discourse. With Lanfranc one could get the infinite charm of the old monastic school life; with Abelard, the undying excitement of philosophical and religious controversy; with Colet, the fire of reforming zeal; with Blackstone, the satisfactions of clarified learning. But Bec and Paris and Oxford have by no means monopolized the masters of this art, and I should prefer, for the nonce at least, to choose an exemplar from Scotland, and speak of Adam Smith. It will, no doubt, be possible to speak of him without going over again the well-worn ground of the topics usually associated with his great fame.

There is much, besides the contents of his published works, to draw to Adam Smith the attention of those who are attracted by individual power. Scotchmen have long been reputed strong in philosophic doctrine, and he was a Scot of the Scots. But, though Scotland is now renowned for her philosophy, that renown is not of immemorial origin; it was not till the last century was well advanced that she began to add great speculative thinkers to her

great preachers. Adam Smith, consequently, stands nearly at the opening of the greatest of the intellectual eras of Scotland; and yet by none of the great Scotch names, which men have learned since his day, has his name been eclipsed. The charm about the man consists, for those who do not regard him with the special interest of the political economist, in his literary method, which exhibits his personality and makes his works thoroughly his own, rather than in any facts about his eminency among Scotchmen. You bring away from your reading of Adam Smith a distinct and attractive impression of the man himself, such as you can get from the writings of no other author in the same field, and such as makes you wish to know still more of him. What was he like, and what was his daily life?

Unhappily, we know very little of Adam Smith as a man, and it may be deplored, without injustice to a respected name, that we owe that little to Dugald Stewart — the worst, because the most self-conscious, of biographers, whose stilted periods sometimes run a page without advancing the sense a line, and whose style, both of thought and of expression, is excellent to be avoided. Even from Dugald Stewart, however, we get a picture of Adam Smith which must please every one who loves simplicity and genuineness. He was not, perhaps, a companionable man; he was much too absent-minded to be companionable; but he was, in the highest sense, interesting. His absent-mindedness was of that sort which indicates fulness of mind — a mind content, much of the time, to live within itself, indulging in those delights of quiet contemplation which the riches of a full mind can always command. Often he would open to his companions his mind's fullest confidences, and, with a rare versatility, lavish upon topics the most varied and diverse a wealth of information and illustration, always to the wondering delight of all who heard him.

Those who met Adam Smith in intimate intercourse are said to have been struck chiefly by the gentleness and benignity of his manner — traits which would naturally strike one in a Scotchman, for men of that unbending

race are not often distinguished by easiness of temper or suavity of manner, but are generally both *fortiter in re et fortiter in modo*. His gentleness was, possibly, only one phase of that timidity which is natural to absent-minded men, and which was always conspicuous in him. That timidity made it rare with him to talk much. When he did talk, as I have said, his hearers marvelled at the ingenuity of his reasoning, at the constructive power of his imagination, at the comprehensiveness of his memory, at the fertility of his resources; but his inclination was always to remain silent. He was not, however, disinclined to public discourse, and it is chiefly to his unusual gifts as a lecturer that he seems to have owed his advancement in the literary, or, rather, in the university, world.

Acting upon the advice of Lord Kames, an eminent barrister and a man of some standing in the history of philosophy, he volunteered a course of lectures in Edinburgh almost immediately upon his return from Oxford; and the success of this course was hardly assured before he was elected to the chair of Logic in the University of Glasgow. In the following year he had the honor of succeeding to the chair of Moral Philosophy, once occupied by the learned and ingenious Hutcheson. He seems to have been at once successful in raising his new chair to a position of the very highest consideration. His immediate predecessor had been one Thomas Craigie, who has left behind him so shadowy a reputation that it is doubtless safe to conclude that his department was, at his death, much in need of a fresh infusion of life. This it received from Adam Smith. The breadth and variety of the topics upon which he chose to lecture, and the felicity, strength, and vitality of the exposition he gave them (we are told by one who had sat under him), soon drew to Glasgow "a multitude of students from a great distance" to hear him. His mastery of the art of academic lecturing was presently an established fact. It appears clear to me that his success was due to two things: the broad outlook of his treatment and the fine art of his style. His chair was Moral Philosophy; and "moral philosophy" seems to have been the most inclusive of general terms in the university

usage of Scotland at that day, and, indeed, for many years afterward. Apparently it embraced all philosophy that did not directly concern the phenomena of the physical world, and, accordingly, allowed its doctors to give very free play to their tastes in their choice of subjects. Adam Smith, in Glasgow, could draw within the big family of this large-hearted philosophy not only the science of mental phenomena, but also the whole of the history and organization of society; just as, years afterward, John Wilson, in Edinburgh, could insist upon the adoption of something very like *belles-lettres* into the same generous and unconventional family circle.

Adam Smith sought to cover the field he had chosen with a four-fold course of lectures. First, he unfolded the principles of natural theology; second, he illustrated the principles of ethics in a series of lectures, which were afterward embodied in his published work on the *Theory of Moral Sentiments;* third, he discoursed on that branch of morality which relates to the administration of justice; and, last, coming out upon that field with which his name is now identified, he examined those political regulations which are founded, not upon principles of justice, but upon considerations of expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of the state. His own notes of his lectures he himself destroyed when he felt death approaching, and we are left to conjecture what the main features of his treatment were, from the recorded recollections of his pupils and from those published works which remain as fragments of the great plan. These fragments consist of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments,* the *Wealth of Nations,* and *Considerations Concerning the First Formation of Languages;* besides which there are, to quote another's enumeration, "a very curious history of astronomy, left imperfect, and another fragment on the history of ancient physics, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the history of astronomy which relates to ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on the ancient logic and metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, the imitative, arts, painting, poetry, and music, in which

was meant to have been included a history of the theatre — all forming part, his executors tell us, 'of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts';"— part, that is (to continue the quotation from Mr. Bagehot), of the "immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or . . . of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman."

The wideness of view and amazing variety of illustration that characterized his treatment, in developing the several parts of this vast plan, can easily be inferred from an examination of the *Wealth of Nations.*

In fact, it is a book of digressions — digressions characterized by more order and method, but by little more compunction, than the wondrous digressions of Tristram Shandy.

It is interesting to note that even this vast miscellany of thought, the *Wealth of Nations,* systematized though it be, was not meant to stand alone as the exposition of a complete system; it was only a supplement to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments;* and the two together constituted only chapters in that vast book of thought which their author would have written. Adam Smith would have grouped all things that concern either the individual or the social life of man under the several greater principles of motive and action observable in human conduct. His method throughout is, therefore, necessarily abstract and deductive. In the *Wealth of Nations,* he ignores the operation of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, and of charity in filling life with kindly influences, and concentrates his attention exclusively upon the operation of self-interest and expediency; because he had reckoned with the first-named motives in the *Theory of Moral Sentiments,* and he would not confuse his view of the economic life of man by again lugging these in where selfishness was unquestionably the predominant force. "The philosopher," he held, "is the man of speculation, whose trade is not to do anything, but to observe everything"; and certainly he satisfied his own definition. He does observe everything; and he stores his volumes full with the sagest

practical maxims, fit to have fallen from the lips of the shrewdest of those Glasgow merchants in whose society he learned so much of the uses of his theories. But it is noticeable that none of the carefully noted facts of experience, which play so prominent a part on the stage of his argument, speaks of any other principle than the simple and single one that is the pivot of the part of his philosophy with which he is at the moment dealing. In the *Wealth of Nations,* for example, every apparent induction leads to self-interest, and to self-interest alone. In Mr. Buckle's phrase, his facts are subsequent to his argument; they are not used for demonstration, but for illustration. His historical cases, his fine generalizations, everywhere broadening and strengthening his matter, are only instances of the operation of the single abstract principle meant to be set forth.

When he was considering that topic in his course which has not come down to us in any of the remaining fragments of his lectures,— the principles of justice, namely,— although still always mindful of its relative position in the general scheme of his abstract philosophy of society, his subject led him, we are told, to speak very much in the modern historical spirit. He followed upon this subject, says the pupil already quoted, "the plan which seems to have been suggested by Montesquieu; endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence, and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government." In following Montesquieu, he was, of course, following one of the forerunners of that great school of philosophical students of history, which has done so much in our own time to clear away the fogs that surround the earliest ages of mankind, and to establish something like the rudiments of a true philosophy of history. And this same spirit was hardly less discernible in those later lectures on the "political institutions relating to commerce, to finances, and to the ecclesiastical and military establishments," which formed the basis of the *Wealth*

of Nations. Everywhere throughout his writings there is a pervasive sense of the realties of fact and circumstance; a luminous, bracing, work-a-day atmosphere. But the conclusions are, first of all, philosophical; only secondarily practical.

It has been necessary to go over this somewhat familiar ground with reference to the philosophical method of Adam Smith, in order to come at the proper point of view from which to consider his place among the old masters of academic lecturing. It has revealed the extent of his outlook. There yet remains something to be said of his literary method, so that we may discern the qualities of that style which, after proving so effectual in imparting power to his spoken discourses, has since, transferred to the printed page, preserved his fame so far beyond the lifetime of those who heard him.

Adam Smith took strong hold upon his hearers, as he still takes strong hold upon his readers, by force, partly, of his native sagacity, but by virtue, principally, of his consummate style. The success of his lectures was not altogether a triumph of natural gifts; it was, in great part, a triumph of sedulously cultivated art. With the true instinct of the orator and teacher, Adam Smith saw — what every one must see who speaks not for the patient ear of the closeted student only, but also to the often shallow ear of the pupil in his class-room, and to the always callous ear of the great world outside, which must be tickled in order to be made attentive — that clearness, force, and beauty of style are absolutely necessary to one who would draw men to his way of thinking; nay, to any one who would induce the great mass of mankind to give so much as passing heed to what he has to say. He knew that wit was of no avail, without wit's proper words; sagacity mean, without sagacity's mellow measures of phrase. He bestowed the most painstaking care, therefore, not only upon what he was to say, but also upon the way in which he was to say it. Dugald Stewart speaks of " that flowing and apparently artless style, which he had studiously cultivated, but which, after all his experience in composition, he adjusted, with extreme difficulty, to his

own taste." The results were such as to offset entirely his rugged utterance and his awkward, angular action, and to enable the timid talker to exercise the spells of an orator. The charm of his discourses consisted in the power of statement which gave them life, in the clear and facile processes of proof which gave them speed, and in the vigorous, but chastened, imagination which lent them illumination. He constantly refreshed and rewarded his hearers, as he still constantly refreshes and rewards his readers, by bringing them to those clear streams of practical wisdom and happy illustration which everywhere irrigate his expositions. His counsel, even on the highest themes, was always undarkened. There were no clouds about his thoughts; the least of these could be seen without glasses through the lucid atmosphere of expression which surrounded them. He was a great thinker,— and that was much; but he also made men recognize him as a great thinker, because he was a great master of style,— which was more. He did not put his candle under a bushel, but on a candlestick.

In Doctor Barnard's verses, addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds and his literary friends, Adam Smith is introduced as a peer amidst that brilliant company:

> "If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
> Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
> In words select and terse;
> Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
> *Smith how to think,* Burke how to speak,
> And Beauclerc to converse."

It is this power of teaching other men how to think that has given to the works of Adam Smith an immortality of influence. In his first university chair, the chair of Logic, he had given scant time to the investigation of the formal laws of reasoning, and had insisted, by preference, upon the practical uses of discourse, as the living application of logic, treating of style, of the arts of persuasion and exposition; and here in his other chair, of Moral Philosophy, he was practically illustrating the vivifying

power of the art he had formerly sought to expound to his pupils. "When the subject of his work," says Dugald Stewart, speaking of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments,* "— when the subject of his work leads him to address the imagination and the heart, the variety and felicity of his illustrations, the richness and fluency of his eloquence, and the skill with which he wins the attention and commands the passions of his hearers, leave him, among our English moralists, without a rival."

Such, then, were the matters which this great lecturer handled, and such was the form he gave them. Two personal characteristics of the man stand out in apparent contrast with what he accomplished: he is said to have been extremely unpractical in the management of his own affairs, and yet he fathered that science which tells how other people's affairs — how the world's affairs — are managed; he is known to have been shy and silent, and yet he was the most acceptable lecturer of his university. But it is not uncommon for the man who is both profound and accurate in his observation of the universal and permanent forces operative in the life about him, to be almost altogether wanting in that sagacity concerning the local and temporary practical details upon which the hourly facilitation and comfort of his own life depend; nor need it surprise any one to find the man who sits shy and taciturn in private, stand out dominant and eloquent in public. "Commonly, indeed," as Mr. Bagehot has said, "the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings." There are two distinct kinds of observation: that which makes a man alert and shrewd, cognizant of every trifle and quick with every trick of speech; and that which makes a man a philosopher, conscious of the steady set of affairs and ready in the use of all the substantial resources of wise thought. Commend me to the former for a chat; commend me to the latter for a book. The first will sparkle; the other burns a steady flame.

Here is the picture of this Old Master: a quiet, awkward, forceful Scotchman, whose philosophy has entered

everywhere into the life of politics and become a world-force in thought; an impracticable Commissioner of Customs, who has left for the instruction of statesmen the best theory of taxation; an unbusiness-like professor, who established the science of business; a man of books, who is universally honored by men of action; plain, eccentric, learned, inspired. The things that strike us most about him are, his boldness of conception and wideness of outlook, his breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment, and his carefully clarified and beautified style. He was no specialist except *in the relations of things.* Of course, spreading his topics far and wide in the domain of history and philosophy, he was at many points superficial. He took most of his materials at second hand; and it has been said that he borrowed many of his ideas from the French. But no matter who mined the gold, he coined it; the image and superscription are his. Certain separate, isolated truths which served under him may have been doing individual, guerrilla warfare elsewhere for the advancement of science; he marshaled them into drilled hosts for the conquering of the nations. Adam Smith was, possibly, somewhat indebted to the Physiocrats, but all the world is indebted to Adam Smith. Education and the world of thought need men who, like Adam Smith, will dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness; their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness. It is only in the utterances of such men that the mind finds such exhilaration and exaltation as come with the free air that blows over broad uplands. They excite you with views of the large aspects of thought; conduct you through the noblest scenery of the mind's domain; delight you with majesty of outline and sweep of prospect. In this day of narrow specialties, our thinking needs such men to fuse its parts, correlate its forces, and centre its results; and our thinking needs them in its college stage, in order that we man command horizons from our study-windows in after days.

The breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment char-

acteristic of the utterances of such a teacher are inseparable attributes of his manner of thought. He has the artist's eye. For him things stand in picturesque relations; their great outlines fit into each other; the touch of his treatment is necessarily broad and strong. The same informing influence of artistic conception and combination gives to his style its luminous and yet transparent qualities. His sentences cannot retain the stiff joints of logic; it would be death to them to wear the chains of formal statement; they must take leave to deck themselves with eloquence. In a word, such men must write *literature,* or nothing. Their minds quiver with those broad sympathies which constitute the life of written speech. Their native catholicity makes all minds receive them as kinsmen. By reason of the very strength of their humanity, they are enabled to say things long waiting to be said, in such a way that all men may receive them. They hold commissions from the King of Speech. Such men will not, I am persuaded, always seek in vain invitations to those academic platforms which are their best coignes of vantage. But this is not just the time when they are most appreciated, or most freely encouraged to discover themselves; and it cannot be amiss to turn back to another order of things, and remind ourselves how a master of academic inspiration, possessing, in a great power to impart intellectual impulse, something higher than a trained capacity to communicate method, may sometimes be found even in a philosophical Scotchman.— *The New Princeton Review.*

WINCHELL, ALEXANDER, an American geologist; born at North East, Dutchess County, N. Y., December 31, 1824; died at Ann Arbor, Mich., February 19, 1891. He was graduated from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and was Professor of Physics and Civil Engineering

in the University of Michigan, 1853–55; of Geology and Natural Science, 1855–72, holding also a like professorship in the Kentucky University, 1866–67. He was Chancellor of the Syracuse University, N. Y., from 1872–74, and professor of geology and zoölogy there in 1877. From 1879 he was Professor of Geology and Palæontology at Michigan University, and State Geologist, 1859–62 and 1869–71. Besides scientific papers and official reports, he wrote some very able books, considered both as scientific and literary productions, such as *Sketches of Creation* (1870); *Geology of the Stars* (1872); *Doctrine of Evolution* (1874); *Thoughts on Causality* (1875); *Lay Theology* (1876); *Reconciliation of Science and Religion* (1877); *Preadamites* (1880); *Sparks From a Geologist's Hammer* (1881); *World-Life* (1883); *Geological Excursions* (1884); *Walks and Talks in the Geological Field* (1886); *Shall We Teach Geology* (1889).

MIND IN MATTER.

A human organism with all its parts perfect, and all its parts in harmonious action, is a splendid mechanism which can never cease to awaken admiration and wonder. While we contemplate it, alas, its activities cease. A powerful current of electricity has passed through the frame, and a life is extinct. The change which we witness is appalling. The eye has lost its light; the voice gives forth no more intelligence; the muscles cease to grasp the implement; the fabric of a man now lies prone, motionless, speechless, insensible, *dead* — a stupendous and total change. But what is changed? Not the mechanism. The heart is still in its place, with all its valves; the brain shows no lesion; the muscles are all ready to act; every part remains as it was in life. Neither chemistry nor the microscope detects, as yet, a material change. But something has gone out of the

mechanism, for it is not as it was — something inscrutable, but yet something which ruled the mechanism — sustaining its action, lighting the eye, giving information to the tongue, making of this machinery absolutely all that which led us to say, "Here is a man." The man has gone out and left only his silent workshop behind.

Consider the life-powers in action. The organism is in process of growth. A common fund of assimilative material is provided by the digestive organs. Out of this, atom by atom is selected and built into the various tissue-fabrics. Here such atoms are selected as the formation of bone requires; there, the atoms suited for nerve or brain structure; in another place, the material of which muscles are made. If, unfortunately, the lime should be brought to be worked up in the muscle-factory, or the nerve-stuff to be made into bone, the whole organism would be thrown into disorder. Nice selection of material is indispensable. Then notice the building of the bones. In one place the framework is so laid that the filling up will result in a flat bone. It is to be a shoulder-blade, or a portion of the skull. In another place the framework is elongated; it is to be a long bone. The humerus is never built into the skull, nor the shoulder-blade into the sole of the foot. Every bone is constructed for its place and its function. The whole system of bones, moreover, is conformed to a definite fundamental plan of structure — it is according to the plan of a vertebrate. Now, selection of appropriate material is an act of intelligence. The determination of one form of structure rather than another implies discriminating intelligence and executive will. The conformation of the total system of structures in the organism to an ideal plan implies, first, a conception of the plan; secondly, a perception of fitness between the plan and each particular tissue in process of formation. Certainly, we must say that here *mind* is at work. But is it the mind of the animal or plant? Every person can answer for himself whether he made his own bones. The question is absurd. Is the mind evinced possessed by the matter? Do these atoms and molecules move and

arrange themselves by an intelligence and choice of their own? Has each one a conception of the plan to which they so consentaneously work? Do they intelligently maintain the processes of digestion, blood purification, assimilation, and tissue-building? How do they conceive, think, and will without brain? How select without eyes or hands? Whoever knew intelligence acting without brain? But, it is conceivable, you say. Yes, though it is not a brainless molecule. There is intelligence acting in the organism, which does not belong to the matter or the individual; whose intelligence is it? Intelligence is an attribute; it belongs to being. What being, then, acts in the living organism? It is the Omnipresent Being. . . .

Plan is the product of thought; it is a demonstration of the existence and presence and activity of mind. If the material world is underlaid and pervaded and operated by plan, method, law, then the world is a constant revelation of a present intelligence, an omnipresent and omniscient Being.

There is one plan which underlies all other plans. In a brief and condensed way, I have attempted to show that the plans exemplified in organic life and the plans exemplified in the formation of worlds are only special exemplifications of the all-embracing plan of evolution.—*Walks and Talks in the Geological Field.*

WINSOR, JUSTIN, an American historian and bibliographer; born at Boston, Mass., January 2, 1831; died at Cambridge, Mass., October 22, 1897. He studied at Harvard and afterward in Germany. In 1868 he was made Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, and in 1877 Librarian of Harvard College. From 1876 to 1886 he was President of the American Library Association. Among

the works which he wrote or edited were *The History of Duxbury, Mass.* (1849); *Songs of Unity* (1859); *Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare* (1876); *Handbook of the Revolution* (1880); *Bradford's History of Plymouth* (1881); *Arnold's Expedition Against Quebec* (1886); *The Manuscript Sources of American History* (1887); *Narrative and Critical History of the United States,* written partly by himself (of which Vol. I. appeared in 1881, Vol. VII. in 1888); *Review of the 250th Anniversary of the Founding of Harvard College* (1887); *Christopher Columbus* (1891); *Cartier to Frontenac* (1894). From 1877 on he prepared a large annual volume of the *Harvard University Bulletin,* from which we take a small part of an exhaustive paper on *The Bibliography of Ptolemy's Geography.* Some seventy editions of this are described, that of 1540 the most minutely.

SEBASTIAN MÜNSTER AND HIS MAPS OF THE NEW WORLD.

Sebastian Münster was born in 1489, and died of the plague in 1552. In 1532 he had already contributed a Map of the World and had described it in the *Novus Orbit,* which was published at Basle in 1532, and is usually ascribed to Grynæus, because his name is signed to the Preface. Münster's 1532 map closely resembles the Schonen and Frankfort globes in the shape of North America, and in the placing of "Corterealis," as well as the severance of South America by a strait. The northern land is called "Terre de Cuba." The southern part is drawn broad in the northerly part, but it closely contracts, making the lower portion long and narrow; and it bears these words: "Parias," "Canibali," "America," "Terra Nova," "Priscilia." This 1532 map, being so much behind the current knowledge of America, was not altogether creditable to Münster, and in 1540 he

undertook the editing of the edition of Ptolemy now under consideration. In this new edition he placed the following maps, which are of interest in the history of American cartography:

(1.) *Typus Universalis,* an elliptical map, with America on the left; except that the western part of America, called "Temistatan," is carried to the Asia side of the map. In the north a narrow neck of land extending west, widens into "Islandia," with "Thyle," an island, south of it; and still farther westward it becomes "Terra nova sine de Bacalhos." South of this is a strait marked "Per hoc fretum iter patet ad Molucas." The northern boundary of the western end of the strait is "India Superior." South of it, and opposite Bacalhos, is a triangular land, without name, but with an off-lying island, "Cortereal." Its western shore is washed by a "Verranzano Sea," which nearly severs it from "Terra Florida." South America is so vaguely drawn on its western bounds that its connection with North America is uncertain. It is called "America, seu Insula Brazilii." "Magellan's Straits" separate it from the Antarctic lands; and these straits are for the first time shown on any Ptolemaic map.— (2.) *Nova Insula xxvi nova Tabula.* This is No. 45 of the whole, or No. 17 of the twenty-two maps showing both Americas. Kohl delineates it, dating it erroneously 1530; and Hubert H. Bancroft copies the error. A similar gulf, from the northwest, projects down North America, as in the other map. On South America is the legend, "Insula Atlantia, quam vocant Brazilii et Americam."

The title of this edition of 1540 is, *Geographia Universalis, Vetus et Nova, complectens Claudii Alexandrini ennanationes,* etc. This edition consists of forty-eight maps, of which twenty-six relate to the Old World, and twenty-two to the New. It is of interest now to inquire what explorations had been followed, and what maps had been produced since the edition of 1522, which could have been of assistance to Münster in drafting these new theories of the general contour of the American continent.

The distinctive feature of Münster's map — the sea

which nearly severs North America — is traced to the explorations of Giovanni de Verrezano, in 1524. Into the questions against the general credence imposed in these explorations, it is not necessary to enter here. The belief in the story first found public cartographical expression in the map under consideration; and Münster may possibly have used Verrezano's charts, which are now lost. . . .

The validity of the claims for Giovanni de Verrezano largely rests, however, on a planisphere of about 1529, made by Hieronymus de Verrezano, measuring 51 by 102 inches, which was discovered in the Collegio Romano de Propaganda Fide, in the Museo Borgiano at Rome. It is not certain that this map is an original, and it may be a copy. It was mentioned by Von Mur in 1801, referring to a letter of Cardinal Borgia of 1795. It was again mentioned by Million in 1807. General attention was first directed to it in 1852 in Thomassy's *Les Papes Geographes*. Two imperfect photographs of the map were procured for the American Geographical Society in 1871, and it was described by Mr. Brevoort in their *Journal* for 1873. Reductions of it are given in C. P. Daly's *Early Cartography;* in the opposing monographs of Brevoort, *Verrezano, the Navigator* (1874), and Murphy's *Voyages of Verrezano* (1875). Brevoort also gives an enlarged section of it, and for comparison the same coast from the Spanish *Mappa Mundi* of 1527. Brevoort is also of the opinion that Hieronymus Verrezano got his Western Sea from Oviedo's *Somario* of 1526. Mr. De Costa, in the *Magazine of American History,* August, 1878, gives a reduction from Mr. Murphy's engraving, and an enlarged section, in which he inserted the names which were left obscure in the photograph from which Mr. Murphy worked. Mr. De Costa repeats his various maps, and sums up the subject in his *Verrezano, the Explorer* (1881). The last word on the subject is said by Mr. J. Carson Brevoort in *Magazine of American History,* February and July, 1882.— *The Harvard University Bulletin, 1887.*

WINTER, WILLIAM, an American dramatic critic and poet; born at Gloucester, Mass., July 15, 1836. After passing through the Cambridge High School he studied law at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar, but devoted himself to literature rather than to legal practice. In 1859 he took up his permanent residence in New York, and contributed to various periodicals, his specialty being literary reviews and dramatic criticism. Since 1865 he has been the dramatic editor of the New York *Tribune*. He has published the following volumes of poems: *The Convent and Other Poems* (1854); *The Queen's Domain and Other Poems* (1858); *My Witness: a Book of Verse* (1871); *Thistledown: a Book of Lyrics* (1878); and *Mary of Magdala* (1903). A complete edition of his poems was published in 1881. His prose works mainly relate, directly or indirectly, to the dramatic art: *Edwin Booth in Twelve Characters* (1871); *A Trip to England* (1879); *The Jeffersons* (1881); *English Rambles* (1884); *Henry Irving* (1885); *Shakespeare's England* (1886); *Gray Days and Gold,* a volume of poems (1891); *Old Shrines and Ivy* (1892); *Shadows of the Stage,* three series (1892, 1893, 1895), and *The Life and Art of Edwin Booth* (1894). He has edited, with biographical sketches, the *Remains* of his early deceased associates, George Arnold and Fitz-James O'Brien.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
  And the work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden

In the blood of the dying sun.
At the cottage door the grandsire
  Sits pale in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
  Plays with his silver hair.
A woman is kneeling beside him;
  A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,

  Against his aged breast.
And far from over the distance
  The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
  And the rattling roll of drum.
Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper —
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to our country,
  And we give our prayers to Thee!"

The violets star the meadows,
  The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
  The pink-white blossoms pour.
But the grandsire's chair is empty,
  And the cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
  And a new one under the hill;
And a pallid, tearless woman
  By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
  Ticks on with a steady tone.

THE OLD LOVE.

I.

If I could speak thy gentle grace,
  Which far surpasses word,
This song were sweetest, now I trace,
  That ever yet was heard;
For here would blend the morning's glee

And peace of evening's close
With music of the summer sea
And fragrance of the rose.

II.

But since affection's tender strain
And passion's fervid line
Would seem but idle, weak and vain,
To goodness such as thine,
Let all my life avouch thy worth
And all my love thy praise;
For never woman walked on earth
In more angelic ways.

III.

I've seen life's golden prime depart
And evening, cold and gray,
With moaning winds, that chill the heart,
Fall darkly round my way;
But, in thy pure devotion blest,
My soul can still descry
One rift of sunshine in the West,
One hope that cannot die.

AN EMPTY HEART.

(Lines sent with a heart-shaped jewel box, as a gift to a beautiful lady.)

Well, since our lot must be to part
(These lots — how they do push and pull one!)
I send you here an empty heart,
But send it from a very full one.
My little hour of joy is done,
But every vain regret I smother,
With murm'ring, "When you see the one,
Think kindly sometimes of the other."

This heart must always do your will,
  This heart your maid can fetch and carry,
This heart will faithful be, and still
  Will not importune you to marry.
That other, craving hosts of things,
  Would throb and flutter, every minute;
But this, except it hold your rings,
  Will mutely wait with nothing in it.

Oh, happy heart! that finds its bliss
  In pure affection consecrated!
But happier far the heart, like this,
  That heeds not whether lone or mated;
That stands unmoved in beauty's eyes,
  That knows not if you leave or take it,
That is not hurt though you despise,
  And quite unconscious when you break it.

That other heart would burn, and freeze,
  And plague, and hamper, and perplex you;
But this will always stand at ease,
  And never pet and never vex you.
Go, empty heart! and if she lift
  Your little lid this prayer deliver;
"Ah, look with kindness on the gift,
  And think with kindness on the giver."

WINTHROP, JOHN, an American historian, first Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay; born at Groton, England, January 12, 1587; died at Boston, Mass., March 26, 1649. His father and grandfather were eminent lawyers, and he himself was bred to the law. At eighteen he was made a Justice of the Peace, and was held in the highest repute for his learning and piety. In 1629 he was

chosen head of a company to establish a new colony on Massachusetts Bay. He sold his considerable estate, and after a voyage of two months landed at Salem, June 12, 1630. Five days afterward he set out through the forests, and selected the peninsula of Shawmut as the site of a settlement, to which was given the name of Boston in honor of their pastor, whose birthplace was Boston, England. Winthrop was elected Governor of the Colony in 1634, and by successive re-elections was Governor, with the exception of two short intervals, until his death. On his voyage out he wrote a short tractate, *A model of Christian Charity,* and kept a minute *Journal* of events — public, social, and private — extending from 1630 to 1649. This has been published under the somewhat inapposite title, *The History of New England* (2 vols., 1826). In 1645 he — then being Deputy-Governor — was arraigned before the General Court upon charge of having exceeded his authority. He was triumphantly acquitted, and the speech which he thereafter delivered is the most notable part of his *History.*

WINTHROP'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

The Governor being at his farm-house at Mistick, walked out after supper and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf. And being about half a mile off it grew suddenly dark, so as in going home he mistook his path, and went on till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty. There he stayed; and having a piece of match in his pocket (for he always carried about him match and a compass, and in summer-time snakeweed) he made a good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old mats which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking

by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood; but could not sleep. It was through God's mercy a warm night, but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak, he made a shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw; but perceiving her before she had opened the door he barred her out. Yet she stayed there a great while, essaying to get in; and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about and shot off pieces, and hallooed in the night; but he heard them not.— *History of New England.*

A PURITAN OPINION OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Mr. Hopkins, the Governor of Hartford, upon Connecticut, came to Boston, and brought his wife with him (a godly young woman, and of special parts), who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set for her.

He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her. But no help could be had.— *The History of New England.*

WINTHROP, Theodore, an American novelist; born at New Haven, Conn., September 22, 1828; killed in battle near Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He was graduated from Yale in 1848, and remained there a year longer, when he went to Europe for the benefit of his health. While abroad he became intimate with W. H. Aspinwall, through whom he entered the employment of the Pacific Mail Company, and was variously engaged on the Pacific Coast and on the Isthmus of Darien, until 1854, when he began the study of law at New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1855. He, however, turned his thoughts to literature rather than to law, and wrote several novels, to which exceptions were taken by the proposed publishers. The objectionable parts were eliminated, and finally two of them, *Cecil Dreeme,* a novel of literary and social life in New York, and *John Brent,* a mining story of California, were accepted for publication. But the Civil War broke out, and Winthrop volunteered in the army. His military career was a brief one. At the battle of Big Bethel, Winthrop, then ranking as major, was shot down, and died upon the spot. Not long before this he had sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* his story *Love and Skates,* which, however, did not appear until after his death. His works are *Cecil Dreeme* (1861); *John Brent* (1862); *The Canoe and the Saddle* (1862); *Edwin Brothertoft* (1862); *Life in the Open Air* (1863). A volume containing his *Life and Poems,* edited by his sister, was published in 1884.

Winthrop's style is vigorous and, when necessary, picturesque. Like most young writers of his time,

he felt the influence of Victor Hugo, and tried to turn his earlier work out in short sentences, each epigrammatic, and the succession of them like the rattle of picket-skirmishing. In his *Cecil Dreeme* is to be seen this tendency. In his later works he abandoned this attempt and contented himself with simple, nervous, compact "Anglo-Saxon" English. His *John Brent* is a vivid story of California mining life and of his journey across the plains. In his *Edwin Brothertoft* we have a Colonial historical romance which compares most favorably with those so popular in these days.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Superintendent Whiffler came over to see his successor. He did not like Wade's looks. The new man should have looked mean, or weak, or rascally, to suit the outgoer.

"How long do you expect to stay?" asks Whiffler.

"Until the men and I, or the Company and I, cannot pull together."

"I'll give you a week to quarrel with both, and another to see the whole concern go to everlasting smash."

At ten the next morning Whiffler handed over the safe-key to Wade, and departed. Wade walked with him to the gate.

"I'm glad to be out of a sinking ship," said the ex-boss. "The Works will go down, sure as shooting. And I think myself well out of the clutches of these men. They're a bullying, swearing, drinking set of infernal ruffians. Foremen are just as bad as hands. I never felt safe of my life with them."

"A bad lot, are they?" mused Wade, as he returned to the office. "I must give them a little sharp talk by way of inaugural."

He had the bell tapped, and the men called together in the main building. Much work was still going on in an inefficient, unsystematic way. Raw material in big

heaps lay about, waiting for the fire to ripen it. There was a stack of long, rough, rusty pigs, clumsy as the shillelahs of the Anakim; there was a pile of short, thick masses, lying higgledy-piggledy — stuff from the neighboring mines, which needed to be crossed with foreign stock before it could be of much use in civilization. Here, too, was raw material organized — members of machines only asking to be put together, and vivified by steam, and they would go at their work with a will.

Wade grew indignant, as he looked about him and saw so much good stuff and good force wasted for want of a little will and skill to train the force and manage the stuff. "All they want here is a head," he thought. He shook his own. The brain within was well developed with healthy exercise. It filled its case, and did not rattle like a withered kernel, or sound soft like a rotten one. It was a vigorous, muscular brain. The owner felt that he could trust it for an effort, as he could his lungs for a shout, his legs for a leap, or his fist for a knock-down argument.

At the tap of the bell, the "bad lot" of men came together. They numbered more than two hundred, though the foundry was working short. They came up with an easy and somewhat swaggering bearing — a good many roughs, with here and there a ruffian. Several, as they approached, swung and tossed, for mere overplus of strength, the sledges with which they had been tapping at the bald, shiny pates of their anvils. Several wielded their long pokers like lances.

Grimy chaps, all with their faces streaked, like Blackfeet in their war-paint. Their hairy chests showed where some men parade shirt-bosoms. Some had rolled their flannels up to the shoulder, above the bulging muscles of the upper arm. They wore aprons tied about the neck, like the bibs of our childhood; or about the waist, like the coquettish articles which young housewives affect. But there was no coquetry in these great flaps of leather or canvas, and they were besmeared and rust-stained quite beyond any bib that ever suffered under bread-and-molasses or mud-pie treatment. . . .

The Hands faced the Head. It was a question

whether the Two Hundred or the One should be master in Dunderbunk. Which was boss? An old question. It has to be settled whenever a new man claims power; and there is always a struggle until it is fought out by main force of brain or muscle.

Wade had made up his mind on the subject. He began, short and sharp as a trip-hammer when it has a bar to shape:

"I'm the new Superintendent. Richard Wade is my name. I rang the bell because I wanted to see you, and have you see me. You know as well as I do that these Works are in a bad way. They can't stay so. They must come up and pay you regular wages, and the Company profits. Every man of you has got to be here on the spot when the bell strikes, and up to the mark in his work. You haven't been — and you know it. You've turned out rotten stuff — stuff that any honest shop would be ashamed of. Now there's to be a new leaf turned over here. You're to be paid on the nail; but you've got to earn your money. I won't have any idlers or shirkers or rebels about me. I shall work hard myself; and every man of you will, or he leaves the shop. Now, if anybody has any complaint to make, I'll hear him before you all."

The men were evidently impressed with Wade's Inaugural. It meant something. But they were not to be put down so easily, after long misrule. There began to be a whisper —

"B'il in, Bill Tarbox! and talk to him!"

Presently Bill shouldered forward, and faced the new ruler. Since Bill had taken to drink and degradation, he had been the butt-end of riot and revolt at the foundery. He had had his own way with Whiffler. He did not like to abdicate, and give in to this new chap without testing him. . . .

"We allow," says Bill, in a tone half-way between Lablache's *De profundis* and a burglar's bull-dog's snarl, "that we've did our work as good as need to be did. We 'xpect we know our rights. We haven't been treated fair, and I'm dammed if we're go'n' to stan' it."

"Stop!" says Wade. "No swearing in this shop!"

"Who the devil is go'n' to stop it?" growled Tarbox.

"I am. Do you step back now, and let someone come forward who can talk like a gentleman."

"I'm damned if I stir till I've had my say out," says Bill, shaking himself up, and looking dangerous.

"Go back!" Wade moved close to him, also looking dangerous.

"Don't tech me!" Bill threatened, squaring off.

He was not quick enough. Wade knocked him down flat on a heap of moulding-sand. The hat in mourning for Poole found its place in a puddle.

Bill did not like the new Emperor's mode of compelling *Kotou*. Round One of the mill had not given him enough. He jumped up from his soft bed, and made a vicious rush at Wade. The same fist met him again, and heavier. Up went his heels; down went his head. It struck the ragged edge of a fresh casting, and there he lay, stunned and bleeding, on his hard black pillow.

"Ring the bell to go to work!" said Wade, in a tone that made the ringer jump. "Now, men, take hold and do your duty, and everything will go smooth!"

The bell clanged in. The line looked at its prostrate champion, then at the new boss standing there, cool and brave, and not afraid of a regiment of sledge-hammers. They wanted an executive. They wanted to be well-governed — as all men do. The new man looked like a man, talked fair, and hit hard. Why not all hands give in with a good grace, and go to work like honest fellows? The line broke up. The hands went off to their duty. And there was never any more insubordination in Dunderbunk.— *Love and Skates.*

WISEMAN, Nicholas Patrick Stephen, an English Roman Catholic prelate; born at Seville, Spain, August 3, 1802; died at London, February 15, 1865. His early education was received in England, but at sixteen he entered the English College at Rome; was ordained to the priesthood in 1825, and was made professor of Oriental languages in the university, and was also rector of the English College at Rome until 1835, when he returned to England, where he became noted as a preacher and lecturer. In 1840 he was created by the Pope a bishop *in partibus.* In 1849 he was made Vicar Apostolic of the London district; and in 1850 Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster and a cardinal. His principal works are *Letters on the Connection Between Science and Revealed Religion* (1836); *The Real Presence* (1837); *Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week* (1839); *Lectures on the Catholic Hierarchy* (1850); *Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs* (1855); *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* (1858); *Sermons on Our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother* (1864). Besides these there are several volumes of miscellaneous essays and sermons, and a volume of *Daily Meditations,* published after his death.

A CHRISTIAN HOME IN ROME.

It is in the afternoon in September, in the year 302, that we invite our readers to accompany us through the streets of Rome. The sun has declined, and is about two hours from his setting; the day is cloudless, and its heat has cooled, so that multitudes are issuing from their houses and making their way toward Cæsar's

gardens on one side, or Sallust's on the other, to enjoy their evening walk, and learn the news of the day. . . .

The house to which we invite our reader is on the east side of the Septa Julia, in the Campus Martius. From the outside it presents but a dead and black appearance. The walls are plain, without architectural ornament; not high, and scarcely broken by windows. In the middle of one side of the quadrangle is a door — *in atrio,* that is, merely revealed by a *tympanum* or triangular cornice, resting on two half-columns. Using our privilege, as "artists of fiction," of universal ubiquity, we will enter in with our friend, or "shadow," as he would anciently have been called. Passing through the porch, on the pavement of which we read with pleasure, in mosaic, the greeting, *Salve!* or "Welcome!" we find ourselves in the *atrium,* or first court of the house, surrounded by a portico and colonnade.

In the centre of the marble pavement a softly warbling jet of pure water, brought by the Claudian aqueduct from the Tusculan hills, springs into the air — now higher, now lower — and falls into an elevated basin of red marble, over the rim of which it flows in downy waves; and before reaching its lower and wider recipient scatters a gentle shower on the rare and brilliant flowers placed in elegant vases around. Under the portico we see furniture disposed, of a rich and sometimes rare character: couches inlaid with ivory, and even silver; tables of Oriental woods, bearing candelabra, lamps, and other household implements of bronze and silver; delicately chased busts, vases, tripods, and objects of mere art. On the walls are paintings — evidently of a former period — still, however, retaining all their brightness of color and richness of execution. These are separated by niches, with statues representing, indeed, like the pictures, mythological or historical subjects; but we cannot help observing that nothing meets the eye which could offend even the most delicate mind. Here and there are empty niches or a covered painting, proving that this is not the result of accident.

Outside the columns, the covering roof leaves a large

OWEN WISTER

square in the centre, called the *impluviam;* there is drawn across it a curtain, or veil, of dark canvas, which keeps out the sun and rain. An artificial twilight therefore alone enables us to see all that has been described; but it gives greater effect to what is beyond. Through an arch opposite to the one whereby we have entered, we catch a glimpse of an inner and still richer court, paved with variegated marbles, and adorned with bright gilding. The veil of the opening above, which, however, here is covered with thick glass or talc (*lapis specularis*), has been partly withdrawn, and admits a bright but softened ray from the evening sun on to the place where we see for the first time that we are in no enchanted hall, but in an inhabited house.— *Fabiola.*

WISTER, OWEN, an American novelist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., July 14, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in 1882, and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1889. His works include *The Modern Swiss Family Robinson* (1883); *The Dragon of Wantley* (1892); *Red Men and White* (1896); *The Jimmy John Boss* (1900); *The Virginian* (1902); *A Journey in Search of Christmas* (1904); *Lady Baltimore* (1905).

THE VIRGINIAN.

Among the few recent novels which have any claim upon the lover of good work, Mr. Owen Wister's *The Virginian* holds a first place. It is a story which adds to the record of life in this country by reason of its reality, its close observation, and its entire veracity. The cowboy has haunted the theatre in cheap plays and the newspapers in reminiscent tales of his prowess these many years; he has appeared with some semblance of life in short stories;

but Mr. Wister is the first man of letters who has dealt with him honestly, simply, and with the sense of proportion and restraint of an artist. A vigorous writer, a first-hand student of life on the plains and the ranch, Mr. Wister has approached the cowboy as a type of elemental man, fashioned on a large scale by conditions which kept conventional qualities in the background and evoked the primal instincts and passions. These conditions, which created the cowboy and which explain him, Mr. Wister knows at first hand. He has given his chief character the interpretation of a vast country unbroken by individual holdings, made great horizons visible to his reader, brought into the imagination the solitude and savage wildness of mountain ranches with unbroken reaches of crystalline sky over them, and has breathed into his tale the energy, the primitive force, the instinctive assertion of natural rights, which give the life of the frontier virility, audacity, and the interest which accompanies the play of human character largely untrammeled by custom and law. The Virginian is not, like his predecessors, a melodramatic hero; he is a real man of large mold with a touch of the heroic; a successor of the men who pushed forward the old frontier, penetrated the solitudes of the great West, fought on both sides in the Civil War, took to the free life on the plains at its close, and have now vanished to appear no more. There is no veneering of this cowboy; no easy polishing of his wildness; there is, rather, a clear, clean record of his life in its courage, its wild humor, its rough vigor, and its manliness. No such story has been written before, and the tale will not be retold. In clear, vigorous, sympathetic style, Mr. Wister has drawn a type of distinctively American manhood and made an epic of free life as Gogol made an epic of old Cossack life in *Taras Bulba;* he has written a first-hand book in a time which is largely given over to books of imitation; he has brought the cowboy into literature.— *Review in The Outlook.*

WOLCOT, JOHN ("PETER PINDAR"), an English physician and satirist; born near Kingsbridge, Devonshire, in May, 1738; died at London, January 14, 1819. Having studied medicine, and "walked the hospitals" in London, he was invited by Sir William Trelawney, the newly appointed Governor of Jamaica, to accompany him as his medical attendant. A church living having become vacant, it was bestowed upon the convivial and sport-loving doctor, who had obtained ordination from the Bishop of London. His patron died, and Wolcot threw up the clerical profession, returned to England, and set up as a physician at Truro, where he gained local celebrity as a wit. About 1780 he went to London, where he entered upon his literary career as a satirist, lasting fully forty years. Such was their popularity that in 1795 an edition of his poems in four volumes was published, the booksellers engaging to pay him £250 a year for the copyright, as long as he lived. To their great loss he lived to draw his annuity for a quarter of a century. Some of Wolcot's poems are satires of the keenest kind, but most of them are clever squibs and lampoons, aimed at literati, scientists, academicians, courtiers, and especially at King George III., whose personal characteristics — real or alleged — afforded an inexhaustible theme for caricature. In the end he received a pension from the Government; the price, it is said, of his ceasing to lampoon the King and his Ministers.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,

Who at Loretto dwelt — in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel.
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes —
A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day —
Peas in their shoes — to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the Virgin soon, *Peccavi* cried,
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he quickly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue, about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bended knees.
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas.
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet,
"How now!" the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"—
"Confound it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber
(Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear).
As for Loretto, I shall not get there.
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

But, brother-sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes;
Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?
How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if naught had happened, burn ye!"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenseless harmless buck —
The horse and rider wet as muck —
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot;
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: 'What's this? what's this? what's this?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying: 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'
Turning the dumpling round — rejoined the king

'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is —
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there is no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*;'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of this dumpling art.

There did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen: 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew —
Rich as us, Charly, rich as a Jew.
Shame, shame, we has not yet his brew-house seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made:
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,

Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved the king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves — a pretty luncheon —
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hae,hae? What's that? What's this, What's that?'
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
'What if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mein,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write —

MEMORANDUM,
A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.

MEM.
'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

QUÆRE.
Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

MEM.
To try it soon on our small beer —
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

MEM.
To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

MEM.
Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,

His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.
To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered — 'Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an 't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains? — that comes from hops — yes, hops, hops,
hops.'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault —
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt — I meant malt all the while.
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out — how very proper! —
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.
And now before their sovereign's curious eye —
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty —
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: 'O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'

To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said: 'Good God!'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way:
'Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

'D'ye hunt? — hae, hunt? No, no, you are too old;
You'll be lord-mayor — lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

'Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen — hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said: 'May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first.'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

LORD GREGORY.

Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.

Alas! thou heardst a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.

WOLFE, CHARLES, an Irish poet; born at Dublin, December 14, 1791; died at Cork, February 21, 1823. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1814, was tutor there, and, taking orders in 1817, became curate at Ballyclog, and subsequently at Donoughmore. He wrote an ode on the death of Sir John Moore, which has become celebrated. His *Remains,* with a Memoir, were published by Archdeacon John Russell (1825). His *Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore* is full of fervor and freshness, and the writer's triumph is not to be grudged. The lines

If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee,

in elegance and tender earnestness are worthy of either Campbell or Byron. The lyric went directly to the heart of the people, and it is likely to remain forever enshrined there.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

WOOD, ELLEN PRICE ("MRS. HENRY WOOD,") an English novelist; born in Worcestershire, January 17, 1814; died at London, February 10, 1887. She began to write at an early age, but her first novel, *Danesbury House,* was not published until 1860. It gained the prize offered by the Scottish Temperance League for the best story illustrating the good effects of temperance. In 1867 Mrs. Wood became the editor of the *Argosy,* a monthly magazine published in London. Among her numerous novels are *East Lynne* (1861); *The Channings* (1862); *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* (1862); *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863); *Verner's Pride* (1863); *Oswald Cray* (1864); *Trevlyn Hold, or Squire Trevlyn's Heir* (1864); *Mildred Arkell* (1865); *Elster's Folly* (1866); *St. Martin's Eve* (1866); *A Life Secret* (1867); *The Red Court Farm* (1868); *Anne Hereford* (1868); *Roland Yorke* (1869); *Bessy Rane* (1870); *George Canterbury's Will* (1870); *Dene Hollow* (1871); *Within the Maze* (1872); *The Master of Greylands* (1873); *Johnny Ludlow* (1874–80); *Told in the Twilight* (1875); *Bessy Wells* (1875);

Our Children (1876); *Edina* (1876); *Pomeroy Abbey* (1878); *Court Netherleigh* (1881); *Helen Whitney's Wedding* (1885).

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Charlotte Guise opened the door and stood to listen. Not a sound save the ticking of the clock broke the stillness. She was quite alone. Flora was fast asleep in her room in the front corridor, next to Mrs. Castlemaine's chamber, for she had been in to see, and she had taken the precaution of turning the key on the child for safety. Yet another minute she stood listening, candle in hand. Then, swiftly crossing the passage, she stole into the study through the double-doors.

The same orderly, unlittered room that she had seen before. No papers lay about, no deeds were left out that could be of use to her. Three books were stacked upon the side-table; a newspaper lay on a chair; and that was positively all. The fire had long ago gone out; on the mantelpiece was a box of matches.

Putting down the candle, Charlotte Guise took out her key, and tried the bureau. It opened at once. She swung back the heavy lid and waited a moment to recover herself; her lips were white, her breath came in gasps. Oh, apart from the baseness, the dishonor of the act, which was very present to her mind, what if she were to be caught at it? Papers there were *en masse*. The drawers and pigeon-holes seemed to be full of them. So far as she could judge from a short examination — and she did not dare to give a long one — these papers had reference to business transactions, to sales of goods and commercial matters — which she rather wondered at, but did not understand. But of deeds she could see none.

What did Charlotte Guise expect to find? What did she promise herself by this secret search? In truth, she could not have told. She wanted to get some record of her husband's fate, some proof that should compromise the master of Greylands. She would also have

been glad to find some will, or deed of gift, that should show to her how Greylands Rest had been really left by old Anthony Castlemaine; whether to his son Basil or to James. If to Basil, why, there would be a proof — as she, poor thing, deemed it — of the manner in which James Castlemaine had dealt with his nephew, and its urging motive.

No; there was nothing. Opening this bundle of papers, rapidly glancing into that, turning over the other, she could find absolutely nothing; and in the revulsion of feeling the disappointment caused, she said to herself how worse than foolish she had been to expect to find anything; how utterly devoid of reason she must be, to suppose Mr. Castlemaine would preserve mementoes of an affair so dangerous. And where he kept his law-papers or parchments relating to his estate she could not tell, but certainly they were not in the bureau.

Not daring to stay longer, for near upon half an hour must have elapsed, she replaced the things as she had found them, so far as she could remember. All was done save one drawer — a small drawer at the foot, next the slab. It had but a few receipted bills in it; there was one from a saddler, one from a coach-maker, and such-like. The drawer was very shallow, and, in closing it, the bills were forced out again. Charlotte Guise, in her trepidation and hurry, pulled the drawer forward too forcibly, and pulled it out of its frame.

Had it chanced by accident — this little contretemps? Ah, no. When do these strange trifles, pregnant with events of moment, occur by chance? At the top of the drawer appeared a narrow, close compartment, opening with a slide. Charlotte drew the slide back, and saw within it a folded letter and some small articles wrapped in paper.

The letter, which she opened and read, proved to be the one written by Basil Castlemaine on his death-bed — the same letter that had been brought over by young Anthony, and given to his uncle. There was nothing much to note in it — save that Basil assumed throughout it that the estate was his, and would be his son's after him. Folding it again, she opened the bit of paper, and

there shone out a diamond ring that flashed in the candle's rays.

Charlotte Guise took it up and let it fall again — let it fall in a kind of sick horror, and staggered to a chair and sat down, half-fainting. For it was her husband's ring; the ring that Anthony had worn always on his left-hand little finger; the ring that he had on when he quitted Gap. It was the same ring that John Bent and his wife had often noticed and admired; the ring that was undoubtedly on his hand, when he followed Mr. Castlemaine that ill-fated night into the Friar's Keep. His poor wife recognized it instantly; she knew it by its peculiar setting. . . .

When somewhat recovered she kissed the ring, and put it back into the small compartment with the letter. Pushing in the slide, she shut the drawer and closed and locked the bureau; thus leaving all things as she had found them. Not very much result had been gained it is true, but enough to spur her onward on her future search. With her mind in a chaos of tumult, with her brain in a whirl of pain, with every vein throbbing and fevered, she left the candle on the ground where she had lodged it, and went to the window, gasping for air.

The night was bright with stars; opposite to her, and seemingly at no distance at all, rose that dark building, the Friar's Keep. As she stood with her eyes strained upon it, though in reality not seeing it but deep in inward thought, there suddenly shone a faint light at one of the casements. Her attention was awakened now; her heart began to throb.

The faint light grew brighter; and she distinctly saw a form in a monk's habit, the cowl drawn over his head, slowly pass the window, the light seeming to come from a lamp in his outstretched hand. All the superstitious tales she had heard of the place rushed into her mind; this must be the apparition of the Gray Friar. Charlotte Guise had an awful dread of revenants, and she turned sick and faint.

With a cry, only half-suppressed, bursting from her parted lips, she caught up the candle, afraid to stay, and

flew through the door into the narrow passage. The outer door was opening to her hand, when the voice of Harry Castlemaine was heard in the corridor, almost close to the door.— *The Master of Greylands.*

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL, an American poet and journalist; born at Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785; died at New York, December 9, 1842. He served an apprenticeship in a newspaper office in Boston; worked for a year as a journeyman; then went to New Haven, where he started a weekly journal, *The Belles Lettres Repository,* of which he was editor, publisher, printer, and sometimes carrier; but the journal lived only eight weeks. In 1809 he went to New York, where he engaged in several literary enterprises. He conducted a weekly journal, entitled *The War,* edited a Swedenborgian monthly magazine, and wrote *The Champions of Freedom,* a novel, founded on the War of 1812. He published numerous patriotic songs, and composed several melodramas, among which is *The Forest Rose,* which was popular in its day. In 1823, in conjunction with George P. Morris, he established the New York *Mirror,* with which, however, his connection was brief. He was intimate with the literary men of his day, and Halleck's poem *To a Poet's Daughter* was written in the album of the daughter of Woodworth. His permanent reputation as a poet rests wholly upon *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY ("SUSAN COOLIDGE"), an American poet and juvenile writer; born at Cleveland, Ohio, about 1845; died at Newport, R. I., April 9, 1905. Her books include *The New Year's Bargain* (1871); *What Katy Did* (1872); *For Summer Afternoons* (1876); *Verses* (1881); *A Guernsey Lily* (1881); *A Round Dozen* (1883); *A Little Country Girl* (1885); *What Katy Did Next* (1886); *Clover* (1888); *Just Sixteen* (1890); *Poems* (1890); *In the High Valley* (1891); *Rhymes and Ballads for Boys and Girls* (1892); *The Barberry Bush* (1893), and *Not Quite Eighteen* (1894). She also wrote *Verses* (1880); *A Short History of Philadelphia* (1887), and *The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney* (1880).

LOHENGRIN.

To have touched heaven and failed to enter in,
Ah, Elsa, prone upon the lonely shore,
Watching the swan-wings beat upon the blue,
Watching the glimmer of the silver mail
Like flash of foam, till all are lost to view;
What may thy sorrow or thy watch avail?
He cometh nevermore.

All gone the new hope of thy yesterday:
The tender gaze and strong like dewy fire,
The gracious form with airs of heaven bedight,
The love that warmed thy being like a sun;
Thou hadst thy choice of noonday or of night,
Now the swart shadows gather one by one
To give thee thy desire!

To every life one heavenly chance befalls;
To every soul a moment big with fate,

When, grown impatient with need and fear,
It cries for help, and lo! from close at hand
The voice celestial answers, "I am here!"
Oh, blessed souls, made wise to understand,
Made bravely glad to wait.

But thou, pale watcher on the lonely shore
Where the surf thunders and the foam-bells fly,
Is there no place for penitence and pain?
No saving grace in thy all-piteous rue?
Will the bright vision never come again?
Alas, the swan-wings vanish in the blue.
There cometh no reply.

THE NEW YEAR.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot relieve them —
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own —
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And spite of old sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

FORWARD.

Let me stand still upon the height of life,
Much has been won, though much there is to win;
I am a little weary of the strife.
Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin
To cool my hot brow, ease the travel pain,

And then address me to the road again.
Long was the way, and steep and hard the climb;
Sore are my limbs and fain I am to rest;
Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time;
Before me rises the deep mountain crest.
Let me stand still — the journey is half done,
And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still. Even as I pause
The steep path shifts and I slip back apace:
Movement was safety; by the journey laws
No help is given, no safe abiding-place;
No idling in the pathway hard and slow;
I must go forward, or must backward go!

I will go up then, though the limbs may tire,
And though the path be doubtful and unseen,
Better with the last effort to expire
Than lose the toil and struggle that have been,
And have the morning strength, the upward strain,
The distance conquered, in the end made vain.

Ah, blessed law! for rest is tempting sweet,
And we would all lie down if so we might;
And few would struggle on with bleeding feet;
And few would ever gain the higher height,
Except for the stern law which bids us know
We must go forward, or must backward go.

THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong
Like echoes from an angel's song;
"Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,"
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and King keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.

UNDER THE SEA.

They were scrambling down the rocks, a gay, chattering procession — pretty Kate with her captain; Doctor Gray supporting his invalid wife; Helen, Isabel, Tom, and their midshipman cousin; last of all, Esther Vane — alone. It seemed to her morbid fancy right that it should be so. Henceforth she must be alone — always.

The little guide trotted on in advance — his round, ten-years-old face wearing the vacant look so strangely common to that part of the Maine coast, with its glorious scenery. There the ocean is considered simply a vast depot of herrings and "porgy-oil," and the mountains as untoward obstacles in the way of a primitive husbandry. "Blast 'em, I wish they was flat," the natives say as their ploughs encounter the boulders at the base; and if they look aloft at all, it is to calculate the perches of "medderland" which might be made to occupy the same area, of the heights were out of the way.

Our party felt on the eve of great things. Having arrived only the day before, Mount Newport with its wonderful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the lakes in their settings of dark-blue hill, were still to them the images of things not seen. This, their first excursion, they had dedicated to the "Grotto," or "Devil's Oven," as the coast people term it; a sort of submarine cave, unveiled and accessible at low tide only, and a great wonder in its way.

The path grew steeper. Carefully they followed its windings, step by step, surefooted Kate accepting the help she didn't need, for that pleasure in being guided and watched. And now the little guide pauses, and with a

freckled forefinger points round a projection of rock. All crowd to the spot. Ah! there it is — the cave of the mermaids! A shriek of mingled surprise and enchantment burst from the party at the sight.

Beneath the low-browed arch the rocky floor rose, terrace after terrace, till in its highest recess it met the roof above. A floor for the nereids to dance upon; a floor of pink coralline, gleaming here and there through pools of emerald water left by the retreating tide. And each of these tiny lakelets seemed brimming with flowers — the flowers of ocean — green whoals, like chestnut-burrs; anemones with their dahlia bloom; brown and rosy mosses, among whose tendrils bright fish darted and played and snails of vivid orange color clustered; broad leaves of brilliant dye swaying and undulating with the motion of the pool — minute specks of life flashing every iridescent hue; earthly garden was never so gorgeous. The rocky shelves were dimpled with hollows — softly, exquisitely curved. No fancy of the old classic days seemed too fantastic or too fair for the spot. The imagination instinctively kindled into pictures, and saw the sea-nymphs sporting in the foam; bold tritons winding their shells; mermaids playing at hide-and-seek; nixies and mocking water sprites peeping from the basins — all dreamland and wonderland opening, and the common earth put aside and far away.

With cries of delight the party made their way down and scattered through the cave. There was room for the army. It was hard to realize that with the returning tide the space must fill, the gateway close, and leave no resting place for human foot.

"You said the tide was going down, didn't you little boy?"

"Ye-ah."

"You're sure?"

"Ye-ah."

"That's nice," cried Isabel. "Then we can stay as long as we like. Oh! do somebody come here and see this."

She was lying with her face almost touching the anemones. Nobody responded to her call — each had found

some other point of interest. Tom had fished up a sea-urchin, and was exhibiting it. Kate and the captain, in a niche of their own, at safe whispering distance, were absorbed in each other. Esther had climbed to the top-most ledge, and was sitting there alone. For the first time in six weary months, a sensation of pleasure had come to her, and she was conscious of but one longing — that they would all go away and leave her to realize it. With some vague hope she got out her color box and portfolio, and began to sketch. Sketching, she had discovered, kept people off, and furnished an excuse for silence.

And so an hour or more passed by. She heard, as in a dream, the chatter of the others, their questions to the little guide, his short, jerky replies. The pools were all explored; the urchins and anemones had been tickled with parasols, and made to shut and open and shut again; the young people began to sigh for future worlds to conquer, and Mrs. Gray to consider it very damp.

"Little boy, isn't there something else nearby which we would like to see?"

"Guess so."

"Well, what is it? Tell us, please."

"There's the 'Heads,' I guess."

"Oh! how far off is that? A mile, did you say? That's not far. Papa, the boy says there's a place called the 'Heads' only a mile away, and we want to go and see it. Can't we go? You know the way, don't you little boy?"

"Ye-ah."

"I think this place is very damp," sighed Mrs. Gray. "I should be really glad to go somewhere and feel the sunshine again. I begin to have creeping chills. Suppose we let the boy show us the way to this other place, father."

"Very well. Get your things together, girls. Come, Esther, we're going."

Esther roused herself as from a dream.

"Oh, Mr. Gray! must I go? I'm in the middle of a sketch, you see. Couldn't you leave me here quietly, and pick me up as you come back? I should like it so much."

"Well — I don't know. The tide is going out, the boy

says; there won't be any trouble of that kind. Are you sure you won't be chilled, or lonely?"

"Oh! quite sure."

"Promise me that if you are, you will go to the cottage at the bend and warm yourself, or sit on the rocks in the sun. We'll look for you in the one place or the other. Good-by, my dear."

"Good-by, sir."

"And, oh, Esther, you must have some lunch. You'll be starved before we come back," cried careful Helen.

So she and Tom and a basket made their way upward, and a deposit of sandwiches and port wine was left in a convenient crevice within reach.

"Good-by, dear. I hope the sketch will be lovely." And they were gone — up the hillside — Mrs. Gray last, leaning upon her husband's arm.

"Poor child!" she said, "it makes my heart ache to see her look so sad. Didn't you notice how she was longing to have us go, and leave her alone?"

"And the very worst thing for her. She needs rousing, and all this morbid thinking does her harm."

The voices died away. Esther caught the words and she smiled at them — a bitter little smile. That was what all of them had said since her trouble came. She must be roused — amused — and they had crowded business and pleasure upon her until she sometimes felt that she could bear it no longer.

This was the first time in many weeks that she had felt really free, free to be silent, to look sad, to cry if she wished. What a luxury it was! No anxious-eyed mother to watch her — these comparative strangers withdrawn — this cool, darkling silence — it was delicious! There was something in the very nature of her trial which made it necessary to veil her grief with reserve.

No one knew of the unavowed engagement which bound herself and Paul since that hurried farewell letter in which his love found utterance, and which only reached her after he sailed — the sailing from which there was to be no return. No one knew that the sweetheart was wearing widow's weeds, and mourning its dead as the great loss of

life. It wouldn't bear talking about, so she kept silence, and tried to wear a brave face.

At first there had been a little hope as rumors came of one boat load escaping from the midnight collision; but that was over now, and the terrible suspense was passed, and everything had faded into a fixed acceptance of sorrow. The light had gone out.

Left alone, she found with some surprise that she didn't want to cry. All the morning she had felt that to creep away somewhere and weep, and weep her heart out, would be so good; but tears are contrary things. She sat there dulled into a calm that was almost content. She was thinking of the time when Paul had visited the island, and climbed about that very cave. On the very rock-shelf where she sat, he might have rested. She liked to think so. It brought him nearer.

A little later she put her sketch away, and crept down to a broad ledge, where, through the arch, the exquisite sky-line was visible. The surf tumbled and chimed like distant bells. She lay as if fascinated, her eyes fixed upon the shining horizon. Somewhere far beyond it was the spot where the good ship which held her all went down. Down where? Her imagination ran riot. Cleaving the liquid depths to the inmost sanctuary of ocean, she saw the golden sands, the shadowy green light percolating through miles of water — the everlasting repose which reigned there beyond the reach of storm, or wind, or hurricane. She tried to fix the wandering images, and to think of it as a haven no less tranquil than the quiet mounds under which are pillowed beloved heads on earth. But it would not stay. Thoughts of tempest and fury, of chill-piping winds whipping the foam from the waves, of roar and tumult, and a heaving wilderness of dark waters, came over her; great drops forced themselves beneath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed:

"Oh, Paul, Paul! how can I bear it?"

And then she thought, as she had thought before, how glad she should be to die! Life didn't seem desirable any longer, and it would be blessed to be with Paul, even at the bottom of the ocean. And thinking thus, the long

eyelashes dropped more and more heavily; peace fell upon the brow and lips; she was asleep — asleep, and dreaming a sweet, joyful dream.

How long she slept she never knew. She awoke with a sensation of intense cold. The spell of slumber was so strong upon her that for a moment she did not realize what had taken place. The cave was half full of water. Her feet and the hem of her dress were already wet; and the roar of the waves beneath the hardly distinguishable archway told that the tide had surprised another victim and already the avenue of escape was barred.

Was this the answer to some unspoken prayer?

The thought flashed over her. Had she really prayed for death? Here it was, close at hand, and she was conscious of no gladness — only an instinctive desire for life. It was too dreadful to be drowned in that hole, and washed away like a weed. Life was worth living, after all.

Had somebody said or was she dreaming, that a portion of the cave was left uncovered by the water? She could not remember; but now she searched about for some indication. Ah, surely this was one — a cork, a scrap of paper, lodged on the highest shelf, fragile things which a tide must inevitably have washed away. With that instinct of property which survives shipwreck and fire, she collected her drawing materials and other little belongings, and retreating with them to this possible place of refuge, wrapped her cloak about her, and with folded arms sat down to await her fate.

The cave was full of pale green light. It was beautiful to see, as the advancing flow rose ledge over ledge and flooded the fairy pools, how each star-flower and sea-urchin, each crimson and golden weed, trembled and quivered as with delight at its refreshing touch. Each anemone threw wide its petals and expanded into full blossom to meet the spray baptism. No mortal eye ever looked upon sight more charming; but its beauty was lost to the shivering and terrified girl.

The doorway had quite disappeared. Sharp spray dashed against her dress. The drops struck her face. She shrank, and clung more tightly to the rock. A prayer

rose to her lips; and through the tremulous light of the submerged archway a strange shadow began to go and come, to move and pause and move again. Was it fish, or weed, or some mysterious presence? Did it come accompanied by life or death?

Meantime upon the rocks above a distracted group were collected. The party had come gayly back from the "Heads." Doctor Gray, ignorant landsman as he was, had grown uneasy and hurried them away. Arrived at the "Grotto," the full extent of the calamity was at once evident. The boy had mistaken the tide — flow for ebb — and the only hope was that Esther, discovering her danger in time, had taken refuge at the cottage near by. Thither they flew to search; but, as we know, in vain.

The sobbing girls hung distractedly over the cliff, listening to the hollow boom with which the waves swung into the cavern beneath — sickening to think of the awful something which might any moment wash outward on the returning billow. The gentlemen went for assistance, and brought a couple of stout fishermen to the spot. But what could anybody do?

"If the young woman has sense enough to climb up to the right-hand corner and set still, it won't hurt her none perhaps," one of them said. "Not more than two tides a year gets up there."

Ah! if Esther could only be told that! They could but trust powerlessly to her steadiness of nerve and common sense.

"She's such a wise thing," Helen sobbed out. So they waited.

A rattle of wheels came from the road. They all turned to look, and some one said:

"Perhaps it's a doctor!" Though what earthly use a doctor could have been would be hard to say!

A figure was coming rapidly up the path — a young man. Nobody recognized him, till Doctor Gray started forward with the face of one who sees a ghost.

"Paul! Good God! Is it possible?"

"Yes, doctor," with a hasty handshake, no other. I don't wonder you stare."

"But in Heaven's name, how has it come about? Where have you been since we gave you up for lost?"

"It's a long story. You shall heart it some day. But" — rapidly — "forgive my impatience — where is Esther? What is the matter?"

There was a dead silence. At last, with a groan, Doctor Gray spoke:

"Paul, my poor fellow, how can I tell you. Esther is below there."

"In the Grotto?"

"In the Grotto. Can anything be done?"

The young man staggered. The glow faded from his face, leaving him ashy pale. For a moment he stood irresolute, then he roused himself, and his voice, though husky, was firm:

"It's a frightful place; still there is no absolute danger if she keeps her presence of mind. I stayed there over a tide myself once, just to see it. Is your boat at home?" to one of the fishermen.

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch it round, then, as quickly as possible." Then to Doctor Gray, "I shall row out there opposite the entrance, and make a dive for it. If I come up inside, it's all right, and I'll see that no harm happens to Esther till the water falls, and we can get her out."

"But — the risk!"

"There is the risk of striking the arch as I rise — that is all. I'm a good swimmer, doctor, as you know. I think it can be done. You can guess, with a sort of pale smile, "how I have been counting on this meeting; and to leave her alone and frightened, and not to go to her, is simply impossible. I shall manage it — never fear."

The boat came. They saw it rowed out — Paul taking the bearings, carefully, shifting position once, and yet again, before satisfied. Then he looked up with bright, confident eyes and a nod, and clasped his hands over his head. A splash — he was gone, and the water closed over him.

Within the cave, Esther watched the strange, moving phantom which darkened the entrance. The splash reach-

ed without startling her, but in another second a flashing object whirled down and inward, and, rising, the waves revealed a face — a white face, with wet hair. In the pale, unearthly glow, it wore the aspect of death. It drew nearer; she covered her face with her hands. Was the sea giving up its dead, that here, in this fearful solitude, the vision of her drowned Paul confronted her — or was she going mad?

Another second, and the hands were withdrawn. The peril, the excitement of the past hour, the strangeness and unreality of the spot, combined to kindle within her an unnatural exaltation of feeling. Had she not craved this? If they met as spirits in this land of spirits was she to be afraid of Paul or shrink from him? No, a thousand times no!

The face was close upon her. With rapid strokes it drew near — a form emerged — it was upon the rocks. With a shriek, she held out her arms. Cold hands clasped hers — a voice; did dead men speak!) cried, "Queenie, Queenie!"

The old pet name! It was Paul's ghost, but none the less Paul.

"I know you are dead," she said, "but I am not afraid of you," and felt unterrified as a strong arm enfolded her. But the breast upon which her cheek rested was throbbing with such living pulsations that half aroused, she began to shudder in a terrible blended hope and fear, and she shrank away from his touch, fearing she knew not what.

"Oh, Paul are we both dead, or only you? Is this the other world?"

"Why, darling," gently seating her on the rock, "you are in a dream. Wake up, love. Look at me, Esther. I am not a dead man, but your living Paul. Feel my hand — it is warm, you see. God has restored us to each other; and now, if His mercy permits, we will never be parted again."

"Paul! Paul!" cried Esther, convinced at last.

They were very happy. Prosy folk, could they have looked, would have seen only two exceedingly wet young persons seated high up on a rocky ledge, with receding

waters rippling about their feet; but they, all aglow with life and happiness, scarcely knew of the lapse of time before the shimmering line of light appeared at the mouth of the cave.

With blessed tears streaming down her cheeks, Esther heard his story; how, picked up — the sole surviver of that dreadful wreck — by an India-bound trader, her lover had lain delirious for many weeks in a far land, unable to tell his name or story; and in part recovered, started at once for home, and landed in advance of the letters which told his safety. And so they had met here, 'mid "coral and tangle and almondine;" and as she heard the story of his perils, Esther clasped the hand she held as if she never again could let go.

That provident little Helen — bless her heart! — "builded better than she knew," in providing such a store of damp sandwiches and refreshing drink for those drenched and happy lovers. And when at last the receding tide opened again the rocky gate and the vista of the sea tingled with rosy sunset, and Esther, aided by strong arms, left her prison, it was with a glow like the sunset upon her cheeks, and in her eyes such a radiance of happiness that it fairly dazzled the forlorn, bedraggled group above. Mrs. Gray embraced her fondly, and fell into a fit of long-deferred hysterics. The boys executed a war-dance of congratulations, and Helen and Isabel laughed and cried for joy. And as Esther turned with Paul for a last look at the scene of her deliverance, the chime and murmur of the sea seemed full of blessing — the blessing of the dear Lord who had had compassion upon her weakness, restoring her to life, and to that life its lost joy. With thankful heart she went her way.

So we leave her.

WOOLSEY, Theodore Dwight, an American educator; born at New York, October 31, 1801; died at New Haven, Conn., July 1, 1889. He was graduated from Yale in 1820. After a course of theology at Princeton, he was tutor at Yale two years, a student in Germany (1827–30), and on his return, was Professor of Greek at Yale until 1846, when he was chosen president, retaining the office twenty-five years. Among his publications are editions of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, the *Antigone* and the *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the *Gorgias* of Plato; also, *Introduction to the Study of International Law* (1860) — regarded as an authority; *Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation* (1869); *Serving Our Generation* and *God's Guidance in Youth* (1871); *The Religion of the Present and the Future* (1871); *Manual of Political Ethics; Civil Liberty and Self-Government; Political Science; Inauguration Discourses on College Education,* and *Historical Discourses at the 150th Anniversary of the Founding of Yale College.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The history of this doctrine is, in brief, the following: At Verona [1822] the subject was agitated of attempting, in conformity with the known wishes of absolutists in Spain, to bring back the Spanish colonies into subjection to the mother-country. This fact having been communicated to our government by that of Great Britain in 1823, and the importance of some public protest on our part being insisted upon, President Monroe, in his annual message, used the following language: "That we should consider any attempt (on the part of the allied powers) to extend their system to any portion

of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," and again, "that we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing (governments on this side of the Atlantic whose independence we had acknowledged), or controlling in any manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." Soon afterward a resolution was moved in Congress, embodying the same principle, but was never called up. But the mere declaration of the President, meeting with the full sympathy of England, put an end to the designs to which the message refers.

In another place in the same message, while alluding to the question of boundary on the Pacific between the United States and Russia, the President speaks thus: "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects of future colonization by any European power." Was it intended by this to preclude the South American republics, without their will, from receiving such colonies within their borders — of surrendering their territory for that purpose? Such a thing, probably, was not thought of. Mr. Adams, when President in 1825, thus refers to Mr. Monroe's principle, while speaking in a special message of a congress at Panama: "An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard *by its own means* against the establishment of any future European colony, within its borders, may be found desirable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world, as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American continents." Mr. Adams, when Secretary of State under Mr. Monroe, originated the "principle," and must have known what he meant. But the principle, even in this tame form, was repudiated by the House of Representatives. . . .

On the whole then, (1.) the doctrine is not a national one. The House of Representatives, indeed, had no

right to settle questions of policy or of international law. But the Cabinet has as little. The opinion of one part of the Government neutralized that of another. (2.) The principle first mentioned of resisting attempts to overthrow the liberties of the Spanish republics, was one of most righteous self-defence, and of vital importance. . . . The other principle of prohibiting European colonization was vague. . . .

The Monroe doctrine came up again in another shape in 1848. President Polk, having announced that the Government of Yucatan had offered the dominion over that country to Great Britain, Spain, and the United States, urges on Congress such measures as may prevent it from becoming a colony and a part of the dominions of any European power. . . . Mr. Calhoun, in his speech on this subject, shows that the case is very very different from that contemplated by Mr. Monroe. . . .

To lay down the principle that the acquisition of territory on this continent, by any European power, cannot be allowed by the United States, would go far beyond any measures dictated by the system of the balance of power, for the rule of self-preservation is not applicable in our case: we fear no neighbors. To lay down the principle that no political systems unlike our own, no change from republican forms to those of monarchy, can be endured in the Americas, would be a step in advance of the congresses at Laybach and Verona, for they apprehended destruction to their political fabrics, and we do not. But to resist attempts of European powers to alter the constitutions of states on this side of the water is a wise and just opposition to interference.— *Introduction to the Study of International Law.*

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE, an American novelist and poet; born at Claremont, N. H., March 5, 1848; died at Venice, Italy, January 23, 1894. She was the daughter of Charles Jarvis Woolson, and a great-niece of James Fenimore Cooper. She was educated at Cleveland and New York. From 1873 to 1878 she resided in Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, and in 1879 she went to Europe, where she afterward resided. Her winters were spent in Italy. Her literary field includes sketches, poems, stories, and novels, which appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines. Her books are *Castle Nowhere; Lake Country Sketches* (1875); *Two Women* (1877); *Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches* (1880); *Anne* (1882); *For the Major* (1883); *East Angels* (1886); *Jupiter Lights* (1889); *The Old Stone House* (1893); *Horace Chase* (1894); *The Front Yard and Other Italian Stories* (1895).

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout —
Oh, how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But *I* heard it. It came
Again and again — O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them — when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash —
Jumped to get out of the way — and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart — caught the child — and then came
Back with him — choking and crying, but — saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh how the men raved
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh, you'd admire
To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now — see, he's strong as a log —
And there comes Tom too —
Yes, Tom was our dog.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away —
Gone to the country-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay —
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.
Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin to tell —
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.
Conrad lived in Ohio — a German he is, you know —
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.
Oh for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky —
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!
From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.
When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river-shore —
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir — off there's a hill, you see —
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.
I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road — Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say

"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.
I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses — every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."
The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!
Sudden I picked up baby and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called — "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.
As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound —
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground —
Coming into the turnpike, out from the White Woman Glen —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.
As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along —
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.
Weary they looked and jaded, riding through the night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And for the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.
On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance.
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.
Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled — 'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.
Only sixteen he was, sir — a fond mother's only son —
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun.
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.
Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.
But when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.
I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.
"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan — Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door —
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers — the Michigan cavalry —
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.
And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways —
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.
A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.
Well, I kept the boy till evening — kept him against his will —
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky — you'll wonder to hear me tell —
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.
I kissed the star on her forehead — my pretty gentle lass —
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.
I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tell him why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.
Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it —'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass —
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue Grass.
The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck, she was thriving, and fat and hearty and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

IN THE MONNLUNGS.

They did not speak often. Winthrop was attending to the boat's course, Margaret had turned and was sitting so that she could scan the water and direct him a little. Her nervousness had disappeared; either she had been able to repress it, or it had faded in the presence of the responsibility she had assumed in undertaking to act as guide through that strange water-land of the Monnlungs, whose winding channels she had heretofore seen only in the light of day. Even in the light of day they were mysterious; the enormous trees, thickly foliaged at the top, kept the sun from penetrating to the water, the masses of vines shut out still further the light, and shut in the perfumes of the myriad flowers.

Channels opened out on all sides. Only one was the right one. Should she be able to follow it? the landmarks she knew — certain banks of shrubs, a tree trunk of peculiar shape, a sharp bend, a small bay full of "knees" — should she know them again by night? There came to her suddenly the memory of a little arena

— an arena where the flowering vines hung straight down from the tree-tops to the water all round, like tapestry, and where the perfumes were densely thick.

"Are you cold?" said Winthrop. "You can't be — this warm night." The slightness of the canoe had betrayed what he thought was a shiver. "No, I'm not cold."

"The best thing we can do is to make the boat as bright as possible," he went on. "But not in front, that would only be blinding; the light must be behind us." He took the torch from the bow, lighted three others, and stuck them all into the canoe's lining of thin strips of wood at the stern.

Primus had made his torches long; it would be an hour before they could burn down sufficiently to endanger the boat.

Thus, casting a brilliant orange-hued glow around them, lighting up the dark water vistas to the right and left as they passed, they penetrated into the dim, sweet swamp.

They had been in the Monnlungs half an hour. Margaret acted as pilot; half kneeling, half sitting at the bow, one hand on the canoe's edge, her face turned forward, she gave her directions slowly, all her powers concentrated upon recalling correctly and keeping unmixed from present impressions her memory of the channel.

The present impressions were indeed so strange, that a strong exertion of will was necessary to prevent the mind from becoming fascinated by them, from forgetting in this series of magic pictures the different aspect of these same vistas by day. Even by day the vistas were alluring. By night, lighted up by the flare of the approaching torches, at first vaguely, then brilliantly, then vanishing into darkness again behind, they became unearthly, exceeding in contrasts of color — reds, yellows and green, all of them edged sharply with the profoundest gloom — the most striking effects of the painters who have devoted their lives to reproducing light and shade. Lanse had explored a part of the Monnlungs. He had not explored it all, no human eye had as

yet beheld some of its mazes; but the part he had explored he knew well — he had even made a map of it. Margaret had seen this map; she felt sure, too, that she should know the channels he called the Lanes. Her idea, upon entering, had been to follow the main stream to the first of these lanes, there turn off and explore the lane to its end; then, returning to the main channel, to go on to the second lane; and so on through Lanse's part of the swamp.

They had now explored two of the lanes, and were entering a third. She had taken off her hat, and thrown it down upon the cloak beside her. "It's so oppressively warm — in here," she said.

It was not oppressively warm — not warmer than a June night at the North. But the air was perfectly still, and so sweet that it was enervating.

The forest grew denser along this third lane as they advanced. The trees stood nearer together, and silver moss now began to hang down in long, filmy veils, thicker and thicker, from all the branches. Mixed with the moss, vines showed themselves; in strange convolutions, they went up out of sight; in girth they were as large as small trees; they appeared to have not a leaf, but to be dry, naked, chocolate-brown growths, twisting themselves about hither and thither for their own entertainment.

This was the appearance below. But above, there was another story to tell; for here were interminable flat beds of broad green leaves, spread out over the outside of the roof of foliage — leaves that belonged to these same naked, coiling growths below; the vines had found themselves obliged to climb to the very top in order to get a ray of sunshine for their greenery.

For there was no sky for anybody in the Monnlungs; the deep, solid roof of interlocked branches stretched miles long, miles wide, like a close, tight cover, over the entire place. The general light of day came filtering through, dyed with much green, quenched into blackness at the ends of the vistas; but actual sunbeams never came, never gleamed, year in year out, across the clear darkness of the broad water floor. The water on

this floor was always pellucid; whether it was the deep current of the main channel, or the shallower tide that stood motionless over all the rest of the expanse, nowhere was there the least appearance of mud; the lake and the streams, red-brown in hue, were as clear as so much fine wine; the tree trunks rose cleanly from this transparent tide; their huge roots could be seen coiling on the bottom much as the great vines coiled in the air above. These gray-white, bald cypresses had a monumental aspect, like the columns of a Gothic cathedral, as they rose, erect and branchless, disappearing above in the mist of the moss. The moss presently began to take on an additional witchery by becoming decked with flowers; up to a certain height these flowers had their roots in the earth; but above these were other blossoms — air-plants, some vividly tinted, glaring, and gaping, others so small and so flat on the moss that they were like the embroidered flowers on lace, only they were done in colors.

"I detest this moss," said Margaret, as it grew thicker and thicker, so that there was nothing to be seen but the silver webs; "I feel strangled in it — suffocated."

"Oh, but it's beautiful," said Winthrop. "Don't you see the colors it takes on? Gray, then silver, then almost pink as we pass; then gray and ghostly again."

For all answer she called her husband's name. She had called it in this way at intervals ever since they entered the swamp.

"The light we carry penetrates much farther than your voice," Winthrop remarked.

"I want him to know who it is."

"Oh, he'll know — such a devoted wife! who else could it be?" . . .

"If anything should happen to Lanse that I might have prevented by keeping on now, how should I ever ——"

"Oh, keep on, keep on; bring him safely home and take every care of him — he has done so much to deserve these efforts on your part!"

They went on.

And now the stream was bringing them toward the

place Margaret had thought of upon entering — a bower in the heart of the Monnlungs, or rather a long, defile-like chink between two high cliffs, the cliffs being a dense mass of flowering shrubs.

Winthrop made no comment as they entered this blossoming pass; Margaret did not speak. The air was loaded with sweetness; she put her hands on the edge of the canoe to steady herself. Then she looked up, as if in search of fresher air, or to see how high the flowers ascended. But there was no fresher air, and the flowers went up out of sight. The defile grew narrower, the atmosphere became so heavy that they could taste the perfume in their mouths. After another five minutes Margaret drew a long breath — she had apparently been trying to breathe as little as possible. "I don't think I can — I am afraid ——" she swayed, then sank softly down; she had fainted.

He caught her in his arms, and laid her on the canoe's bottom, her head on the cloak. He looked at the water, but the thought of the dark tide's touching that fair face was repugnant to him. He bent down and spoke to her, and smoothed her hair. But that was advancing nothing, and he began to chafe her hands. Then suddenly he rose and taking the paddle, sent the canoe flying along between the high bushes. The air was visibly thick in the red light of the torches, a miasma of scent. A branch of small blossoms with the perfume of heliotrope softly brushed against his cheek; he struck it aside with unnecessary violence. Exerting all his strength, he at last got the canoe free from the beautiful baleful place. When Margaret opened her eyes they were outside; she was lying peacefully on the cloak, and he was still paddling vehemently.

"I am ashamed," she said, as she raised herself. "I suppose I fainted? Perfumes have a great effect upon me always. I know that place well, I thought of it before we entered the swamp; I thought it would make me dizzy, but I had no idea that it would make me faint away. It has never done so before; the scents must be stronger at night."

She still seemed weak; she put her hand to her head.

Then a thought came to her: she sat up and looked about, scanning the trees anxiously. "I hope you haven't gone wrong? How far are we from the narrow place — the place where I fainted?"

"I don't know how far. But we haven't been out of it more than five or six minutes, and this is certainly the channel."

"Nothing is 'certainly' in the Monnlungs! and five minutes is quite enough time to get lost in — I don't recognize anything here — we ought to be in sight of a tree that has a profile, like a face."

"Perhaps you wouldn't know it at night."

"It's unmistakable. No, I am sure we are wrong. Please go back — go back at once to the narrow place."

"Where is 'back'?" murmured Winthrop to himself, after he had surveyed the water behind him.

And the question was a necessary one. What he had thought was "certainly the channel" seemed to exist only in front; there was no channel behind, there were only broad tree-filled water spaces, vague and dark. They could see nothing of the thicker foliage of the "narrow place."

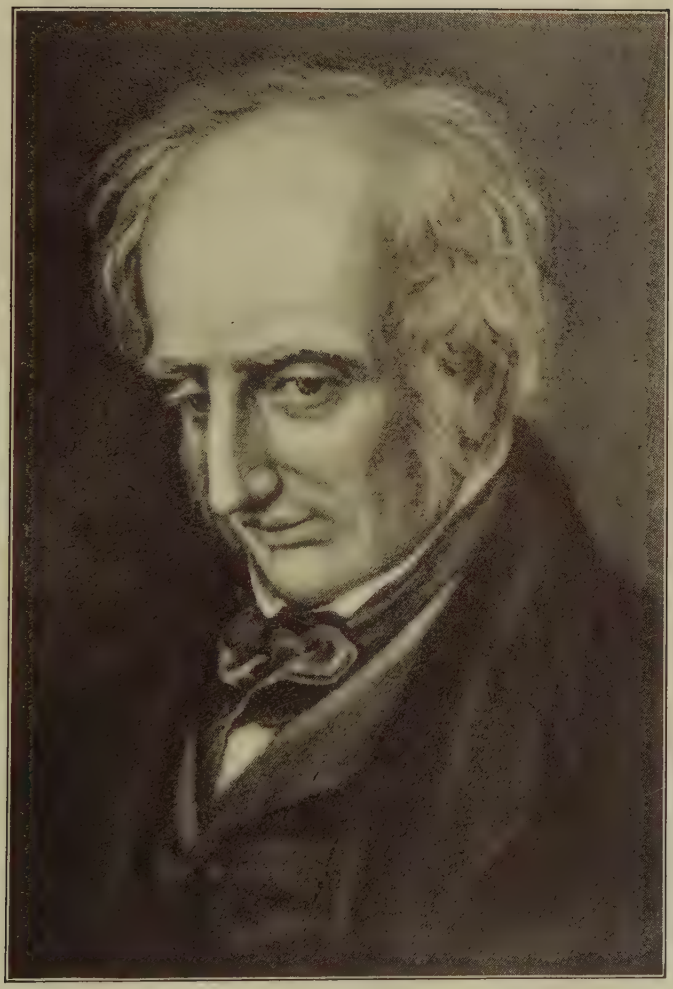
Margaret clasped her hands. "We're lost!"

"No, we're not lost; at least we were not seven minutes ago. It won't take long to go over all the water that is seven minutes from here." He took out one of the torches and inserted it among the roots of a cypress, so that it could hold itself upright. "That's our guide; we can always come back to that and start again."

Margaret no longer tried to direct; she sat with her face toward him, leaving the guidance to him. He started back in what he thought was the course they had just traversed. But they did not come to the defile of flowers; and suddenly they lost sight of their beacon.

"We shall see it again in a moment," he said. But they did not see it. They floated in and out among the great cypresses, he plunged his paddle down over the side, and struck bottom; they were out of the channel and in the shallows — the great Monnlungs Lake.— *East Angels.*

WORDSWORTH, William, an English poet; born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7, 1770; died at Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, April 23, 1850. His father, who was law agent for Sir James Lowther, afterward Earl of Lonsdale, died when his son was thirteen, his mother having died several years before. In 1787 he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1791. Soon afterward he went to France, where he remained about a year, returning to England at the opening of the "Reign of Terror." His friends urged him to enter the Church; but he wished to devote himself to poetry. Raisley Calvert, a young friend of his, dying in 1795, left him a legacy of £900, which enabled him to carry out his wish. In 1798 Wordsworth and his sister, accompanied by Coleridge, went to Germany. Returning after a few months, Wordsworth took up his residence at Grassmere, in the Lake region, and finally, in 1813, at Rydal Mount, his home for the remaining thirty-seven years of his life, which was singularly devoid of external incident. The income derived from his writings was never large; but in 1813 he received, through the influence of his fast friend, the Earl of Lonsdale, the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland, which brought him £500 a year. This position he resigned in 1842, in favor of his son, he himself receiving a pension of £300. Southey, dying in 1843, was succeeded as Poet Laureate by Wordsworth, who was succeeded by Tennyson. The Life of Wordsworth has been written by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1851), and by



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Frederick Myers in "English Men of Letters" (1882). Many interesting personal details of him are contained in Mr. Crabb Robinson's *Diary* (1869).

Wordsworth's first volume of *Poems* appeared in 1793; in 1798 was published the *Lyrical Ballads,* one of which was Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner,* all the others being by Wordsworth. From time to time he made excursions in Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy, of all of which he put forth *Memorials* in verse. His other poetical works will be more specially mentioned hereinafter. His *Poetical Works* have been arranged by himself in accordance with their subject matter. His prose writings, which are not numerous, consist mainly of introductions to his several poems, a political tract on the "Convention of Cintra," and an admirable paper signed "Mathetes" in Coleridge's *Friend.*

The following poem is the best known of his *Lyrical Ballads:*

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven? I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit;
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My Brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

In the summer of 1798 Wordsworth, accompanied by his sister, made a tour along the banks of the Wye, and there, a few miles above Tintern Abbey, he composed one of his best poems, the concluding portion of which was directly addressed to his sister.

TO HIS SISTER, DOROTHY.

. . . . I have learned
To look on Nature not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The sad, still music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt,
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is in the lights of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.
Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear — both of what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the Sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay.
For thou were with me here upon the banks
Of thy dear river: thou my dearest Friend —
My dear, dear Friend! and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes.
Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this one life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us — so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thoughts — that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.
Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee. And in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure — when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies — oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!
Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say,
With warmer love, oh, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many years of wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green, pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear both for themselves and for thy sake.

— *From Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.*

The possibility of future sorrow thus hinted at came indeed to be a reality. Thirty years afterward we catch occasional glimpses of Dorothy Wordsworth in

the home of her brother, broken in health and weakened in mind — hardly a shadow of her glad youth. But those sad happenings were in the far future. In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from boyhood; who died in 1859, after forty-eight years of wedded life, and nine years of widowhood, and of whom he wrote, two years after their marriage:

UPON HIS WIFE.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

The *Prelude,* a poem which had been slowly growing up for half a dozen years, was completed in 1805. It was addressed to Coleridge, to whom portions were sent from time to time, and to whom the whole was recited when finished — this recital giving occasion for one of the finest of Coleridge's poems. The *Prelude,* which was not published until 1850, concludes thus:

CLOSE OF THE "PRELUDE."

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete — thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame
By nations sink together, we shall still
Find solace — knowing what we have learnt to know,
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint laborers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith.
What we have loved
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

The great work to which Wordsworth had resolved to dedicate himself was, as he says, "to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." The original design was only partially carried out. *The Recluse* was to consist of three Parts. Of these, the first Part was written, but for some unexplained reason was never published by him. All seems to have been destroyed except a little more than a hundred lines, which Wordsworth says "may be acceptable as a kind of prospectus of the design and scope of the whole poem."

Of the purposed *Recluse,* then, we have only the second Part — the *Excursion* (1814), which describes a tour of a few days among the hills made by the Poet in company with a friend whom he calls "The Wanderer" — a man who in youth and early manhood has been a pedler, who now, far advanced beyond mid-life, has retired with a moderate competence. He is not devoid of a knowledge of books, but is far more deeply read in the great Book of Nature; a poet, "wanting only the accomplishment of verse." Into the mouth of this "Wanderer" the Poet puts many — most indeed — of the loftiest utterances in the *Excursion.* In a few cases they gain something by this attribution; but usually they might as well have been spoken directly by the Poet himself or by some of the other interlocutors.

THE WANDERER'S HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

How beautiful this dome of sky;
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice.
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou hast built
For Thy own glory in the wilderness!
Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for Thy presence. Therefore I am bound
To worship here and everywhere — as one,
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread
From childhood up the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee,
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

— *Excursion, Book IV.*

THE ORACULAR SEA-SHELL.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during Power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

— *Excursion, Book IV.*

The *Excursion* contains more than 9,000 lines. Its special object was to describe a visit to a recluse who, after leading a varied life, had retired from the world to pass his last years in this sequestered valley. The remainder of the poem was to consist of the reflections of the recluse upon lofty topics.

The reception accorded to the *Excursion* was not encouraging. "This will never do," said Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh *Review*. Perhaps it was well that no more of the meditated *Recluse* was ever written; but none the more did Wordsworth falter in carrying out the high mission which he held to have devolved upon him.

The tragedy *The Borderers,* written as early as 1796, but not published until 1842, might have been destroyed without the world's being the poorer. The somewhat extended narrative poems are by no means great works. We name them in the order of their publication, which was sometimes several years after

their composition. *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815) might, one would suppose, have been suggested by Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, which was published a couple of years before Wordsworth's poem was written. *Peter Bell* (1819) is barely saved from being ridiculous by a dozen vigorous stanzas near the commencement. *The Waggoner* (1819) was published after lying in manuscript a dozen years or more.

Among the so-called "minor poems" of these years there are some which must be regarded as trivial or commonplace, many which are merely pretty, many that are noble, and not a few which will ever stand among the grandest poems of the world.

Between 1798 and 1828; that is, between the twenty-eighth and the fifty-eighth years of Wordsworth's life, he wrote the grand ode *On the Power of Sound.* The *Intimations of Immortality* was completed in his thirty-sixth year. After fifty, Wordsworth wrote little of special note, although a few short pieces were composed after passing the age of threescore and ten. His last volume, issued in 1842, was entitled *Poems Chiefly of Early and Late Years.* Throughout nearly the whole of his career he was fond of casting his verse into the restricted form of sonnets. Of these he composed nearly five hundred. Many of them are prosaic in all except form, but others are among the best in our language.

WORK, HENRY CLAY, an American song-writer; born at Middletown, Conn., October 1, 1832; died at Hartford, Conn., June 8, 1884. In early youth he removed to Illinois, but returned to Connecticut in 1845 and learned the printer's trade. Here he wrote his first song, *We're Coming, Sister Mary.* In 1855 he moved to Chicago and worked at his trade. *The Year of Jubilee* or *Kingdom Coming* was published in 1862, and his most popular song, *Marching Through Georgia,* was published in 1865, after Sherman had made his famous march to the sea. He wrote, in all, more than sixty songs, many of which are still very popular.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song —
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along —
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in
cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the
coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude — three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent;
They have grafted him into the army.
He finally puckered up courage and went
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young. Alas,
At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass —
They'd train him up well in the infantry class —
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army.
It seems but a day since he sot on my lap,
But they have grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear —
Them very same buttons — the patch and the tear —
But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Say, darkies, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de mouffstash on he face,
Go 'long de road some time this mornin',
Like he gwine to leabe de place?
He see de smoke way up de ribber
Where de Lincum gun-boats lay;
He took he hat and leff bery sudden
And I s'pose he's runned away.

De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkey stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

He six foot one way and two foot todder,
An' he weigh six hundred poun';
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't reach half way roun';
He drills so much dey calls him cap'n,
An' he git so mighty tan'd
I spec he'll try to fool dem Yankees
For to tink he contraband.

De darkies got so lonesome libb'n
In de log hut on de lawn,
Dey move dere tings into massa's parlor
For to keep it while he gone.
Dar's wine and cider in de kitchin,
And de darkies dey hab some,
I spec it will all be 'fiscated,
When de Lincum sojers come.

De oberseer, he makes us trubble,
An' he dribe us roun' a spell,
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key flung in de well,
De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,
But the massa hab his pay;

He big an' ole enough for to know better
Dan to went an' run away.

De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkey stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

WYSS, JOHANN RUDOLF, a Swiss poet, editor and juvenile writer; born at Berne, March 13, 1781; died there, March 31, 1830. He became Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berne and Chief Librarian of his native town. He edited *Der Alpenrosen* from 1811 for about twenty years, and for this periodical he wrote many poems, chiefly relating to Swiss history and legend. He was the author of the great national song of Switzerland, *Rufst du, mein Vaterland,* but his title to a place in the hearts of the boys and girls of every nation must rest upon a book whose fame the world over has been second only to that of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* — *The Swiss Family Robinson* (1813). This book was begun by his father, but was left in a very crude and unsatisfactory state, and to the subject of this sketch the credit of its authorship really belongs. *The Swiss Family Robinson* has been translated into every European language, and has gone through hundreds of editions. In 1815 Wyss published *Idyls, Traditions, Legends, and Tales of Switzerland* — a most delightful and valuable book.

SHIPWRECK AND RESCUE.

The tempest had raged for six days, and on the seventh seemed to increase. The ship had been so far driven from its course, that no one on board knew where we were. Everyone was exhausted with fatigue and watching. The shattered vessel began to leak in many places, the oaths of the sailors were changed to prayers, and each thought only how to save his own life. "Children," said I, to my terrified boys, who were clinging round me, "God can save us if He will. To Him nothing is impossible; but if He thinks it good to call us to Him, let us not murmur: we shall not be separated." My excellent wife dried her tears, and from that moment became more tranquil. We knelt down to pray for the help of our Heavenly Father; and the fervor and emotion of my innocent boys proved to me that even children can pray, and find in prayer consolation and peace.

We rose from our knees strengthened to bear the afflictions that hung over us. Suddenly we heard amid the roaring of the waves the cry of "Land! land!" At that moment the ship struck on a rock; the concussion threw us down. We heard a loud cracking, as if the vessel were parting asunder; we felt that we were aground, and heard the captain cry, in a tone of despair, "We are lost! Launch the boats!" These words were a dagger to my heart, and the lamentations of my children were louder than ever. I then recollected myself, and said, "Courage, my darlings, we are still above water, and the land is near. God helps those who trust in Him. Remain here, and I will endeavor to save us."

I went on deck, and was instantly thrown down, and wet through by a huge sea; a second followed. I struggled boldly with the waves, and succeeded in keeping myself up, when, I saw, with terror, the extent of our wretchedness. The shattered vessel was almost in two; the crew had crowded into the boats, and the last sailor was cutting the rope. I cried out, and prayed them to take us with them; but my voice was drowned in the roar of the tempest, nor could they have returned for us

through waves that ran mountains high. All hope from their assistance was lost; but I was consoled by observing that the water did not enter the ship above a certain height. The stern, under which lay the cabin which contained all that was dear to me on earth, was immovably fixed between two rocks. At the same time I observed, toward the south, traces of land, which, though wild and barren, was now the haven of my almost expiring hopes, no longer being able to depend on any human aid. I returned to my family, and endeavored to appear calm. "Take courage," cried I, "there is yet hope for us; the vessel, in striking between the rocks, is fixed in a position which protects our cabin above the water, and if the wind should settle to-morrow, we may possibly reach the land." . . .

"Let us leap into the sea," cried Fritz, "and swim to the shore."

"Very well for you," replied Ernest, "who can swim, but we should be all drowned. Would it not be better to construct a raft, and go all together?"

"That might do," added I; "if we were strong enough for such a work, and if a raft were not always so dangerous a conveyance. But away, boys, look about you, and seek for anything that may be useful to us."

. . . . . .

Cried Jack: "Put us each into a great tub, and let us float to shore. I remember sailing capitally that way on godpapa's great pond at S——."

"A very good idea, Jack; good counsel may sometimes be given, even by a child. Be quick, boys, give me the saw and auger, with some nails; we will see what we can do." I remembered seeing some empty casks in the hold. We went down, and found them floating. This gave us less difficulty in getting them upon the lower deck, which was just above the water. They were of strong wood, bound with iron hoops, and exactly suited my purpose; my sons and I therefore began to saw them through the middle. After long labor, we had eight tubs, all the same height. We refreshed ourselves with wine and biscuit, which we had found in some of the casks. I then contemplated with delight my little squad-

ron of boats, ranged in a line, and was surprised that my wife still continued depressed. She looked mournfully on them. "I can never venture in one of these tubs," said she.

"Wait a little, till my work is finished," replied I, "and you will see it is more to be depended on than this broken vessel."

I sought out a long, flexible plank, and arranged the eight tubs on it, close to each other, leaving a piece at each end to form a curve upward, like the keel of a vessel. We then nailed them firmly to the plank, and to each other. We nailed a plank at each side, of the same length as the first, and succeeded in producing a sort of boat, divided into eight compartments, in which it did not appear difficult to make a short voyage, over a calm sea.

But, unluckily, our wonderful vessel proved so heavy that our united efforts could not move it an inch. I sent Fritz to bring me the jack-screw, and, in the meantime, sawed a thick, round pole into pieces: then raising the fore part of our work by means of the powerful machine, Fritz placed one of these rollers under it.

I quickly proceeded to tie a strong cord to the after part of it, and the other end to a beam in the ship, which was still firm, leaving it long enough for security; then introducing two more rollers underneath, and working with the jack, we succeeded in launching our bark, which passed into the water with such velocity, that but for our rope it would have gone out to sea. Unfortunately, it leaned so much on one side that none of the boys would venture into it. I was in despair, when I suddenly remembered it only wanted ballast to keep it in equilibrium. I hastily threw in anything I got hold of that was heavy, and soon had my boat level, and ready for occupation. They now contended who should enter first, but I stopped them, reflecting that these restless children might easily capsize our vessel. I remembered that savage nations made use of an out-rigger, to prevent their canoe oversetting, and this I determined to add to my work. I fixed two portions of a topsail-yard, one over the prow, the other across the stern, in such a manner that they

should not be in the way in pushing off our boat from the wreck. I forced the end of each yard into the bung-hole of an empty brandy-cask, to keep them steady during our progress. When all was ready, we implored the blessing of God on our undertaking, and prepared to embark in our tubs. We waited a little for my wife, who came loaded with a large bag, which she threw into the tub that contained her youngest son. I concluded it was intended to steady him, or for a seat, and made no observation on it. The tide was rising when we left, which I considered might assist my weak endeavors. We turned our out-riggers lengthwise, and thus passed from the cleft of the ship into the open sea. We rowed with all our might, to reach the blue land we saw at a distance, but for some time in vain, as the boat kept turning round, and made no progress. At last I contrived to steer it, so that we went straight forward.

We proceeded slowly, but safely. At length we saw, near the mouth of a rivulet, a little creek between the rocks, toward which our geese and ducks made, serving us for guides. This opening formed a little bay of smooth water, just deep enough for our boat. I cautiously entered it, and landed at a place where the coast was about the height of our tubs, and the water deep enough to let us approach. All that were able leaped on shore in a moment. Even little Francis, who had been laid down in his tub like a salted herring, tried to crawl out, but was compelled to wait for his mother's assistance. Our first care, when we stepped in safety on land, was to kneel down and thank God, to whom we owed our lives, and to resign ourselves wholly to His fatherly kindness.— *Swiss Family Robinson.*

X

XENOPHON, a Greek soldier and historian; born at Athens, about 431 B.C.; died, at Corinth, about 341 B.C. He was of good family and moderate estate, and became in youth a pupil of Socrates. Diogenes Laertius, in his *Life of Xenophon,* tells a pretty story of the origin of this pupilship. Socrates one day encountered Xenophon, "a beautiful, modest boy," in a narrow passage, put his stick across so as to stop him, and asked him, "Where can provisions be bought?" Xenophon named a place. "And where are men made noble and good?" inquired Socrates. Xenophon knew no such place. "Well, then," said Socrates, "follow me and learn." At all events, Xenophon was often present at the informal lessons of Socrates, and took down notes of his talk, which he long afterward wrote out in *Memorabilia of Socrates.* Xenophon grew up to early manhood during the long Peloponnesian War, so graphically described by Thucydides. That over, at about thirty he joined the Greek "Ten Thousand," who aided Cyrus (called "the Younger," to distinguish him from Cyrus the Great) in his disastrous attempt to wrest the Persian sceptre from the hands of his elder brother Artaxerxes. The story of this expedition, occupying a space of just two years, is

told in the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, by far the most important of his many works. Cyrus was defeated and killed at the battle of Cunaxa, near Babylon (401 B. C.) His Asiatic forces were cut to pieces or dispersed, and the Grecian Ten Thousand undertook the long and perilous retreat through the mountains of Armenia from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Euxine. Xenophon was one of the highest in command, and to him mainly was owing the successful issue of the retreat. He subsequently took up his residence at Scillus, a little town of Elis, under Spartan protection, where he lived for some forty years, occupying himself, says his biographer, "in farming and hunting, feasting his friends, and writing his histories."

Diogenes Laertius, who lived in our second century, gives a list of fifteen works composed by Xenophon, all of which are still extant. They comprise the *Anabasis,* the *Cyropædia,* the *Memorabilia,* the *Hellenics,* and small essays on domestic economy, hunting, horsemanship, and the like. In respect of style, the Greek of Xenophon may be compared with the English of Addison; and the *Cyropædia* and the *Anabasis* are among the first books put into the hands of young students of the language. The following extract is from near the close of the *Anabasis.* When the Ten Thousand — or rather the six thousand remaining of them — had reached a place of safety, they called their commanders to account for several misdeeds alleged against them. Xenophon thus describes the scene:

XENOPHON'S EXCULPATION OF HIMSELF.

Some also brought accusations against Xenophon, alleging that they had been beaten by him, and charging

him with having behaved insolently. On this, Xenophon stood up, and called on him who had spoken first to say where he had been beaten. He answered: "When we were perishing with cold, and when the snow was deepest." Xenophon rejoined, "Come, come; in such severe weather as you mention, when provisions had failed and we had not wine so much as to smell of — when many were exhausted with fatigue, and the enemy were close behind — if at such a time I behaved insolently, I acknowledge that I must be more vicious than an ass, which, they say, is too vicious to feel being tired. Tell us, however, why you were beaten. Did I ask for any thing, and beat you when you would not give it me? Did I ask anything back from you? Was I quarrelling about a love affair? Did I maltreat you in my cups?"

As the man said that there was nothing of the kind, Xenophon asked him whether he was one of the heavy-armed troops? He answered, "No." Whether he was a targeteer? He said that he was not either, but a free man, who had been set to drive a mule by his comrades. On this Xenophon recognized him, and asked him, "What! are you the man who was conveying the sick person?" "Aye, by Jupiter, I am," said he, "for you compelled me to do it; and you scattered about the baggage of my comrades." "The scattering," rejoined Xenophon, "was something in this way: I distributed it to others to carry, and ordered them to bring it to me again; and having got it all back, I restored it all safe to you as soon as you had produced the man that I gave you in charge. But hear, all of you," he continued, "in what way the affair happened, for it is worth listening to. A man was being left behind because he was able to march no farther. I knew nothing of the man except that he was one of us. And I compelled you, sir, to bring him, that he might not perish; for, if I mistake not, the enemy was pressing upon us."

This the complainant acknowledged. "Well, then," said Xenophon, "after I had sent you on, did I not catch you, as I came up with the rear-guard, digging a trench to bury the man, when I stopped and commended you? But while we were standing by, the man drew up his

leg, and those who were there cried out that he was alive; and you said, 'He may be as much alive as he likes, for I sha'n't carry him.' On this I struck you, it is quite true; for you seemed to me to have been aware that the man was alive." "Well, then," explained the other, "did he die any the less after I had rendered him up to you?" "Why, we shall all die," said Xenophon; "but is that any reason that we should be buried alive?"

Hereupon all the assembly cried out that Xenophon had not beaten the fellow half enough. And this complaint having been disposed of, no others were brought against Xenophon, who addressed the soldiers, saying:

"I acknowledge to have struck many men for breach of discipline — men who were content to owe their preservation to your orderly march and constant fighting, while they themselves left the ranks and ran on before, so as to have an advantage over you in looting. Had we all acted as they did, we should have perished to a man. Sometimes, too, I struck men who were lagging behind with cold and fatigue, or were stopping the way so as to hinder others from getting forward. I struck them with my fist, in order to prevent them from being struck with the lance of the enemy. It is a plain case. If I punished anyone for his good, I claim the privilege of parents with their children, masters with their scholars, and surgeons with their patients. In the time of storm the captain must be rough with his men, for the least mistake is fatal. But this is all over now; the calm has come. And since I strike nobody now, when by the favor of the gods I am in good spirits, and am no longer depressed with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and now that I have more wine to drink, you may see that it was at all events not through insolence that I struck anyone before. If such things are to be brought up against me, I would ask, in common fairness, that some of you stand up on the other side, and recall a few of the occasions on which I have helped you against the cold, or against the enemy, or when sick or in distress."

Xenophon says: "All was right in the end." He

was not merely acquitted, but stood the higher in the esteem of his men. The *Cyropædia,* the "Education of Cyrus" the Great — not the Cyrus of the *Anabasis* — is not to be regarded as a history; it is a romance setting forth the training of a great prince, not merely in childhood and youth, but through a long and varied career, down to his death at an advanced age. There are a few points of resemblance between the Cyrus of Xenophon's romance and the Cyrus of history. Both were, indeed, great monarchs, conquerors of Babylonia and Asia Minor. But the historical Cyrus was slain in a battle with the Scythians near the Caspian; while the Cyrus of the romance died at a ripe old age in his palace, surrounded by his children, and with a discourse upon immortality upon his lips.

Y

YATES, Edmund Hodgson, a British journalist and novelist, born at Edinburgh, July 3, 1831, died at London, May 20, 1894. He received a good education, and for many years was chief of the missing-letter department in the post-office of London, but resigned in 1872 to devote himself to authorship. He lectured in the United States in 1873, and afterward became the London representative of the New York *Herald.* In 1874 he established the London *World,* of which he was the editor. His books are *My Haunts and Their Frequenters* (1854); *After Office Hours* (1861); *Broken to Harness* (1864); *Pages in Waiting* (1865); *Running the Gauntlet* (1865); *Kissing the Rod* (1866); *Land at Last* (1866); *Black Sheep* (1867); *Wrecked in Port* (1869); *Dr. Wainwright's Patient* (1871); *Nobody's Fortune* (1871); *The Yellow Flag* (1873); *The Impending Sword* (1874); *Personal Reminiscences and Experiences* (1884); *Fifty Years of London Life* (1888); and *Memoirs of a Man of the World* (1890). Mr. Yates also wrote several dramas and memoirs, besides contributions to periodicals and newspaper articles.

DR. PRATER.

Not to be known to Dr. Prater was to confess that the "pleasure of your acquaintance" was of little value; for assuredly, had it been worth anything, Dr. Prater would have had it by hook or by crook. A wonderful man, Dr. Prater, who had risen from nothing, as his detractors said; but however that might be, he had a practice scarcely excelled by any in London. Heart and lungs were Dr. Prater's specialties; and persons imagining themselves afflicted in those regions, came from all parts of England, and thronged the doctor's dining-room in Queen-Anne Street in the early forenoons, vainly pretending to read Darwin *On the Fertilization of Orchids,* the *Life of Captain Hedley Vicars,* or the Supplement of yesterday's *Times,* and furtively glancing round at the other occupants of the room, and wondering what was the matter with them. That dining-room looked rather different about a dozen times in the season, of an evening, when the books were cleared away, and the big bronze gas-chandelier lighted, and the doctor sat at the large, round table surrounded by a dozen of the pleasantest people in London.

Such a mixture! Never was such a man for "bringing people together," as Dr. Prater. The manager of the Italian Opera (Dr. Prater's name was to all the sick-certificates for singers) would be seated next to a judge, who would have a leading member of the Jockey Club on his other hand, and a bishop for his *vis-à-vis.* Next the bishop would be a cotton-lord, next to him the artist of a comic periodical, and next to him a rising member of the Opposition, with an Indian colonel and an American comedian, here on a starring engagement, in juxtaposition. The dinner was always good, the wines were excellent, and the doctor was the life and soul of the party. He had something special to say to everyone: and as his big, protruding eyes shone and glimmered through his gold-rimmed spectacles, he looked like a convivial little owl. A very different man over the dinner-table to the smug little, pale-faced man in black whom

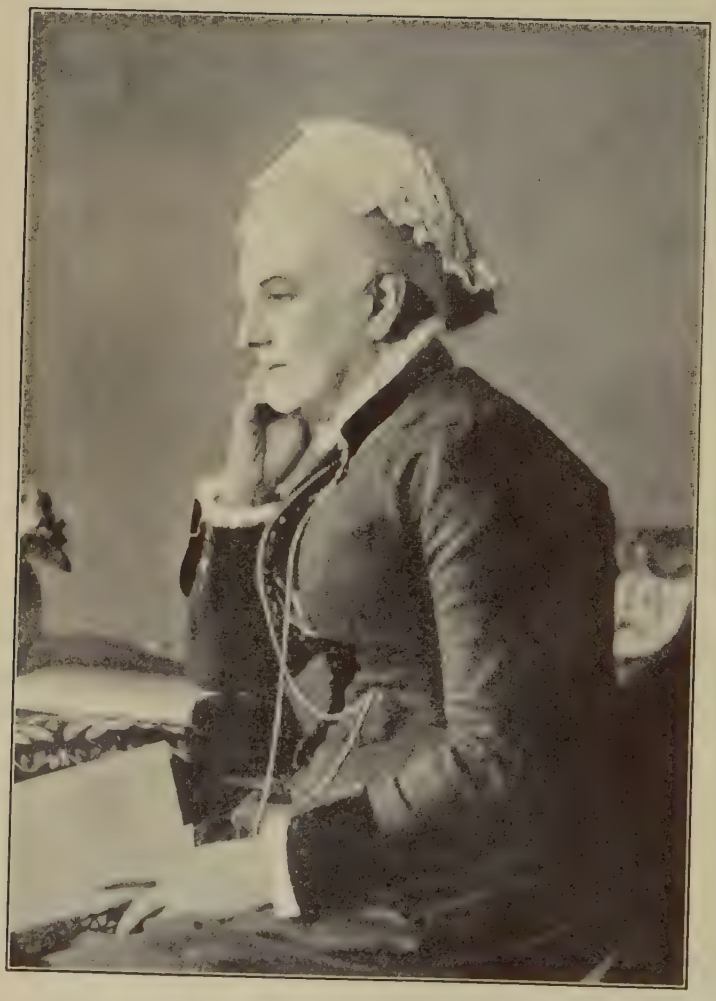
wretched patients found in the morning sitting behind a leather-covered table, on which a stethoscope was conspicuously displayed, and who, after sounding the chests of consumptive curates or struggling clerks, would say, with an air of blandness, dashed with sorrow: "I'm afraid the proverbially treacherous air of our climate will not do for us, my dear sir! I'm afraid we must spend our winter at Madeira, or at least at Pau. Good day to you;" and then the doctor, after shaking hands with his patient, would slip the tips of his fingers into his trousers-pockets, into which would fall another little paper package to join a number already there deposited, while the curate or clerk, whose yearly income was perhaps two hundred pounds, and who probably had debts amounting to twice his annual earnings, would go away wondering whether it was better to endeavor to borrow the further sum necessary, at ruinous interest, or to go back and die in the cold Lincolnshire clay parish, or in the bleak Northern city, as the case might be.

On one thing the doctor prided himself greatly, that he never let a patient know what he thought of him. He would bid a man remove his waistcoat with a semi-jocund air, and the next instant listen to a peculiar "click" inside his frame, which betrayed the presence of heart-disease, liable at any moment to carry the man off, without altering a muscle of his face or a tone of his voice.

"Hum! ha! we must be a little careful; we must not expose ourselves to the night-air! Take a leetle more care of yourself, my dear sir; for instance, I would wear a wrap round the throat — some wrap you know, to prevent the cold striking to the part affected. Send this to Bell's and get it made up, and take it three times a day; and let me see you on — on Saturday. *Good* day to you." And there would not be the smallest quiver in the hard metallic voice, or the smallest twinkle in the observant eye behind the gold-rimmed glasses, although the doctor knew that the demon Consumption, by his buffet, had raised that red spot on the sufferer's cheek, and was rapidly eating away his vitality.

But if Dr. Prater kept a strict reticence to his patients

as regarded their own ailments, he was never so happy as when enlarging to them on the diseases of their fellow-sufferers, or of informing esoteric circles of the special varieties of disorder with which his practice led him to cope. "*You ill,* my dear sir!" he would say to some puny specimen; then, settling himself into his waistcoat after an examination, "*you* complain of narrow-chestedness — why, my dear sir, do you know Sir Hawker de la Crache? You've a pectoral development which is perfectly surprising when contrasted with Sir Hawker's. But then he, poor man! last stage — Madeira no good — would sit up all night playing whist at Reid's hotel. Algiers no good — too much brandy, tobacco, and *baccarat* with French officers — nothing any good. *You,* my dear sir, compared to Sir Hawker — pooh, nonsense!" Or in any other form: "Any such case, my dear madam? — any such case?"— turning to a large book, having previously consulted a small index —"a hundred such! Here, for instance, Lady Susan Bray, now staying at Ventnor, living entirely on asses'-milk — in some of our conditions we must live on asses'-milk — left lung quite gone, life hanging by a thread. You're a Juno, ma'am, in comparison to Lady Susan!" There was no mistake, however, about the doctor's talent; men in his own profession, who sneered at his *charlatanerie* of manner, allowed that he was thoroughly well versed in his subject. He was very fond of young men's society; and, with all his engagements, always found time to dine occasionally with the Guards at Windsor, with a City company or two, or with a snug set *en petit comité* in Temple chambers, and to visit the behind-scenes of two or three theatres, the receptions of certain great ladies, and occasionally the meetings of the Flybynights Club. To the latter he always came in a special suit of clothes on account of the impregnation of tobacco-smoke; and when coming thither he left his carriage and his address, in case he was required, at the Minerva, with orders to fetch him at once. It would never have done for some of his patients to know that he was a member of the Flybynights.— *Broken to Harness.*



CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

YONGE, Charlotte Mary, an English novelist; born at Otterbourne, Hampshire, August 11, 1823; died at Winchester, March 17, 1901. The daughter of W. C. Yonge, a magistrate of Hants, she early devoted herself to literature. Her books were written for the instruction and amusement of the young, and to enforce healthy morals. She was editor of the *Monthly Packet*, a High Church periodical. The proceeds of her best-known book, *The Heir of Redclyffe* (1853), were devoted to the equipment of the missionary schooner *Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn, and the profits of *The Daisy Chain* (£2,000) she gave toward the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. Among her many works are *Abbey Church, or Self-control and Self-Conceit* (1844); *Scenes and Characters* (1847); *Langley-School* (1850); *Kenneth* (1850); *The Kings of England* (1851); *The Two Guardians* (1852); *Landmarks of History* (1852–84); *Heartease* (1854); *The Lances of Lynwood* (1855); *Leonard, the Lion-Hearted* (1856); *The Christmas Mummers* (1858); *The Trial: More Links of the Daisy Chain* (1864); *The Clever Woman of the Family* (1865); *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* (1866); *Cameos from English History* (1868); *The Chaplet of Pearls* (1868); *The Caged Lion* (1870); *A Parallel History of France and England* (1871); *Eighteen Centuries of Beginnings of Church History* (1876); *Love and Life* (1880); *Lads and Lasses of Langley* (1881); *Historical Ballads; Stray Pearls. Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont* (1883); *Langley Adventures* (1884); *Two Sides of the Shield* (1885); *A*

Modern Telemachus (1886); *Under the Storm* (1887); *Life of Scott* (1888); *Life of Hannah More* (1888); *Our New Mistress* (1888); *The Slaves of Sabinus* (1890). She also edited and translated a number of books, including *Catherine of Aragon* and *The Sources of the Reformation,* from the French of Du Bois (1881); *The Reputed Changeling* (1890); *Two Penniless Princesses* (1891); *The Constable's Tower* (1891); *More By-words* (1891); *That Stick* (1892); *The Cross Roads* (1892); *Grisley Grisell* (1893); *An Old Woman's Outlook* (1893); *The Treasures in the Marshes* (1893); *The Rubies of St. Lo* (1894); *A Long Vacation* (1895).

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

Rachel had had the palm of cleverness conceded to her ever since she could recollect, when she read better at three years old than her sister at five, and ever after, through the days of education, had enjoyed, and exceeded in, the studies that were a toil to Grace.

Subsequently, while Grace had contented herself with the ordinary course of unambitious feminine life, Rachel had thrown herself into the process of self-education with all her natural energy, and carried on her favorite studies by every means within her reach, until she considerably surpassed in acquirements and reflection all the persons with whom she came in frequent contact. It was a homely neighborhood, a society well born, but of circumscribed interests and habits, and little connected with the great progressive world, where, however, Rachel's sympathies all lay, necessarily fed, however, by periodical literature, instead of by conversation or commerce with living minds.

She began by being stranded on the ignorance of those who surrounded her, and found herself isolated as a sort of pedant; and as time went on, the narrowness of interests chafed her, and in like manner left her alone.

As she grew past girlhood, the *cui bono* question had come to interfere with her ardor in study for its own sake, and she felt the influence of an age eminently practical and sifting, but with small powers of acting.

The quiet Lady Bountiful duties that had sufficed her mother and sister were too small and easy to satisfy a soul burning at the report of the great cry going up to heaven from a world of sin and woe.

The examples of successful workers stimulated her longings to be up and doing, and yet the ever difficult question between charitable works and filial deference necessarily detained her, and perhaps all the more because it was not so much the fear of her mother's authority as of her horror and despair that withheld her from the decisive and eccentric steps that she was always feeling impelled to take.

Gentle Mrs. Curtis had never been a visible power in her house, and it was through their desire to avoid paining her that her government had been exercised over her two daughters ever since their father's death, which had taken place in Grace's seventeenth year.

Both she and Grace implicitly accepted Rachel's superiority as an unquestionable fact, and the mother, when traversing any of her clever daughter's schemes, never disputed either her opinions or principles, only entreating that these particular developments might be conceded to her own weakness; and Rachel generally did concede.

She could not act; but she could talk uncontradicted and she hated herself for the enforced submission to a state of things that she despised.— *The Clever Woman of the Family.*

YOUNG, EDWARD, an English poet; born at Upham, Hampshire, July 3, 1683; died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, April 5, 1765. His father was rector of Upham, in Hampshire, when his son was born, but subsequently became Dean of Salisbury. The son was educated at Winchester School, and at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712 he commenced his career as poet and courtier, one of his patrons being the Duke of Wharton, who brought him forward as a candidate for Parliament, giving a bond for £600 to defray the election expenses. Young was defeated; Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided that the bond was invalid. In 1725 Young published his vigorous satire, *The Universal Passion — the Love of Fame,* and a pension of £200 was granted to him, which he continued to receive during the remaining forty years of his life. Up to forty-five years Young lived the life of a wit, man about town, and place-hunter, the last with indifferent success. He now resolved upon a change; took orders in the Anglican Church, and was presented by his college to the living of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, wrote a panegyric upon King George II., and received the honorary dignity of one of the chaplains to his Majesty. He hoped for ecclesiastical preferment, and vainly sought to obtain a bishopric. In 1761, when he was verging upon fourscore, he was made Clerk of the Closet to the dowager Princess of Wales, the mother of George III., who had just acceded to the throne. When past fifty Young married Mrs. Lee, the widowed daughter of the Earl of Lichfield. By her former husband she had two sons, to whom Young

was tenderly attached. The young men and their mother died at no great intervals — though not within three months, as suggested by Young; there was a space of more than four years between the death of the first son and that of their mother. The threefold bereavement was the occasion of the composition of the *Night Thoughts,* the first portion of which was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Young's poetical works include panegyrics, odes, and epistles; several satires, the best of which is *The Universal Passion;* a few dramatic pieces, the best of which is the tragedy of *Revenge;* and the *Night Thoughts,* to which may be fairly assigned the first place among the strictly religious didactic poems in our language.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
  Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise:
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's veils;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose they postpone;
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor, dilatory man,

And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty a man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death;
Even with the tender tears which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

THE LAPSE OF TIME — MAN.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread Eternity! how surely mine!
And can Eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner upon the bounties of an hour!
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!

From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is Man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there!

— *Night Thoughts, Night I.*

Z

ZANGWILL, Israel, an English novelist and essayist; born at London in 1864. He received his early education at the Jewish Free School, London, and became a teacher in that institution. His ambition, however, was in the field of literature and journalism, and after teaching for two or three years he accepted a position on the *Ariel,* a small comic publication. He then went on the *Jewish Standard,* contributing personal and editorial paragraphs over the signature of "Marshallik." During his connection with the *Standard* he became acqauinted with the wealthier class of his co-religionists. After several years he severed his connection with the *Standard,* which was soon thereafter discontinued. He was associated with Harry Quilter on the *Universal,* and also with Jerome K. Jerome on the *Idler.* His chief reputation, however, rests upon his novels, his first being *The Children of the Ghetto,* a fine exposition of the character of the London Jew. This was followed by *The Grandchildren of the Ghetto.* He has also produced *The Bachelors' Club* (1891); *The Big Bow Mystery* (1891); *The Old Maids' Club* (1892); *The King of Schnorrers* (1893); *The Master,* a notable success (1895); *Cleo the Magnificent; or The Muse of the Real* (1898); *They That Walk in Darkness*

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

(1899); *The Mantle of Elijah* (1900); *The Grey Wig* (1903); *Blind Children* (1904); *The Celebate's Club* (1904); *The Serio-comic Governess* (1904), and *Merely Mary Ann* (1904).

THE DEATH OF BENJY ANSELL.

Coleman was deeply perturbed. He was wondering whether he should plead guilty to a little knowledge, when a change of expression came over the wan face on the pillow. The doctor came and felt the boy's pulse.

"No, I don't want to hear that *'Maaseh,'*" cried Benjamin. "Tell me about the Sambatyon, father, which refuses to flow on *Shabbos*."

He spoke Yiddish, grown a child again. Moses's face lit up with joy. His eldest born had returned to intelligibility. There was hope still, then. A sudden burst of sunshine flooded the room. In London the sun would not break through the clouds for some hours. Moses leaned over the pillow, his face working with blended emotions. He let a hot tear fall on his boy's upturned face.

"Hush, hush, my little Benjamin, don't cry," said Benjamin, and began to sing, in his mother's jargon:

> "Sleep, little father, sleep,
> Thy father shall be a Rov,
> Thy mother shall bring little apples,
> Blessings on thy little head."

Moses saw his dead Gittel lulling his boy to sleep. Blinded by his tears, he did not see that they were falling thick upon the little white face.

"Nay, dry thy tears, I tell thee, my little Benjamin," said Benjamin, in tones more tender and soothing, and launched into the strange wailing melody:

> "Alas, woe is me!
> How wretched to be
> Driven away and banished,
> Yet so young, from thee."

"And Joseph's mother called to him from the grave: Be comforted, my son, a great future shall be thine."

"The end is near," Old Four-Eyes whispered to the father in jargon.

Moses trembled from head to foot. "My poor lamb! My poor Benjamin," he wailed. "I thought thou wouldst say *Kaddish* after me, not I for thee." Then he began to recite quietly the Hebrew prayers. The hat he should have removed was appropriate enough now.

Benjamin sat up excitedly in bed: "There's Mother, Esther!" he cried in English. "Coming back with my coat. But what's the use of it now?"

His head fell back again. Presently a look of yearning came over the face so full of boyish beauty. "Esther," he said, "wouldn't you like to be in the green country to-day? Look how the sun shines!"

It shone indeed, with deceptive warmth, bathing in gold the green country that stretched beyond, and dazzling the eyes of the dying boy. The birds twittered outside the window.

"Esther," he said wistfully, "do you think there'll be another funeral soon?"

The matron burst into tears and turned away.

"Benjamin," cried the father, frantically, thinking the end had come, "say the *Shemang*."

The boy stared at him, a clearer look in his eyes.

"Say the *Shemang!*" said Moses, peremptorily. The word *Shemang*, the old authoritative tone, penetrated the consciousness of the dying boy.

"Yes, father, I was just going to," he grumbled, submissively.

They repeated the last declaration of the dying Israelite together. It was in Hebrew. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one." Both understood that.

Benjamin lingered on a few more minutes, and died in a painless torpor.

"He is dead," said the doctor.

"Blessed be the true Judge," said Moses. He rent his coat and closed the staring eyes. Then he went to the toilet-table and turned the looking-glass to the wall, and

EMILE ZOLA.

opened the window and emptied the jug of water upon the green, sunlit grass.— *Children of the Ghetto.*

ZOLA, ÉMILE, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Paris April 21, 1840; died there September 29, 1902. His parents removed to Aix, where his father, an engineer of reputation, was employed on the construction of the canal which still bears his name. In 1858 Zola returned to Paris, studied at the Lycée St. Louis, and obtained employment in the publishing house of Hachette & Co., with which he remained connected until 1865. His first book, *Contes à Ninon,* appeared in 1864. He then resolved to devote himself to authorship, and published in rapid succession *La Confession de Claude* (1865); *Vœu d'une Morte* (1866); *Mes Haines,* a collection of literary and artistic conversations (1866); *Les Mystères de Marseille, Manet,* and *Thérèse Raquin* (1867), and *Madeleine Férat* (1868). His series of romances, *Les Rougon Macquart, Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le Second Empire,* in which he turns all the mud of human nature to the sun, comprises *La Fortune des Rougon* (1871); *La Curée* (1872); *La Conquête de Plassans* (1874); *L'Assommoir* (1874–77); *Le Ventre de Paris* (1875); *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (1875); *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* (1876); *Une Page d'Amour* (1878); *Nana* (1880); *Pot-Bouille* (1882); *Au Bonheur des Dames* (1883); *La Joie de Vivre* (1884); *Germinal, L'Œuvre, La Terre* (1887), and *Le Rêve* (1888), the last-mentioned book being so unlike the others that it

has been called "a snow-drop among weeds." Zola dramatized *Thérèse Raquin,* and published two other dramas, *Les Héritiers Rabourdin* and *Le Bouton de Rose.* His critical works, *Le Roman Expérimental* and *Le Naturalisme au Théâtre,* give his theory of the sphere of romance and the drama. His later works include *La Bête Humaine* (1890); *L'Argent* (1891); *La de Bâele* (1892); *Le Docteur Pascal* (1893); *Lourdes* (1894); *Rome* (1895); *Paris* (1898); *Fécondité* (1900); *Labor* (1901), and *Truth* (1902).

A WAIF IN THE STORM.

During the hard winter of 1860 the Oise froze, deep snows covered the plains of lower Picardy, and on Christmas Day a sudden storm from the Northeast almost buried Beaumont. The snow began to fall in the morning, fell twice as fast toward evening, and was massed in heavy drifts during the night. In the upper town, at the end of the Street of the Goldsmiths, bounded by the north face of the cathedral transept, the snow, driven by the wind, was engulfed, and beaten against the door of St. Agnes, that antique, half Gothic portal, rich with sculptures under the bareness of the gable. At dawn the next day it was more than three feet deep.

The street still slumbered after the festivities of the night. Six o'clock struck. In the shadows which tinged with blue the slow, dizzying fall of the snowflakes, a solitary, irresolute form gave sign of life, a tiny nine-year-old girl, who had taken refuge under the archway of the entrance and had passed the night there shivering. She was clad in tatters, her head wrapped in a rag of foulard, her bare feet thrust into a man's large shoes. She must have stranded there after long wandering in the town, for she had fallen from weariness. The end of all things seemed to have come for her; nothing was left but abandonment, gnawing hunger, killing cold. Choked with the heavy beating of her heart, she had ceased to struggle. There remained only the physical

recoil, the instinctive change of place, of sinking down among those old stones when a squall drove the snow in a whirlwind about her. . . .

Since the bells had struck eight and the day had advanced, nothing had protected her. If she had not trodden it down the snow would have reached her shoulders. The antique door behind her was tapestried as if with ermine, white as an altar at the foot of the gray façade, so bare and smooth that not a flake clung there. The great saints on the splay above were robed in it from their feet to their white locks, glistening with purity. Higher still the scenes on the ceiling, the lesser saints in the vaults, rose in ridges traced with a line of white upon the sombre background, up to the crowning rapture, the marriage, of St. Ages, which the archangels seemed to celebrate in a shower of white roses. Upright on her pillar, with her white palm-branch, her white lamb, the statue of the child martyr stood in stainless purity, her body of unsullied snow, in a motionless rigidity of cold that froze about her the mystical darts of triumphant virginity. And at her feet stood the other, the forlorn child, white as snow like herself, stiffened as if of stone, no longer distinguishable from the saints.

And now the clattering of a blind thrown back along the sleeping house-fronts made her raise her eyes. It came from the right, at the first floor of the house adjoining the cathedral. A pretty woman, a brunette about forty years old, had just leaned out, and despite the cruel cold, she paused a moment with bare, outstretched arm, as she saw the child move. Compassionate surprise saddened her calm face. Then with a shiver she closed the window, carrying with her from that swift glance under the shred of foulard, the vision of a blond waif with violet eyes, a long neck with the grace of a lily, falling shoulders; but blue with cold, her tiny hands and feet half-dead, nothing living about her but the light vapor of her breath.

The child remained with upraised eyes fixed on the house, a narrow house of a single story, very old, built toward the close of the fifteenth century. It was sealed so closely to the flank of the cathedral between two but-

tresses, that it looked like a wart between two toes of a colossus. Situated thus it was admirably protected, with its stone base, its front of wooden panels decorated with simulated bricks, its roof with timbers hanging a metre wide over the gable, its turret with projecting staircase at the left angle, and narrow window that still retained the lead placed there of old. Nevertheless age had necessitated repair. The covering of tiles dated from Louis XIV. It was easy to distinguish the work done at that epoch: a dormer-window pierced in the turret, small wooden sashes replacing everywhere those of the primitive large windows, the three clustered bays of the first floor reduced to two, the middle one being filled up with brick, which gave to the façade the symmetry of the other more recent constructions in the street. On the ground floor the modifications were as plainly visible; a carved oaken door in place of the old one of iron-work under the staircase, and the grand central archway, of which the bottom, the sides, and the apex filled up with mason-work in such a way as to leave only a rectangular opening, a sort of large window instead of the pointed arch that had formerly opened on the pavement.

The child, looking dully at the master-artisan's venerable and well-kept dwelling, saw nailed beside the door, at the left, a yellow sign bearing the words "Hubert, chasuble-maker," in ancient black letters. Again the noise of an opening shutter caught her attention. This time it was the shutter of the square window on the first floor. A man in his turn leaned out, with anxious face, nose like an eagle's beak, a rugged forehead crowned with thick hair, already white, though he was scarcely forty-five years old; and he also paused for a moment to look at her with a sorrowful quiver of his large, tender mouth. Then she saw him remain standing behind the small greenish window-panes. He turned and beckoned; his pretty wife reappeared, and they stood side by side motionless, looking steadily at her with an expression of deep sadness. . . .

Troubled by their gaze, the child shrank farther behind St. Agnes's pillar. She was disquieted, too, by the walking in the street, the shops opening, the people beginning

to stir. The Street of the Goldsmiths, whose end was buttressed against the lateral wall of the church, would have been a veritable blind alley stopped up on the side by the Hubert dwelling, if the Rue Soleil, a narrow passage, had not opened on the other side, threading along the opposite flank to the grand façade, the place of the Cloisters; and now there passed by this way two devotees who cast an astonished glance on the little pauper whom they did not know. . . .

But ashamed of her desolate condition as of a fault, the child drew back still farther, when all at once she saw before her Hubertine, who, having no maid, was going out herself for bread.

"What are you doing there, little one?"

The child did not answer; she hid her face. But her limbs were benumbed, her senses swam as if her heart, turned to ice, had stood still. When the good woman with a gesture of pity turned away she sank upon her knees, her strength all gone, and slid helplessly down in the snow whose flakes were silently burying her. And the woman coming back with her hot bread, saw her lying thus upon the floor.

"Let us see, little one; you cannot be left under that gateway," said she. Then Hubert, who had come out and was standing on the threshold of the house, took the bread, saying: "Take her up; bring her in."

Hubertine, without replying, lifted her in her strong arms. And the child drew back no more, but was carried like a lifeless thing, her teeth set, her eyes closed, benumbed with the cold, light as a little bird that has fallen out of the nest.— *The Dream.*

ZOROASTER, or ZARATHUSHTRA, a Persian philosopher; founder of the Perso-Iranian religion. According to the *Zend-Avesta,* he lived during the reign of Vishtaspa, whom some writers identify with Hystaspes, the father of Darius I. Assuming this to be approximately true, Zoroaster lived between five and six hundred years before Christ. Some writers say he lived 1,500 years before the Christian Era. The earliest Greek writer to mention him is Plato. According to Aristotle and others, he lived 5,000 years before Plato. Niebuhr regards him solely as a myth. Tradition regards him as a legislator, prophet, pontiff, and philosopher. The doctrines in the *Zend-Avesta* are ascribed to him, and profess to be the revelations of Ormuzd, made to his servant Zoroaster. He teaches that the universe is a constant scene of conflict between the good and the bad; that each of these principles possesses creative power, but the good is eternal and will finally triumph over the bad, which will then sink with all its followers into darkness, its native element. He also believed in an infinite Deity called Time Without Bounds. The religion of Zoroaster has degenerated into an idolatrous worship of fire and the sun.

ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN.

Both these Heavenly Beings, the Twins, gave first of themselves to understand
Both the good and the evil in thoughts, words, and works;
Rightly do the wise distinguish between them; not so the imprudent.

When both these Heavenly Beings came together, in order to create at first
Life and imperishability, and as the world should be at last;
The evil for the bad, the Best Spirit for the pure.

Of these two Heavenly Beings, the bad chose the evil, acting thereafter;
The Holiest Spirit, which prepared the very firm heaven, chose the pure,
And those who make Ahura contented with manifest actions, believing in Mazda.

— *From the Zend-Avesta, Thirtieth Section of the Yaçan.*

A PRAYER.

I desire by my prayer with uplifted hand this joy:
First, the entirely pure works of the Holy Spirit, Mazda,
Then, the understanding of Vohû-manô, and that which rejoices the soul of the Bull.

I draw near to you, O Ahura-Mazda, with good-mindedness.
Give me for both these worlds, the corporeal as well as the spiritual,
Gifts arising out of purity, which make joyful in brightness.

I praise you first, O Asha and Vohû-manô,
And Ahura-Mazda, to whom belongs an imperishable kingdom;
May Armaiti, to grant gifts, come hither at my call!

— *From the Zend-Avesta, Twenty-eighth Section of the Yaçna.*

ZORRILLA Y MORAL, José, a Spanish poet; born at Valladolid, February 21, 1817; died at Madrid, January 22, 1893. He was educated at Toledo and Valladolid; and having studied law he entered the office of a justice of the peace in his native city. His father, himself a noted lawyer, opposed the son's choice of occupation; whereupon the young man ran away to Madrid. At the age of twenty he repeated an elegy at the funeral of the poet Larra, which was so well received that his father forgave his disobedience and a permanent reconciliation was effected. In the same year the young poet issued his first collection of verse. He left Spain in 1845, and after a stay in Brussels and another in Paris, he went to Mexico, where, in 1853, he was made director of the theatre, for which he wrote a number of comedies that were well received throughout the country. He next found employment in the household of the Emperor Maximilian, in whose praise he wrote adulatory verses which made their author so unpopular with the patriots of Mexico that in 1865 he departed finally for his native land. His published works include *Cantos del Trovador* (1841); *Flores Perdidas* (1843); *El Zapatero y el Rey* (1844); his best comedy, *Granada* (1853); his best poem, *Poema Religioso* (1869); and *Album de un Loco* (1877). Several collections of the works of Zorrilla have been published in Madrid and in Paris. He was crowned poet in the Alhambra in 1889.

Larousse speaks of him as "the most celebrated and at the same time the most popular of the Spanish poets of our time."

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO.

This massive form, sculptured in mountain stones,
As it once issued from the earth profound,
Monstrous in stature, manifold in tones
Of incense, light, and music spread around.

This an unquiet people still doth throng,
With pious steps, and heads bent down in fear,—
Yet not so noble as through ages long,
Is old Toledo's sanctuary austere.

Glorious in other days, it stands alone,
Mourning the worship of more Christian years,
Like a fallen queen, her empire gone,
Wearing a crown of miseries and tears.

Or like a mother, hiding griefs unseen,
She calls her children to her festivals,
And triumphs still — despairing, yet serene —
With swelling organs and with pealing bells.

Through the long nave is heard the measured tread
Of the old priest, who early matins keeps,
His sacred robe, in rustling folds outspread,
Over the echoing pavement sweeps —

A sound awaking, like a trembling breath
Of earnest yet unconscious prayer,
Uprising from thick sepulchres beneath,
A voice from Christian sleepers there.

Upon the altars burns the holy fire,
The censers swing on grating chains of gold,
And from the farther depths of the dark choir
Chants in sublimest echoings are rolled.

The people come in crowds, and, bending lowly,
Thank their great Maker for his mercies given;
Then raise their brows, flushed with emotion holy —
About them beams the light of opening heaven.

The priest repeats full many a solemn word,
Made sacred to devotion through all time;
The people kneel again, as each is heard,
Each cometh fraught with memories sublime.

The organ, from its golden trumpets blowing,
Swells with their robust voices through the aisles,
As from a mountain-fall wild waters flowing,
Roll in sonorous waves and ripping smiles.

ZSCHOKKE, JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL, a German-Swiss historian and novelist; born at Magdeburg, Prussia, March 22, 1771; died at Biberach, near Aarau, Switzerland, June 27, 1848. At seventeen he ran away from school and joined a company of strolling players, with whom he remained for some years. Afterward he entered the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where in 1792 he became a tutor, and in 1793 wrote the romance *Abällino, the Great Bandit,* which he also dramatized. In both forms it was very popular in its time. In 1795 he applied for a regular professorship at Frankfort, but this was refused on account of something which he had written against the edict of the Prussian Government in respect to religion. He thereupon took up his residence in Switzerland, where he became a citizen, opened a successful private school, and during many years held important civic positions, through all the mutations of the time. In 1828 he published an edition of his *Select Works* in forty volumes, to which many more were subsequently added. He wrote numerous tales, many of which have

been translated into English, and some of them — as *The Journal of a Poor Vicar* and *The Goldmaker's Village* — have become classics in our language. Among his historical works is *The History of Switzerland,* which has been translated by Francis G. Shaw, of Boston. He also published a very readable *Autobiography.* His *Hours of Devotion* originally appeared in weekly fly-leaves during eight years (1809–16). He afterward made a revised selection of these papers, with a characteristic preface, in one large volume, which has been translated by Mr. Burrows. The *Hours of Devotion* was a great favorite of Queen Victoria, and soon after the death of Prince Albert a portion of it was newly translated, and sumptuously published under her auspices under the title, *Meditations on Death.*

WILLIAM TELL AND GESSLER.

The Bailiff, Hermann Gessler, was not easy; because he had an evil conscience it seemed to him that the people began to raise their heads, and to show more and more boldness. Therefore he set the ducal hat of Austria upon a pole in Uri, and ordered that every one who passed before it should do it reverence. By this means he wished to discover who was opposed to Austria. And William Tell, the archer of Burglen, one of the men of Rütli, passed before it, but he did not bow. He was immediately carried to the Bailiff, who angrily said:

"Insolent archer, I will punish thee by means of thine own craft. I will place an apple on the head of thy little son; shoot it off, and fail not."

And they bound the child, and placed an apple on his head, and led the archer far away. He took aim — the bow-string twanged, the arrow pierced the apple. All the people shouted for joy; but Gessler said to the archer: "Why didst thou take a second arrow?" Tell

answered: "If the first had not pierced the apple, the second would assuredly have pierced thy heart."

This terrified the Bailiff, and he ordered the archer to be seized, and carried to a boat in which he was himself about to embark for Küssnacht. He did not think it prudent to imprison Tell in Uri, on account of the people; but to drag him into foreign captivity was contrary to the privileges of the country. Therefore the Bailiff feared an assembling of the people, and hastily departed, in spite of a strong head-wind. The sea rose and the waves dashed fòaming over the boat, so that all were alarmed and the boatmen disheartened. The farther they went on the lake the greater was the danger of death; for the steep mountains rose from the abyss of waters, like walls to the heavens. In great anxiety Gessler ordered the fetters to be removed from Tell, that he — an experienced steersman — might take the helm. But Tell steered toward the bare flank of the Axenberg, where a naked rock projects, like a small shell, into the lake. There was a shock — a spring; Tell was on the rock — the boat out upon the lake.

The freed man climbed the mountains and fled across the land of Schwytz; and he thought in his troubled heart: "Whither can I fly from the wrath of the tyrant? Even if I escape from his pursuit, he has my wife and child in my house as hostages. What may not Gessler do to my family, when Landenberg put out the eyes of the old man of Melchthal on account of a servant's broken fingers? Where is the judgment-seat before which I can cite Gessler, when the king himself no longer listens to the complaints of the people? As law has no authority, and there is none to judge between thee and me, thou and I, Gessler, are both without law, and self-preservation is our only judge. Either my innocent wife and child, and Fatherland, must fall, or — Bailiff Gessler — thou! Fall thou, and let liberty prevail."

So thought Tell; and with bow and arrow fled toward Küssnacht, and hid in the hollow-way near the village. Thither came the Bailiff; there the bow-string twanged; there the free arrow pierced the tyrant's heart. The whole people shouted for joy when they learned the

death of the oppressor. Tell's deed increased their courage — but the night of the New Year had not come. —*History of Switzerland.*

ZWINGLI, Ulric or Huldreich, a Swiss reformer and co-laborer with Calvin in establishing the Protestant Church; born at Wildhaus, St. Gall, January 1, 1484; killed in battle at Kappel, October 11, 1531. He was sent to school at Wesen and Basel, and then to the high school at Berne, where he gained his enduring love for classical literature. After two years' study in Vienna he returned to Basel, where from the renowned Thomas Wyttenbach he imbibed the evangelical views which later he developed and defended in the crisis of the Reformation. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained by the Bishop of Constance, and was appointed to the parish of Glarus. Here, by vigorous denunciation, he induced the authorities of the canton of Zurich to abolish the mercenary and immoral practice of hiring out the Swiss troops to neighboring states. In 1518 he accepted his election as preacher in the cathedral at Zurich on pledge being given that his liberty in preaching should not be restricted. This liberty he soon proceeded to use by denouncing the sale of indulgences, and discrediting fasting and the celibacy of the clergy. The stir which this caused among the people brought interference by Pope Adrian, with a demand that the Zurichers should abandon Zwingli. The reformer procured from the Council of Constance in 1523 permission for a public

disputation of the questions involved, at which the sixty-seven theses which he maintained against Rome were upheld by the Council. The result was the legal establishment of the Reformation in that canton.

In January, 1528, a public disputation to which Zwingli had challenged the Roman Catholics of Berne was held in that city; and so vigorous was the presentation of the Protestant cause that the Bernese acceded to the Reformation. But, in the subsequent management of cantonal relations by the Protestant authorities of Zurich, Zwingli's earnest advice was disregarded; a religious truce was patched up with guaranties of toleration which never were observed in the Roman Catholic cantons. These cantons, indeed, prepared secretly for war, and in 1531 marched suddenly on Zurich, whose troops, hastily gathered, and largely outnumbered in the conflict at Kappel, were defeated. Zwingli, present as chaplain, was wounded by a lance while stooping to a dying soldier, and, it is said, was killed, unrecognized except as a heretic, as he lay on the field after the battle. The victors, discovering who he was, burned his body and scattered his ashes to the winds. The spot of his death was marked in 1838 by a great granite bowlder roughly squared.

Zwingli's writings give forcible and direct expression of an absolutely sincere and fearless spirit.

Among his works are *Of the True and False Religion* (1525); *The Providence of God* (1530); *A Brief Exposition of the Christian Faith* (1531); *The First Helvetic Confession* (compiled 1536); *The Last Supper of Christ; On Baptism,* and a treatise on *Education.*

EDUCATION AND PUBLIC LIFE FROM A SCRIPTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

The moral nature of the youth having been strengthened by faith, the next in order is to discipline his mind, that he may be of help and use to his fellow-men. This can be best done if he acquaint himself with the Word of God. However, for a thorough understanding of the Scriptures a mastery of Hebrew and Greek is necessary; for without a knowledge of these languages neither the Old nor the New Testament can be clearly understood. But since the Latin language is in universal use, it must not be neglected; for, although it is of less service than Hebrew and Greek in the understanding of the Scriptures, it is of great importance in public life. There are also occasions where we are obliged to defend the cause of Christ among those speaking Latin. However, a Christian should not degrade these languages for the purpose of acquiring earthly gain or for pure intellectual enjoyment; for language is a gift of the Holy Spirit.

As indicated above, the language to be studied next to Latin is Greek, principally for the sake of a thorough grounding in the New Testament; for it seems to me that the doctrines of Christ have not been treated so carefully and thoroughly by the Latin as by the Greek fathers. Hence the youthful student is to be taken to the fountain-head. But in acquiring Latin and Greek, one must fortify himself through faith and innocence; for many things are contained in the literature of these languages which are apt to be hurtful; as for example, petulence, ambition, a warlike spirit, useless knowledge, vain wisdom, and the like. Nevertheless, like Ulysses of old, the youthful student, if forewarned, can pass by all these tempting powers unscathed, if, at the first siren sound, he call out to himself, in warning tones: "Thou hearest this that thou mayest flee, that thou canst be on thy guard, and not that thou mayest indulge thyself."

I have placed Hebrew last because Latin is now everywhere in use, and Greek would naturally follow it.

Otherwise I should have assigned the first place to Hebrew, for the reason that he who is not acquainted with its idiomatic peculiarities will, in many instances, have difficulty in ascertaining the true meaning of the Greek text.

With such mental furnishings every youthful student is to be provided who would possess himself of that heavenly wisdom with which no earthly knowledge can be compared. But with it he must combine an humble, though aspiring, state of mind. He will then find models for a righteous life, especially Christ, the most perfect and complete pattern of all virtues. When he has become fully acquainted with Christ as He presents Himself in His teachings and deeds, he will become so thoroughly imbued with Him that he will endeavor to exhibit His virtues in all his work, plans, and actions; at least, as far as it is possible for human weakness to do. From Christ he will also learn to speak and to be silent at the proper times. He will be ashamed in his younger years to speak of things which pertain to the experience of age, seeing that even Christ did not dispute until He was thirty years old, although in His twelfth year He gave proof of the powers of His mind before the scribes. By this we are taught not to appear in public at too early an age, but rather to think about great and godly things while young, and thus to acquaint ourselves with them.

Shall I warn a Christian youth against avarice and ambition, when these vices were considered despicable even among the ancient heathens? Whoever is given to avarice will not become a Christian; for this vice has not only ruined individuals, but has also annihilated flourishing empires, demolished powerful cities, and destroyed every republic that has been infected by it. Whenever it overpowers a human being, it stifles every noble aspiration. Avarice is a fatal poison, which is spreading rapidly and has become one of our powerful adversaries. Yet through Christ we are enabled to overcome it if we are His earnest followers; for He Himself has battled with and overcome this vice.

I will not speak against fencing, although I think that

it behooves a Christian to abstain from the use of arms as far as is compatible with public peace and safety. For God, who crowned David with victory when he met Goliath with no other weapon than a sling, and who protected the defenceless Israelites against the pursuing enemy, will also keep and protect us; or, if He sees fit to do so, He can strengthen our hands and fit us for the strife. Hence, if the youth would practise fencing, let it be for the purpose of defending his native country and protecting his own kin.

Finally, I would that all youth, especially those that are intended for holy orders, might think as the inhabitants of ancient Massilia did, who admitted only those to citizenship that had learned a trade, by means of which they were able to provide for their own necessities. If this rule were enforced among us, idleness, the cause of all wantonness, would soon be eradicated from our midst, and our bodies would become much healthier and stronger.— *Education; translation of* VICTOR WILKER.

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